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TRAVEL TALK

Le type parfait du Bouquiniste.

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TRAVEL TALK

BY

MARGARET A. O'REILEY

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TO
MY GOOD FRIENDS
AT HOME
AND
IN FOREIGN LANDS.

FOREWORD.

To derive the greatest pleasure and profit from a foreign tour, the traveller should have some idea of the story of those lands through which he is to pass; but in making ready for the journey, there are often so many necessary details clamoring for attention, that one rarely finds time for preparatory reading. This fact furnishes the raison d'être for this little book, which aims to supply in its short sketches, some account of the events in the history of the places visited, and those things most worth while in each.

M. A. O'R.

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TRAVEL TALK

"Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings . . . . . all travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn how to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy it."

Dr. Johnson.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?—
Old Poem.

To those who cross the Atlantic at frequent intervals either on business or pleasure bent, the passage is often a period of restlessness, of ennui, of impatience; a wearisome means to a necessary end. The society lady who 'runs over' twice a year 'to do a bit of shopping' feels it a tedious waste of time, and fears, with reason, that the fashions may change before she has an opportunity to inspect and adopt them.

But not so to him who ventures for the first time into "places new and strange"; how filled with plans and possibilities, with hopes and perhaps with fears, are his days; how peopled with strange shapes and fancies are his dreams by night when "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."! Nor yet is it a dull and profitless period to him who fares forth again to renew the experience of those early days of youth, when his dreams became realities of which he was an integral part; when sea and sky beckoned him onward to the wonders of new and mysterious lands. And now it is good to remember that such aspirations were his, even though the achievements of life have so far fallen short of the promises formulated during a sanguine and hopeful youth.

Mindful of our tendency to be late, we go to the other extreme and reach the big Commonwealth Pier long before the appointed hour; how bare and lonely it looks, despite the mountains of luggage piled in orderly fashion in the centre; officials passing to and fro making ready for the voyage; hundreds of emigrants returning to their beloved Italy, the men standing about exchanging confidences in voluble Italian, the women seated on their impedimenta, attending to the wants of their numerous progeny.

It all seems part of a 'movie' in which we are merely a spectator, until our musing is interrupted by a courteous young man with the speech of America and the complexion of Italy, who steps forward to ask if there is any way in which he can serve us, it is the "one

touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," and our misgivings vanish forthwith.

Shortly relatives and friends arrive, "bearing gifts", not in the spirit of the perfidious Greeks of old, but rather as expressions of affection to send the traveller on her way rejoicing; lastly the inevitable scribe, and his little one-eyed machine. There is an air of expectancy apparent everywhere, and soon the big 'liner' is seen warping herself into the dock, beautiful in her immaculate dress of white, with the gay tricolor of France fluttering in the breeze. It seems a happy coincidence that these national colors should be the same as our own; that France and America, separated by the broad Atlantic, yet have so much in common, in national ideals, aspirations, history, and that mutual affection, that enduring friendship, brought into being by those sterling patriots Washington and Lafayette, and still so faithfully fostered by their respective countrymen.

After the necessary preliminaries all go aboard, and to our surprise and delight, we are ushered, not to the modest state-room we had expected to occupy, but to a luxurious suite on the main floor! A silver plate above the door bears the legend Cabine de Luxe,—there too is our own name in beautiful script, and below, those of "Maria, Femme de Chambre" and "Raymond, Garçon de Cabine." —Evidently there are advantages in travelling in the "off season" when visitors are few to Southern ports. When the final blast of the fog-horn says in its deep, sonorous voice "All ashore that's *going* ashore," the last good-byes are said, the great ship swings around toward the open sea--the familiar faces on the pier, the fluttering handkerchiefs and waving hats, all become an indistinct blur against the gray horizon; for a moment there comes a feeling of near-panic, and we almost wish there were some means of bridging that stretch of green water before it should be too late—but having "set our hand to the plough, we may not turn back."

THE SHIP'S COMPANY

THE SHIP'S COMPANY.

Letter to F. G. F.

Aboard ship, August—

Dear F——,

You may be interested in knowing something of the personnel of this good ship's company. Pope says that "The proper study of mankind is man," and one's travelling companions prove a fascinating branch of it.

We had scarcely cleared the harbor when the dinner-gong summoned all below, and just as we emerged from our cabin, a pleasant-faced lady in early middle age, greeted us with a smile saying "You're Mrs. O——, and I'm Miss D——, there are only a few of us and we must get acquainted right away." Together we descended to the saloon where we were welcomed into a "small but select" 'family circle' comprising the ship's officers and our little group of wayfarers which were thenceforth known as the "Big Six."

The Captain has a round, ruddy, boyish face almost too youthful to be coupled with such a distinguished bearing; we enquired of our neighbor the Purser, if he (the Captain) were a Frenchman, and his answer was characteristic: "He's *more* than a Frenchman—he's a *Corsican"!* and doubtless as long as France shall endure, it will be counted a mark of distinction to have first seen the light on the same piece of earth which produced that superman, Napoleon. This same officer, a Marseillais, has an attractive personality, and seems to possess a vitality, an earnestness, a patriotism which, had he lived in an earlier day, would have placed him in the ranks of those who followed that other Marseillais, Rouget de Lisle, and the inspiration of his immortal battle-cry:

> "To arms, to arms ye brave,
> Th' avenging sword unsheath,
> March on, march on, all hearts resolved
> On victory or death."

There's the French Doctor who enjoys without excess, the good things which the gods, (in the persons of the steward and chef) provide, and likes to see others do the same. I doubt if he puts into actual practice that injunction of many of his profession, to "get up from the table hungry,"—and one feels like adding, "and thirsty". There's the kindly little Italian Doctor, who is kept very busy with the sick in the third class, many of them being his own compatriots. At the top of his visiting card, is the crown of his country, and below, his name and title, "Il Cavaliere Dottor—," and the important posts held by him in the Roman Hospitals and the Royal Navy. Next to attending his patients, his most important business is learning English, and he struggles faithfully every day with the intricacies

of English Grammar; he is most anxious to practise, of course, and I equally so, to improve my Italian; so whenever we meet, we persist in speaking each other's language in a manner nothing less than atrocious, while we could both do creditably enough in our own. He näively remarks, "My wah-ife will be the first leddy to come aboard when the ship comes into port," and to-day he showed us the photograph of his 'bebbay', a handsome, dark-eyed youngster, dressed in the inevitable sailor suit. We must not forget the 'Southerner', returning from a holiday in his American home, to Rome where he is attached to an Embassy. His card bears his title, "Cavaliere," and thus attests his knighthood at the hands of the King. He has the sturdy physique inherited from his Irish ancestors, the gracious courtesy of his Southern birth, and the distinguished manners of the Italian diplomatic circle; he dresses scrupulously for dinner, has a well-trained baritone voice, and affects the very old, (or possibly very new) fashion of a little straight strip of beard in front of each ear, which makes him look like a young Colonial squire.

Although the sea is comparatively smooth, there is a kind of gentle swell, and for the first few days it was hard to arouse an interest in anything, even to open 'steamer' letters, books, or packages of other good things provided by thoughtful friends; as the old Gilbert and Sullivan opera "Pinafore" says,

> "We seek the seclusion that our cabin grants,
> And so do our sisters and our cousins and our aunts—

and find it a most welcome retreat. In another part of the same tuneful work, they sing,

> "Never mind the why and wherefore,
> Love can level ranks, and therefore etc."—

But another great 'leveler' is 'mal de mer'—sea-sickness puts all on (or off) an equal footing; the fine lady seeks sympathy as well as service from her maid, and is singularly willing to give back her share of each; the lord and his valet are 'in the same box',—"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind".

A sea voyage is a great moral teacher; indeed there is no place more favorable for promoting good-fellowship and charity. A ship and its company is a little world in itself, set apart from all the rest of humanity; where all feel their insignificance and absolute dependence on the power of God, and something too, of the realization of His Omnipotence, who holds the earth "and the waters that cover the earth in the hollow of His Hand"—, yet His is the same loving care that watches over the little sea-bird that perches so fearlessly on the tip of our mast!

But we haven't yet mentioned some of the most important members of our 'family circle': Miss D—, bound for Constantinople to do relief work in the service of the Red Cross; she hails from the

Far West and has the warmth and cordiality so justly ascribed to that part of our country; has travelled through most of the civilized world; did nursing during the war, and tells absorbing stories of her experiences "over there." We were drawn to her the very first evening aboard, when we adjourned to the Smoking Room after dinner, as is the custom, to have coffee; then cigarettes were passed, which of course, I declined saying, "I suppose I'm old-fashioned"— *"I'm* old-fashioned *too,"* added Miss D. with spirit, "and content to *remain* so as regards smoking." But Mrs. C. took a package of her favorite brand from her beautiful bag, and puffed away with the men as nonchalantly as she had sipped her demi-tasse.

Mrs. C. from a New England city, sails to join her husband, a singer in France; she is accompanied by a young French girl who assists in the care of "our baby." We call him "our baby," for at the ripe age of ten months, he is a 'good mixer', as any transatlantic traveler of his experience *should* be; he makes friends impartially, is a rabid patriot, and flaunts his colors in his very face; sea air has tinted his cheeks a sunset hue; his forehead is as white as the fleecy clouds that float above us; and his eyes as deep a blue as the sky beyond those clouds, when they are blown apart by the summer wind; in a word, a 'first class' baby the only one aboard.

Our days glide by as smoothly as the great vessel which is now our home, glides over the blue water; reading and writing are among the most popular 'indoor sports', and we gather in little knots in pleasant and familiar intercourse; there is an air of 'dolce far niente' as much as to say, "I don't care how long this lasts"!—a comfortable informality which the 'land lubber' knows not of, and you surprise yourself by entering into conversation with comparative strangers, in a manner you would not *dream* of doing on *terra firma.*

Every afternoon at four, the deck steward appears with a silver tray set out with tea and cakes, and this hospitality, we learn, is extended to the 'second class', which is as it *should* be, for where is the mortal of *any* 'class', who does not appreciate "the cup that cheers but not inebriates"?

"O tea, thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid, thou soul-stirring, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to which I owe the happiest moments of my life!"

So was wont to declaim a hospitable, eloquent, and genial host, whom we not irreverently addressed as 'Holy Father'—Peace to his ashes!

Another evidence of informality is the way we march about the deck for a daily 'constitutional,' (twelve times around is a mile); to keep our feet, we must go arm in arm, and that in itself makes for sociability. Last night the moonlight on the water was indescribably lovely, and it almost seemed as if a tiny chink of Heaven's door were ajar, letting down that flood of beauty across the waves! We have had concerts, also moving pictures, the screen being set up where the second class passengers may see it, and the best part of it all is to watch the enjoyment of the children and listen to their

laughter. To see the Marconi man in his little cabin high above the upper deck, receiving the messages that come to him "on the wings of the wind," is to marvel anew at the wonders of modern science.

It is reassuring too, to see row upon row of life-boats, each able to accommodate thirty persons, (all together they would hold about two thousand), every one ready to be launched at a moment's notice, and always containing a supply of bread and water. The cleanliness of a first class ocean steamer and the energy and industry of the seamen, would make a Dutch housewife seem almost slovenly by comparison; although every inch of every place is immaculate, they never stop scrubbing and polishing and 'chasing' imaginary dirt.

The approach to land, is always an exciting event and we learn that to-morrow morning about 7.30 we shall pass quite close to the Spanish coast and Gibraltar; our cabin happens to be on the right side, a piece of good luck for us. Fifteen minutes before the hour, Maria tapped at our door to say that we should see 'Gibraltare'—, the big dinner gong sounded, and everyone was astir; we looked out, and there it stood! that grim, impregnable sentinel, its rugged heights towering above the waters, as it has stood for countless ages, and unless some unimaginable cataclysm of sea or land should come about, bids fair to stand firm till the crack of doom!

There is a wonderful tenor in the second class, another McCormack, with what seems all the sweetness and sympathy of the Irish singer; this morning he happened to sing quite near to our window, (not knowing he had a most appreciative audience) an exquisite O Salutaris; it being Sunday and no Mass, it seemed in some small way to sanctify the day.

Evidently this young man knows he has a song-bird in his throat, for we learn that he is off to Italy for training. Strange that we should imagine the angels as always having tenor voices—probably because tenors and baritones and basses seem more eligible to membership in the celestial choir, than sopranos and altos and mezzos!

Every day the news of the whole world is set up on bulletins printed in English, French, and Italian; to-day the most important news aboard the good ship P——, is that the baby has just gotten *his first tooth*—, and we have heard more interest expressed in it, than in the question of War Reparations or Peace Conferences.

At last the Sirocco from the African desert came aboard and gave us a *warm* welcome to her shores; this resulted in a close, sultry atmosphere that made even writing laborious, as it was combined with considerable rolling of the ship that proved very enervating; soon, however, stomachs are set at rest, and minds are athrill at the thought that here on this same mysterious inland sea, Ulysses heard the voice of the Syren:

"O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man our song ordain'd to hear
The song instructs the soul and charms the ear,
Approach! Thy soul shall into rapture rise!
Approach! And learn new wisdom from the wise!
We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
Achieved at Illium in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies,
O stay and learn new wisdom from the wise. . . . "

"And whoso hears these voices," says Homer, "never more returns to his home and family" . . . . Which is as if to say that there have been those who preferred wisdom to domestic happiness . . . but Homer was a poet and doubtless used his license to exaggerate.

Here Cleopatra came forth, her galleys gleaming with the splendor of Egypt, to meet the Roman Antony!

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; . . . . .
Purple the sails, . . . the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster"—

For some hours we have been skirting the rugged shores of Sicily, the mountains lovely in the blue haze that envelopes them, and high on the summit of one, is a settlement built as permanently and hopefully as if there were no such things as earthquakes to lay them low in a twinkling.

We had thought when on the ship, that it would be a happy moment when we should set foot again on *terra firma,* but here we were on the verge of tears at parting with our dear 'shipmates', especially our good friend Miss D——! We had planned that she, Mr. K., and Dr. G. would bear us company to the hotel, and see us safely ensconced in our new quarters, but no one could go ashore but those leaving permanently, and we felt very lonely and bereft, as we looked up, to see them high aloft on the deck of the great 'liner' waving affectionate good-byes to the wanderer still faring on to new scenes.

With kind remembrances to all the family, and all the families of the Clan F----k, remaining always

Faithfully yours

M. A. O'R.

SICILY

SICILY.

Letter to M. G. F.

Palermo, Sicily, September—

Dearest M——,

About 7.30 last evening we reached Palermo, (twelve hours earlier than was expected) but it was quite another matter to disembark and go ashore. The other members of the 'Big Six' even the silent Russian, (returning to his troubled land) came down with us to the 'second class' where passports were examined; after that formality, passengers came and went, luggage was carried in different directions but apparently with system; meanwhile a perfect chorus of voices were making known all sorts of difficulties and opinions. Far down on the port side, was a whole fleet of little boats to ferry passengers across to the Sicilian coast, all clamoring loudly for 'fares',—such a babble of voices, and such a swarm of boats! Finally our turn came, and at the head of the stairway down to the water, we had to show our passport again; the A. E. representative had come on deck to meet us, and we were very glad of his escort to the boat; the Sicilian director of the Company was presented by the Purser of our vessel, and was 'at our service!' As we reached the landing, our guide beckoned to an old boatman who looked exactly like the pictures of St. Peter!—Perhaps on other days than those on which a great ship comes into port, he too, "lets down his nets for a draught," but (without irreverence) he was now a "fisher of men." On the other side, luggage was examined rather superficially; our guide escorted us to a landau or victoria, (or is it a barouche, we seldom see them in America but they are the most popular conveyance here), and we clattered away to the hotel. The streets are paved with great blocks of stone, and the horses' hoofs sound abnormally loud; the poor animals gallop as fast as their emaciated condition permits, the driver cracking his whip energetically the while.

There is an air of grandeur to the Hotel—the walls of marble and fresco, ceilings very high and vaulted, with marble plentifully used everywhere in flooring, stairways, etc. for the mountains of Sicily have an inexhaustible supply which may be had for the quarrying. A beautiful, broad, stairway of pure white marble leads from bottom to top of the building, and with the Italians' love of color, they have covered the hand-rail with brilliant red plush finished with matching fringe; on the walls and above each landing, are fine paintings and tapestries. Here is to be found always a maid or man servant, (generally the latter) who rises majestically when you pass, makes a low bow, bending from the waist to an almost horizontal position,—such a salutation as one would expect to see made only to a sovereign! A novel and pleasant feature of one's arrival at a hotel, is

the way the whole personnel of the house turns out to welcome you, from proprietor to 'boots', all making their solemn obeissance; it is amusing to see the little 'piccolos', as they are called, bending nearly double like their elders. This solemnity is repeated when you leave, and you take away a favorable impression of Sicilian hospitality.

Our room is very large and once and a half as high as such rooms in America; tiled in black and white, and frescoed; the windows open on balconies overlooking a fine, shady avenue; the hangings are of exquisite needle-work such as we admire so much at home; but the 'pièce de résistance' is the bed, which resembles that of Marie Antoinette (!) in style if not in sumptuousness; when we arrived they were setting up the canopy; we thought it might interfere with the current of air and said so,—but they continued to erect the 'barrage', knowing the power and number of the 'enemy' (mosquitoes).

From the floor curving upward, rises a strong, thick wire; from this is suspended a circular frame like the parasols that used to decorate baby carriages, shirred around with flowing white net which envelopes the bed, and enables its occupant to defy the mosquitoes —that is, the windows are not screened, but the sleeper is.

The Sicilians are early astir, and to sleep late is almost an impossibility with the clatter of hoofs, the rumble of wheels, the loud bawling of hawkers crying their wares, the honking of motor trucks and cycles which seem to have horns like we celebrate with on the Fourth of July.

This morning not long after petit déjeuner*, a tap at our door, and there was Piccolo† to tell us—what? He struggled heroically in such English as was never heard on land or sea to make known his message, and we on our part, tried equally hard to understand, but without success; finally,—, "Me lo dica in Italiano"—Tell it to me in Italian—A smile broke over his features like the sun emerging from a cloud, his dark eyes shone,—and all was well with us both. We have had similar experiences here with waiters and other attendants, for while the heads of departments nearly all speak French, and many of them English, the under-servants do not. Piccolo's message was that the A. Ex. Co.'s guide was waiting, and soon we were off to see the wonders of this mysterious island.

The White City of ancient Panormus (All-Harbor) that is modern Palermo, gleaming in the morning light of our first day in Sicily, seemed thrice blessed in its natural surroundings; the beautiful Conca d'Oro,—the Shell of Gold,—that fertile and lovely plain teeming with the fairest fruits and flowers; the blue waters of the bay with its fine harbor, inviting the sails of commerce and pleasure from every land; in the background, the guardian mountains, veiled in a cloud of purple mist. One can understand why Pindar hailed Sicily as "the best land in the fruitful earth."

*Petit déjeuner, little breakfast. †Piccolo, hotel boy.

One of its dominating features, Monte Pellegrino, is sung by a late poet of Ireland, Sir Roger Casement, in his sonnet to the "Eagle of Eryx"—

> "Thou that didst mark from Hercte's spacious hill
> The Roman spears, like mist uprise each morn,
> Yet held with Hesper's shining point of scorn
> Thy sword unsheathed above Panormus still."

Ulysses landed in Sicily, says the legend, and with his twelve companions, took refuge in the cave of Polyphemus, the terrible giant Cyclops, (with one great eye in the middle of his forehead), who tended his flocks of giant sheep on the slopes of Etna, the burning mountain above the workshop of Vulcan. The fires of the giant smithy burn as fiercely now as then and you can see the smoke rising from the opening in the top of the mountain. The giant made a light lunch of six of the adventurers, but Ulysses was clever enough to inveigle the Cyclops into imbibing too freely, and while he slept, the wily Greek put out his one eye. The prisoners then escaped, and Polyphemus was so enraged that he grasped some great rocks from the side of Etna and hurled them after the fleeing Greeks. Such was the earthquake of mythology which repeats itself in these our own times.

Sicily was founded by the Greeks of Naxos in 736 B. C. At Naxos stood the altar to Apollo where the Greek mariners lighted a sacrificial fire before they sailed again to Hellas.

Even before the coming of the Greeks however, the Sicilians had a civilization of their own; but with their new teachers and their natural love of poetry, oratory, and all the Fine Arts, they made rapid progress toward a new and more enlightened standard of learning and of life.

"It was the Sicilians who must be looked upon as the founders of that Italian language which first assumed distinctive shape at the Sicilian Court. "Paton says "While the Tuscans were still writing in Provençal, Sicilian poets were singing in the "vulgari eloquio" . . . . . and proclaiming the advent of a new and glorious era of Italian letters." "The Sicilian canzone—lyric songs—were the earliest syllables of a literature whose glory culminated in the Divine Comedy of Dante."

Sicily has been called the Archaeological Museum of Europe, having more Greek remains than Greece itself. Coveted always because of its enviable position as the Key to the Adriatic, it has been the prey of more conquerors than perhaps any country of the world, and every one of these races has left its distinguishing landmark: the Phoenicians and Carthaginians built walls the foundations of which may still be traced; the Greeks left temples and theatres; the Romans' skill in engineering is seen in aqueducts and bridges; and there are towers and mosques and churches of the Byzantines, the Saracens, the Normans. The "three great tragedies" in the history

of Sicily are the Athenian defeat at Syracuse; the Sicilian Vespers at Palermo in 1284; the great earthquake at Messina in 1908.

The Sicilian Vespers, started and captained by Gianni di Procida, arose directly because a French officer made an insulting remark to a young wife of Palermo, but it was really the result of wrongs borne in patience by the people from their French rulers, especially Charles of Anjou, who heaped upon them every kind of abuse and dishonor. So ripe was the time, so ready were the inhabitants for revolt, that during the battle which lasted only two hours, signalled by the Vesper bell, eight thousand French were slaughtered. It wiped out French rule in Sicily, and so complete was the destruction, that people reckoned events from it as from the Creation; that ever since the thought of it remains a horror to the inhabitants—a horror and yet a victory.

* * *

The weather is warm, almost hot in Palermo, but I am writing this seated comfortably in the Palm Garden which gives its name to the Hotel, once a palace. Palms grow luxuriantly here, and in many varieties rarely if ever seen in America. Then there are the great rubber trees which attain enormous proportions, one in the Botanical Gardens with its numerous family of offshoots, covering an area of more than 150 yards. Their manner of growth is unusual; a branch shooting directly downward, until it reaches the earth, increasing meanwhile in girth, then spreading new roots into and along the ground, forming an upright support to the branch overhead from which it springs, and to all intents and purposes another tree.

This afternoon we visited the grounds of the beautiful castle where the late Duke of Orleans had his favorite abiding place, that unhappy "Man without a Country", banished from his native land chiefly because he was not careful enough how and where he expressed the opinion than he should have been King of France.

The native courtesy of the Sicilians is apparent at every turn; today hoping to get some photos, I took along my camera but the sun began playing hide and seek, and later it rained; finally out it came as bright as ever, and being opposite an old historic ruin tried to 'snap' it; but I was too near and too low, when an obliging 'cabby' standing by, seeing my difficulty, invited me to step into his carriage!—still I was too low, when another man came out of his little shop next door, and after a word to our guide, bustled into the next building where masons were working, and returning in a moment, invited me to mount the staging used by the masons (!) and take the 'snap'! What a contrast to our cold Anglo-Saxon indifference!

* * *

Palermo is divided into four nearly equal parts, the two principal streets crossing each other at right angles, and at their intersection are the Quatro Canti, the Four Corners, the throbbing heart of the city, the centre of its busy life. The Marina, the beautiful avenue

overlooking the sea, is the favorite rendezvous of the fashionable world on summer evenings.

Yesterday was a day of exceeding interest, opened by a visit to the Palazzo Reale, originally of Saracen origin, it has additions and so called restorations made by many successive rulers, so that the tower, Torre Santa Ninfa, and the Palatine Chapel alone preserve the characteristics of Norman times. The Chapel is a gem of mediaeval art, the finest palace chapel in the world. The walls are radiant with golden mosaics which give a brilliant Oriental appearance. These represent scenes from the life of Christ and the Apostles. Above is the Royal Observatory from which a wonderful panorama may be viewed comprising the city, the mountains, the sea.

The great Cathedral of the Assunta is built on the site of an earlier church, afterward changed into a mosque and now reverted to Christian worship. It has been restored (?) somewhat to its disadvantage, especially in the addition of a great dome which conflicts with the remainder of the structure. There are beautiful altars of porphyry and precious marbles, the Tombs of the Kings, and more interesting still, the Chapel of Santa Rosalia, where repose the remains of the Saint in a sarcophagus of pure silver; she was the daughter of a duke and niece of the Norman King, William II, the Good. While still young and beautiful, she left the pleasures of the Court and fled to a cave in the mountain (Monte Pellegrino) overlooking the city; there her remains were found in 1624, and brought down to Palermo where the plague was raging, immediately it ceased and St. Rosalia became the patron saint of the city, where her feast is celebrated with great splendor every year, and her mountain retreat became a shrine where the Sicilians fast and pray for all their needs. Her festa is one of the greatest in the year, and a recumbent statue of the Saint in white marble, adorns the chapel built in her honor above the cave which was the scene of her holy life and death. There too is a great collection of gold and silver votive offerings which testify to the faith and gratitude of many pilgrims.

* * *

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühn,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn
Ein sanfter Wind vom bläuen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?
Kennst du es wohl?"

Last evening a brilliant young Polish guest of the Hotel quoted the above stanza, and often as we had heard the lines of Göethe sung and said, we were hitherto unaware that it was Sicily, this land of promise, which had inspired the poet to write his song of praise. It seemed a reproof to our ignorance that we must answer "No" to his question, 'We knew not the land',—but each day that passes, we

realize more and more that no singer, however enthusiastic, could exaggerate the charms of this island of mystery and beauty.

To-day we ascended the long and steep winding road to Monreale, the Royal Mountain; the Cathedral is the most important monument of Norman art in Sicily. Its walls are entirely of Mosaics representing scenes from the Old Testament, the lives of our Saviour and the Apostles,—covering 70400 square feet. There was a Solemn High Mass going on, the Bishop in elaborate robes seated on his high throne, and a long train of monsignori, priests, scholastics, acolytes, who rose frequently during the service, filed down from their places, bowed solemnly to the Bishop and returned. An orchestra and a choir of men accompanied by a small organ, rendered exquisite music, among the singers, being an elderly Monsignore in his purple. It was somewhat surprising to see the liberty given to the children; they run about at will in any part of the church, even hanging on to the Communion rail during the solemn portions of the Mass,—perhaps they were specially favored, it being the Feast of the Madonna of the Bambini.

One day we saw a woman seated comfortably in a confessional nursing her child,—it was hot outside, but cool and restful in the church. Our expression probably showed our feeling of surprise and disapproval that she should have presumed to use the sacred tribunal of penance even for so praiseworthy a maternal duty; but she met our look unflinchingly, as if to say, "Why should I not feel at home in my Father's house?" One is prone to say "Young children should be kept at home"—but often the poor mother has no one to care for them at home,—people become accustomed to them in church, they amuse themselves quietly, and make no disturbance. Was it not the Divine Founder of that Church Who said, "Suffer litte children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven?" Ah, these simple peasants have caught the true spirit of Religion, rather than those who would criticise them, with their assumption of superiority, their speciousness, their sophistries, and their cant!

The Italians dearly love a 'festa', and never lose an opportunity to insert one in the Church Calendar, for it means light, and color, and music, the things that are to them as the breath of life. To-day in different parts of the city we saw the frames for set pieces of fireworks and learned that churches in those neighborhoods were celebrating a feast-day. Mrs. Howe in her delightful book on Sicily, relates that her husband, Mr. John Elliot, on passing a church in the North End of Boston on Washington's Birthday, was surprised to see a woman pounding on the door and making desperate efforts to open it; failing to do so, she dropped to her knees on the step, and poured forth her prayer: 'O Santo Washingtone mio, non hanno aperto la chiesa etc.' She was far from her native Abruzzi, and could not imagine a holiday that was not a *holy* day,—that Saint Washington must be one of the Santi of this strange American country which she did not yet know . . . . .

The cloisters are among the principal charms of lovely Monreale; surrounded by slender double columns in Arabic design, some plain, some twisted, some inlaid, all with wonderful capitols of men, animals and plants; in the center, the garden laid out with beds of flowers mostly in the ecclesiastical colors, purple, lavender, and white; in the corner, the Arabic fountain murmurs softly to itself; from a large somewhat shallow basin, rises a tall, carved, column of yellow marble supporting a strangely wrought ball bearing faces of men and animals; from their mouths the water drips slowly, like a shower of diamonds. These Cloisters are all that is now left of a great Benedictine Monastery.

Our next visit was to the Catacombs at the Cappucini Monastery where rest the mummified remains of former wealthy residents of Palermo. A lanky black cat with a funereal wail preceded us, and we learned that it understands perfectly, as does its mate, how to guide those who care for such gruesome sights; one glimpse of the horrible place was enough for us, and the sunshine on the outer world never seemed more beautiful than when we emerged from the portal; fortunately the law now forbids disposal of the dead in such a manner.

Rarely does a tourist omit a visit to La Favorita, the beautiful country-house built by Ferdinand IV in the Chinese style; the grounds are laid out with rare plants in intricate Chinese designs.

One of the most picturesque and beautiful ruins is the Norman Church and Cloister of San Giovanni degli Eremiti; it has five domes which give it an Oriental aspect; there are the remains of a mosque and a square court once used as a cemetery by the Sicilian nobility.

Last night (Sunday) there were fire-works like we have on Fourth of July at home, and the 'crackers' were loud and long and far into the night,—church festivals as usual.

* * *

In dim doorways seated under the arches, women may be seen spinning with the distaff, an industry as old as time itself—

"When Adam delved and Eve span — —and the Fates wove their mysterious web—"

When a child is born in Sicily, four amulets are hung about its neck: a tiny horn of coral to keep off the evil eye (the jettatura); a cockle-shell for safe keeping; a key to enter Paradise, and a little bag of salt for wisdom. The month of the Passion in March is the month of ill-omen, and every mother in Sicily prays that her child may not come in that fateful time.

On Good Friday Sicilians greet one another with the words, "Oggi il Signor é morto",—"To-day the Lord is Dead!" Easter the salutation is changed to "Oggi il Signor non é morto piu!"—"To-day the Lord is no longer dead!"

* * *

The food of Sicily and indeed of Italy as well, is largely macaroni in different combinations: con pomidoro, with 'apples of gold', that

is, with tomatoes; un contorno, a sausage; fase, (large beans); con rissoto (with rice); carcioffi (artichokes) and a sweet, (dolce), frutta, biscotti con formaggio, (biscuit with cheese), as a good dinner ends in many other lands, accompanied all the way 'con del buon'vino.'—(with (some) good wine.) The milkman is an 'unknown quantity' in Sicily, for every morning the farmers drive into the city their herds of cattle and goats so that the inhabitants may have milk fresh enough to pass any tests; the patient animals stand in the market-place and streets, and after the milking are driven home again.

* * *

Among the most interesting sights in Sicily are the little two-wheeled carts (carrette), box-like in shape, the outside divided into panels and set on a single axle; this axle is wrought into a piece of ornamental fret-work, the wagon-body representing some popular story in the gayest of colors—some stirring event in local history. Although the painter does not confine himself to tales of his own land, he omits no event of national interest, from the landing of Aeneas to the latest crime of some mock-heroic bandit, and his subsequent arrest and execution. There is the Burning of Troy, the Queen of Sheba, Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella, Napoleon in various scenes of his eventful career.

Mythology is represented by Æneas carrying away Anchises, Dido on her funeral pyre, Ulysses, Achilles, gods and goddesses of Olympus, the Nymphs of the woods and waters.

There are scenes of murder and violent death to suit those who 'enjoy' tales of 'blood and thunder'—the Assassination of Caesar, the Turks massacring Christians, the Sicilian Vespers, naturally one of the favorite illustrations. Biblical scenes are not wanting—, there is Jonah and the Whale, Noah and the Ark, Daniel and the Lion's Den, St. George and the Dragon. Scenes of terror and danger have a special appeal—shipwreck and storm, Etna in eruption etc.

There are the great personages of history, famous and notorious-Abraham Lincoln, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, Richard the Lion-Hearted, and of course, Victor Emmanuel. Yes, indeed, the carrette are travelling encyclopaedias of history, in a gay and colorful binding.

The owner of the cart chooses his favorite story and decoration, the painter signing his name as an artist signs a canvass, and, with an eye to business, adds his address also.

The burros or small horses that draw these gay little wagons are 'togged out' in every color of the rainbow, with nodding plumes on their heads and backs, their harness ornamented with ribbon rosettes, tapes, and even bits of mirror-glass that glisten in the sun with every movement. It must not be thought that these faithful and patient little animals are idlers enjoying a continual holiday; on the contrary, they may be seen every day heavily loaded, engaged in the most toilsome tasks.

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PALERMO—Sicilian Carretta.

But how, you may ask, do the peasants, unlearned as they are at the present day, know about these historical personages? The Contastori, or story-tellers and the Marionetti, or puppet shows, is the answer to your question. The Contastori relate tales of love and war, of chivalry with plenty of tragedy, gesticulating with their wooden swords etc. The Marionetti are the small grotesque figures which perform plays in a really creditable manner, their movements controlled by wires in the hands of the operator.

We have all beheld the antics of Punch and Judy, but the Marionetti of Sicily are of more heroic mould, for they tell of historical and mythological events with a gusto quite surprising in wooden actors.

The pictured characters that decorate the carts are in great variety for there are

Saints and sinners, nuns and nymphs,
Bards and bandits, angels, imps,
Dryads, dragons, gods and ghosts,
Heroes, harpies, hermits, hosts,

Singing syrens, statesmen sage,
Kings and Queens of every age,
Lords and ladies, fauns and friars,
Sighing swains and strutting squires,

Knights and nereids, nixies, naiads,
Shepherds, satyrs, Muses, maids,
Praying pilgrims, prating peers,
Pygmies, prophets, soldiers, seers,

Fairies, Furies, hangmen, hags,
Druids, dolphins, witches, wags,
Brigands bold and tipsy tars,
Princes, pirates, Czechs and Czars,

Cossacks, Corsairs, Cyclops, crones,
Poets, peasants, giants, gnomes,
Jews and Gentiles, Gauls and Greeks,
Moors and mermaids, Shylocks, Sheiks,

Titans, Turks, and Trojans too,
Saracens,—but these will do

—to give an imperfect idea of the diversity of subjects treated by the painters of the Sicilian 'Carrette'.

* * *

Our last day in Palermo, as well as our first, included a visit to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, a spacious and lofty structure, marble walled and floored. The main Chapel is typical of the exquisite taste observed in houses of this Order, with the added artistry which the Italians can so well supply. Our Lady's Chapel is smaller, and all in immaculate white, the benches white enamel, the rug before the altar blue and white. There is a wonderful garden, the dominating feature of which is a Calvary, reached by a winding walk with tiled border overgrown with bougainvilia and other vines

in flower; on the summit, the emblem of salvation with life-sized figure of Our Lord; from this height we looked down on the whole city, the vinyards, the mountains in the near back ground, and the blue waters of the distant sea. From here there is an especially fine view of La Zisa, the old Norman castle erected by William I according to Saracen designs.

* * *

Yesterday we left Palermo, 'the city of mystery and beauty' and the kindly offices of our 'faithful Anchises', otherwise known as our guide, Signor Domenico Consolazione. It seems in accordance with the fitness of things, that he should be named 'Consolazione', Consolation, for the word defines his relation to our visit in this modern Trinacria—always respectful, patient, ready to explain and suggest; he has his peculiarities, but they are harmless and often amusing; his English is generally 'understandable' if one remembers that he invariably accents the *wrong* syllable, saying '*imp*ortant' with the accent on the '*imp*'—gene*r*al, with the *er* emphasized etc. One day I had forgotten this infallible rule, and could not 'translate', when he pointed out a noted painting, for he called it 'The Res*tór*ation of Laz*ár*us'; when I grasped his meaning we enjoyed the joke on each other, notwithstanding the solemnity of the subject, the Miracle of Life and Death. Leaving you and Palermo is a double grief, but I must say au revoir and more anon from

Yours ever affectionately

M. A. O'R.

CATANIA

CATANIA

Letter to M. E. F.

Catania, Sicily. .

Dear M——,

An eight hour run to Catania through the wildest and most mountainous section of the island, with no sign of life within view, but shepherds and their flocks of sheep and mountain-goats. Necessarily there were many tunnels, but the sunshine is always the brighter after them.

The Piano di Catania, also known as the Plain of Lentini, which Cicero called "the most fertile part of Sicily", is still among the richest on the island. On the south of the Piano, or Plain, is the Lago di Lentini, reckoned by the natives among "le tre meraviglie di Sicilia", the three wonders of Sicily,—"un monte, un ponte, ed un fonte"—a mountain, a bridge, and a fountain—Mount Etna, the Bridge of Dædalus, and the Lake of Lentini.

Catania has been several times destroyed by earthquake and eruption of Mount Etna. In 1669 as a great lava-stream was descending toward the town, the pious inhabitants averted its course by extending toward it the veil of Saint Agatha, when the current took a westerly direction, emptying itself into the sea!

Saint Agatha, the patron Saint of Catania, is honored by a beautiful Chapel in the Cathedral where her relics are contained in a silver relinquary.

We read in the 'Legende delle Vergini' that "Agatha was a maiden of Catania, in Sicily, whither Decius the emperor, sent Quintianus as governor. He, inflamed by the beauty of Agatha, tempted her with rich gifts and promises, but she repulsed him with disdain. Then Quintianus ordered her to be bound with rods, and sent two of his slaves to tear her bosom with iron shears, and as her blood flowed forth, she said to him, "O thou cruel tyrant! art thou not ashamed to tear me thus?—hast thou not thyself been fed at thy mother's breasts"? Thus only did she murmur. And in the night a venerable man came to her, bearing a vase of ointment, and before him walked a youth bearing a torch. It was the holy apostle Peter, and the youth was an angel; but Agatha knew it not, though such a glorious light filled the prison, that the guards fled in terror . . . Then St. Peter made himself known and ministered to her, restoring with heavenly balm her wounded breasts.

Quintianus, infuriated, demanded who had healed her. She replied, "He whom I confess and adore with heart and lips, He hath sent His apostle, who hath healed me." Then Quintianus caused her to be thrown bound upon a great fire, but instantly an earthquake arose, and the people in terror cried, "This visitation is sent because of the sufferings of the maiden Agatha." So he caused her

to be taken from the fire, and carried back to prison, where she prayed aloud that, having now proved her faith, she might be freed from pain and see the glory of God; her prayer was answered and her spirit instantly departed into eternal glory, Feb. 5th, A. D. 251."

One of the beauty spots of Catania is the Garden and Memorial to Bellini, a 'native son', and greatly honored. At the base of a lofty shaft is the seated figure of the composer, and those on the pedestal represent his chief operas, Norma, La Sonnambula, I Puritani, and La Pirata, (the last not so well known).

* * *

We left Catania without real regret as our next objective was Taormina, of which we had heard much, and all in praise of its beautiful and picturesque location. Arriving in the late afternoon of a lovely September day, the long drive winding and looping and ever mounting, up, up, sheer abrupt cliffs to the very top of the height where stands the Hotel, was a moving picture of surpassing beauty, a revelation and a variation of scene at every turn. Later stepping out on the balcony of my room, the sun was setting far out over the Mediterranean,—the sense of such transcendent loveliness was almost overpowering, and I doubt if I could have spoken a word—but my whole thought was, "This is the fairest view in all the world!"

One of the most interesting features of Taormina, is its Greco-Roman Theatre, hewn by slaves from solid rock, a very well-preserved ruin, which must have been able to seat 40,000 people. The view from the hill on which the theatre stands (700 ft. above the level of the sea) is one of the finest to be seen in any country, including Etna which is still smoking.

Just now, shortly after the Angelus at noon ceased ringing, a white-robed Dominican nun came down the mountain-side with a little flock of children, and after leaving them on the high road toward home, we can see her returning to her cloister; her figure is lithe and youthful, and her step light, as if she were in the full enjoyment of the good things of this life, flavored with at least a foretaste of Heaven. When a nun gives up worldly joys, she receives in return freedom from much of the 'cark and care' that falls to the lot of the worldling—after all, a pretty fair rate of exchange, even in *this* world!

On the tip top of the highest cliff stands the great Dominican monastery, now suppressed and changed into the Hotel San Dominico.

What a pity that the good monks who lived only to work and pray, should be driven from their homes which are now given over to idling tourists!

Despite its beauty we are glad to leave Taormina, for its weather is like July in Boston, untempered by the East wind, so unwelcome at other seasons.

Messina is, like Catania, a commercial city, especially attractive along the waterfront, which commands a beautiful view of the mountains and sea, and across the bay, the shores of Italy at Calabria. On December 28th, 1908, the city was reduced to ruins by an earthquake. the greatest disaster of modern times. The shock, lasting 32 seconds, took place at 5.20 A. M. when the people were mostly in their beds, and so an easy prey to the warring elements, for an enormous tidal wave accompanied the quake, and fire followed soon after. A few moments, and it was a city of dying and dead without hope or refuge. "It is the end of the world, of everything!" thought the stricken people,—"The earth actually groaned with the pain of it," said one lonely survivor. "The city," said another, "looked as if God had set His foot upon it!" They tell you, even now with a shudder, that the greatest number met death "sotto le macerie"—under the masonry!

One of the hottest days of the summer before the disaster, we learned, a tall Nazarine, a hermit from the hills in sackcloth, went up and down the city followed by a boy—half naked like himself—ringing a great bell. There on the Marina they stopped at a cross street, and the Nazarine cried out like one possessed: "Be warned, take heed and repent, ye of Messina! This year shall not end before your city is utterly destroyed!"—and so it came to pass!

The King and Queen were quickly upon the scene performing yeoman service among the victims; the King with his body-guard of Cuirassiers, (the shortest of whom are six feet tall) went about giving help and cheer wherever possible; "the Queen on the hospital ships in the harbor as a nurse, assisted the doctors bathing the wounds of the sufferers, with sleeves rolled up and apron on, a most efficient helper."

Several European nations came to the relief of the survivors, assisting them to build temporary homes, these rows of wooden barracks forming what has been named the Città Nuova, the New City; among these modest little settlements, the most attractive are those built by the Americans.*

The people voted to rebuild the city on its former site, and are making a brave effort to forget,—only they are building more solidly than before,—truly "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

To-day we visited the Campo Santo where the victims of the disaster lie buried under their rows upon rows of little black crosses, the 'Campo Santo', the Holy Field,—is it not a beautiful designation?—equal to our own old English, "God's Acre." There too, is the mausoleum where the soldiers rest, those lost heroes who gave up their lives for Sicily, their country, in the World War. It is a

*The American volunteer helpers and Red Cross built 1500 cottages, a fine hotel, church, three school buildings, collected clothing and supplies, medicines, everything needed, and performed heroic service among the unfortunate people who greatly appreciated it.

sad place, the Campo Santo, but very beautiful, with many exquisite sculptures and the city at its feet.

One of the amusing features of our visit to Messina was our guide, a native Sicilian, with the mannerisms, the dress, and general appearance, the swagger, even the accent of a London cockney—, the last so pronounced, that it was a difficult matter at times to understand him; he proved to be a cousin of Domenico, and learned his English in the same faulty school, though it was evident that he was proud of having become so completely Anglicised. We bade him good-bye without being overcome with grief.

The train was taken aboard the boat for Naples, so it was in the darkness that we passed through the Straits of Messina, by the most beautiful, the most perilous coast in all the world, 'between Scylla and Charybdis'. On the Calabrian side of the channel rises Scylla, the rock; Homer describes it as "A roaring and voracious chimera of the sea, a beautiful virgin above, a monster with wolf's body and dolphin's tail below",—and not far away, the whirlpool, engulfing Charybdis. "Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis."

Later I hope to send you a line concerning the charms of this beautiful city of Parthenope.

With greetings to all the home folks,

Affectionately yours

M. A. O'R.

DOLCE NAPOLI

DOLCE NAPOLI.

Letter to H. F. F.

Naples

"O dolce Napoli
O suol beato—"

Dear H——,

Long centuries ago, when syrens, nymphs, dryads, and all sorts of illusive and shadowy folk peopled the woods and waters, the Mediterranean shores were the favorite dwelling-place of these romantic beings. Having been warned by Circe, Æneas knew their mysterious fascinations; he therefore had himself lashed to the mast of his vessel, and so passed in safety.

But Parthenope, the syren, who had thus allowed a mariner to escape unscathed and free, threw herself into the sea, as it was decreed she must,—and so the Fates took pity on her, and cast her ashore at Naples, where she built her Neapolis (Naples, New City), and there her worshippers raised her shrine.

"No mariner can boast
That he has passed by Scylla with a crew
Unharmed; she snatches from the deck and bears
Away in each grim mouth, a living man.
Another rock, Ulysses, thou wilt see,
Of lower height, so near her that a spear,
Cast by the hand, might reach it. On it grows
A huge wild fig tree with luxuriant leaves.
Below, Charybdis, of immortal birth,
Draws the dark water down; for thrice a day
She gives it forth, and thrice with fearful whirl
She draws it in. Oh be it not thy lot
To come while the dark water rushes down!
Even Neptune could not then deliver thee;
Then turn thy course with speed toward Scylla's rock,
And pass that way; 'twere better far that six
Should perish from the ships than all be lost."

There, too, were the Elysian Fields,—

"Clothed in the delicate atmosphere of Spring,
Sprouting with young vines, redolent of the fruit
And flower of orange, true Hesperian gold
And the wide whisper of the violet."

Here was Lake Avernus, the very "Gate of Hell" through which Ulysses passed—certainly Virgil's description of the horrible place might satisfy the most orthodox churchman.

"Deep in the craggy gorge a cavern yawned;
A pitchy lake and forests black as night
Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed

O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight—,
Such baneful exhalation through the air
Reeked from its murky jaws."

But of all the tales connected with this fair land, none surpass, or even equal that of the burial of Alaric, King of the Goths. Overcome at last by Death, the greatest of conquerors, and fearing that his grave might be violated and despoiled in revenge for his relentless attitude toward his enemies, the followers of Alaric made sure of secrecy by a method in keeping with the savage character of their chief. The historian Gibbon relates the horrible story: "The ferocious character of the Barbarians was displayed in the funeral of a hero whose valor and fortune they celebrated with mournful applause.

By the labor of a captive multitude, they forcibly diverted the course of the (river) Busentinus. The royal sepulchre, adorned with the splendid spoils and trophies of Rome, was constructed in the vacant bed (of the river); the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric had been deposited, was forever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the prisoners who had been employed to execute the work."

"Time hath passed on since then, and swept
From earth the urns where heroes slept;
. . . . . .
Yet shall not ages o'er molest
The viewless home of Alaric's rest;
Still rolls, like them, the unfailing river,
The guardian of his rest forever."

The ancient days of the Neapolitan peninsula are so rich, not alone in tradition, but in actual history that is even more romantic, one regrets setting them aside for more modern times, which however, cannot be termed prosaic or commonplace. Dr. Johnson said "The great object of all traveling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean on which were the four great empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman."

The Phoenicians settled at Cumae 1400 years B. C. Other ancient races inhabited the peninsula; the Marsi, Samnites, Calabri, and through their descendants, mingled with Greeks, Lombards, Normans, Spaniards, Saracens. These were in turn successful, and the Normans became conquerors of the region. But it was that bold and resourceful warrior Robert Guiscard and his successor, who united Naples to Sicily, forming what was called 'The Two Sicilies', and was therefore ruled by the Normans until the end of the 12th century, when it passed into the power of the Hohenstaufens (1194).

The ancient language of the Greeks remained the spoken medium of the people among themselves, even after the coming of the Romans had made Latin the tongue of merchants, so that the Neapolitans were called Bilingues (bis linguae, twice tongued).

"The first dawn of Italian literature," says Clement, "appeared in the territory of Naples among its Greek colonies. "Among the more ancient of the writers was Pythagoras, the philosopher; and of later authors whose works have come down to us, Cicero, Sallust, Ovid, Horace, all native Neapolitans. While these great authors and others of more recent years enriched the literature of their time, while artists and artisans created masterpieces in architecture, in mural painting, mosaic, marble and bronze, since the early centuries of the Christian era, their like has not come out of Neapolis (!)— the Divine fire of genius seems to have sprung into a new and brighter flame in Northern Italy.

Parthenope too, with all her airy train of attendant syrens, nymphs, and fairy followers of high and low degree, has fled away to other lands, leaving her ruined shrine untenanted, save by the sad ghosts of those more romantic days, while

"Temples of gods and thrones of kings
Are mouldering with forgotten things."

During centuries of rule and misrule by foreign masters, principally from Spain, Naples suffered greatly from the abuse of power as exercised by the viceroys, who were generally more interested in the increase of their revenues than in the prosperity of the people. Philip II especially, left practically everything to the discretion (more often the indiscretion) of his lieutenants, who allowed nothing to prosper; villages were deserted, population decreased, and little or no attention paid to arts and letters.

The people were impoverished by the extravagance and splendor of the viceroys who lived in royal state. When they assumed office, the ceremonial was an elaborate one. On their arrival, they usually remained at one of the villas belonging to the nobility at Posilipo or Chiara, until their predecessor had evacuated the palace. Then they were conducted in a richly-decorated felucca to the harbor, where a wooden pier, covered with red damask and a canopy of various colors stretched over it, was erected for them.

The Viceroy landed amidst music and volleys of artillery; here the deputies of the town received him, while the soldiers of the body-guard and the sailors of the royal galleys, according to an old privilege, plundered the pier and canopy, and fought skirmishes. His Excellency and his suite were conveyed to the palace in magnificent carriages.

On the following day a great cavalcade, joined sometimes by two hundred nobles of the highest rank, went first to the cathedral, at the gates of which, the Archbishop and clergy received the representative Monarch, the Te Deum was chanted and they proceeded through the town. This was taking possession. It was performed with more or less pomp according to the character and taste of the individual.

When departing from Naples, the Count of Monterey required

forty ships (!) to transport his treasures acquired in six years, and the Duke of Medina took away thirty million ducats!

Bull fights, carnivals, masquerades, took place continuously, the viceroy Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Ossuna, rivalling all other rulers in the extravagance of his entertainments, some of them extremely spectacular. "In the year 1618 during the Carnival, a great masquerade was held in the Palace. A Turkish vessel passed through the hall, from which knights jumped out and tilted with each other; a supper and ball followed. But the climax of display and constant festivity was reached under Ossuna, whose wife was devoted to gaiety. On one occasion she arranged a ball at which twelve maidens of high rank formed a quadrille; the Viceroy paid for their costumes 600 ducats for each lady; they consisted of white satin garments trimmed with gold lace, and skirts reaching nearly to the feet; their trains were of silver brocade and were carried over the arm in dancing; they had dainty shoes, and beautiful heron's plumes ornamented the white crowns on their heads. When the time came for them to dance, they advanced in pairs, bearing torches in the right hand, and as they danced they made curtsies to the Viceroy.

A torch dance followed, in which the Viceroy joined, and refreshments were then served which, curiously enough, were always the same for high and low, and consisted of grapes and melons. Sometimes the Greek 'gods and goddesses' appeared at the festivals, and 'angels' sang madrigals in honor of the giver of the feast."

At balls or other social affairs lively quarrels sometimes arose among the ladies (so called), and after the rencontre, beautiful faces were 'the worse of the wear'. The Countess of Monterey, it is said, carried about a slipper to chastise such ladies as had the hardihood to offend her. In the first half of the 17th century gambling and duelling were practised, life and property were insecure, and bravos could be secured to commit almost any crime.

But little has been written concerning the domestic life; we know, however, that girls of good family and fortune were brought up in convents, and when they had reached a marriageable age, they were led to the altar to marry nobles whom they had seldom, and sometimes never, seen.

If unhappiness occasionally resulted from these unions, it may well be questioned if such were not far less frequent, than in these our own times, when the other extreme is almost universal, and too much liberty is given in the association of young men and women; when 'trial' and 'companionate' marriage is tolerated and even encouraged by those in authority. Here in America where such travesties on marriage rob it of all its most sacred and beautiful prerogatives, small wonder is it, that divorce, which is the confessed failure of marriage, is more common than in any country in the world! In Italy and in the majority of other foreign countries, young people are brought up to respect and abide by the judgment of parents or guardians, in regard to marriage as well as other

matters of less moment, nor does it occur to them to rebel against that judgment.

Nothing tends to show the inherent vigor of the people, more than the fact that under such depressing conditions as prevailed so long among them, they remained industrious and capable, and though hampered by unnecessary and even silly restrictions, industry, especially among the silk-workers, prospered.

Then followed a period, not only of progress, but even of luxury and splendor; the churches and palaces were ornamented with the richest of sculptures in marble and bronze; vessels of gold, silver, crystal, glass, and Oriental porcelain were much used; table ware was of gold and silver, and furniture was heavily gilded.

The Treasury of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, was enriched at this time with its rarest and most beautiful offerings, and no less than a million ducats were spent on the shrine. In this Chapel of the Treasury, Capella del Tesoro, are vessels containing the Blood of the Saint who was martyred under Diocletian in 305. In the great amphitheatre at Pozzuoli, Saint Januarius and his companions were exposed to wild beasts which did not harm them, a miracle that converted 5000 persons. The portion of the arena where those holy men were confined, was converted into a chapel known as the Carceri di San Gennaro, the Prison of Saint Januarius.

But the Roman Emperor was more cruel and blood-thirsty than the wild beasts, and ordered the Saint and his comrades beheaded.

The miracle known as the Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius, took place first when the body was brought to Naples by Bishop St. Severus in the time of Constantine. It continues to repeat itself three times each year, for several successive days on each occasion: 1st Saturday in May, September 19th, and December 16th. If the liquefaction takes place rapidly, it is regarded as a good omen for the coming year. These days comprise the greatest festa of the year for devout Neapolitans. One of these interesting occasions is thus described by Fucini:

"In the church" he says, "the crowd was dense; around the altar were gathered pilgrims; in the midst of deep silence, begins the moving function. The officiating priest, holding up to the people the vase, (containing the Blood of the Saint)—inspects it carefully and beginning to twirl it in his hands, cries out with a stentorian voice, "It is hard, the blood is hard!" At that fatal announcement the people break out into cries most pitiful. The pilgrims weep, some even are like to faint. The Saint is slow, the miracle delays, the cries and tears redouble. A group of peasants near me pour out their prayers, "Faccela, faccela, la grazia, San Gennaro, mio bello!" (Do it, do it, please, St. Januarius, my Beloved) and if the priest still shook his head, they broke out again, "E duro!" O quanto ci mette San Gennarino mio benedetto! Ah faccela, faccela, questa divina grazia, faccela, faccela San Gennarino bello, bello, bello!" The pilgrims went on chanting, the people crowded round the chapel.

In the nave a powerful preacher was relating the life and glories of the Saint.

The noise of voices rose or fell as the priest signified that the commencement of the miracle was still far off, or gave hopes of its speedy consummation. At last when the suspense had lasted nine and twenty minutes, we saw the priests and those spectators who were nearest to them, fix their eyes more intently on the vase, with beckonings and signs, as if to say, "Perhaps, a minute more—I almost think—who knows?" Then followed a moment of great anxiety, a short interval of silence, broken only by sobs and stifled sighs. The emotion spread, tearful faces and trembling hands undulated in a kneeling crowd.

Then suddenly all arms were flung in air, all hands were clapped, the priest waved a white veil joyfully, and like the outbursts of a hurricane, the organs pealed out in crashing harmonies, the bells clanged and clamoured through the air, and the high roof of the cathedral rang with the triumph of the voices of the vast throng chanting the Ambrosian hymn."

But miracles in Naples are by no means rare, and perhaps we may add one more, wrought through the treasured image of our dead Lord extended on the Cross. During the latter part of the reign of the House of Anjou, Alfonzo of Aragon was laying siege to Naples. His brother Don Pietro suspected that the Church of the Carmine was used as a fort and its steeple as a battery, so the Spaniard turned his guns upon it; the first ball sped directly toward the Sacred Head of our Lord, which lay back slightly. The Crown of Thorns was struck and carried away, as must have been the Head also, had It not bowed suddenly as a living being might, letting the ball pass.

But this was not all of the miracle; the ball struck the light tracery of the Crown of Thorns, hung in mid-air a moment, and then fell within the enclosure of the altar rails. When King Alfonzo took the city, one of his first acts was to examine very carefully the neck of the figure in search of some hidden mechanism, but found nothing, and was convinced that there was no human agency connected with it.

About the middle of the 17th century, the Neapolitans were driven to desperation by the high taxes levied on food, that on fruit being particularly cruel to a people who subsisted mainly on this cooling and refreshing diet, which had hitherto cost them little or nothing. This and other oppressive laws drove the people to desperation, and there resulted Masianello's Rebellion.

The leader, a fisherman who had himself suffered, aroused all the lawless element as his followers, and fire, bloodshed, all kinds of violence was the result, the finest buildings and art treasures being destroyed by the mob. Finally through the interposition of Cardinal Filomarino, peace was made between the Viceroy and the people; Masianello, the mob leader was betrayed and killed by 'bravos'.

With the aid of Don John of Austria and his troops, and the Count of Onate, the wisest and most politic Viceroy that had ruled

Naples in many a year, peace was secured, but through the jealousy of the nobles, he was replaced by a less able man, and soon the old trouble and discontent were renewed. Food was again taxed, a great plague ravaged the city, and the people in their poverty and discouragement proved an easy prey.

Those who were 'in society' affected the fashions, the mannerisms, even the expressions of the Spaniards. The painters, among whom was Salvator Rosa, were of a different mind, and vowed vengeance on the foreigners; they even formed a society, Compagnia della Morte, the Company of Death, the members of which roamed the streets killing every Spaniard they met, unable to defend himself. They had to earn their living by painting at night as best they could.

Certainly the people as we see them to-day, deserve great credit for the manner in which they have recovered from the evils and discouraging conditions of two centuries of misgovernment.

But better times were in store for the long-suffering Neapolitans; Carlo Borbone, first of the Spanish Bourbon kings, although but seventeen years of age, proved a wise ruler through his well-chosen ministers. The young King married a Polish princess two years younger than himself.

Nothing better proves the noble character and good sense of this youthful monarch, than the fact that he remained quite unspoiled, just, faithful, and even humble in the performance of his duties. On the occasion of his entrance into Naples after his marriage, he established the Order of St. Januarius, he himself being the grand-master, and his Knights, numbering but sixty, all of noble birth. Its insignia is a cross, each point ending in lilies with an image of their holy Patron in the centre, and the motto, "In sanguine foedus".

Although the rules were strict enough for a religious Order, rather than a body of courtly knights, the King himself set an excellent example in the observation of them. He led a most devout, and even austere life, which was difficult in his high and worldly position. On Holy Thursday, clothed in sackcloth, he washed the feet of the poor every year; with his own hands, during Advent, he created a model of the scene at the Nativity of Christ. He heard Mass every day, received Holy Communion with frequency, and bound himself to preserve his Catholic Faith inviolate. He reigned over Naples for twenty-five years, and made many reforms and improvements for the benefit of his people.

Observing the beauty of the country in the vicinity of Portici, he determined to build a villa there. Someone suggested that it was 'too near Vesuvius', to which the King replied, "God, the Immaculate Virgin, and Saint Januarius will protect us". He began the building of the Palace of Capodimonte, finished a century later and occupied occasionally by the reigning monarch. The extensive grounds are laid out with beautiful vistas in every direction, and the gardens are a dream of loveliness.

One of the most splendid of theatres, the San Carlo, was built

under the direction of this able and worthy Ruler, who stipulated that it should be the most spacious in Europe, and built in the shortest time—, and so it was, for eight months from its beginning, a play was given on the feast-day of the King's patron Saint, whose name, San Carlo, the theatre bears. Everything in its planning was done on a scale of grandeur not exceeded if equalled in later days. Many houses were razed, their owners being justly remunerated by the King, so that the grounds in the rear of the stage might be extended, and when required, the doors are thrown open, battle scenes, horses and chariots in action may be seen by the audience. A marvellous effect is produced by mirrors and lights, and the royal box is sumptuously fitted up. When all was complete, the King sent for Carasale, the architect, congratulated and acclaimed him to the delight of the people, adding casually that the Theatre was so near the Palace, it was a pity they had not built a connecting passage, adding, "But we'll think about it", and the architect was dismissed. At the conclusion of the play, Carasale awaited the King whom he led through the 'passage' His Majesty had suggested!

In three hours (!) the architect, with the aid of a few workmen whom he hastily called together, had managed to have a high wall pulled down and a rough passage constructed; this he decorated with rugs, tapestries, and draperies, so that a beautiful and artistic effect was produced, which seemed to the bewildered and delighted monarch, like a work of magic. When we think of the probably exaggerated reputation for 'hustle and bustle' in the New World during the 20th century, the first half of the 18th in older lands ,is not without its claims to beauty, solidity and speed.

Through Bourbons, French, Austrians, Naples suffered from the evil effects of misrule; then came Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel and Humbert, the union of 'The Two Siciles' with Italy, and another Victor Emmanuel.

Street life in Naples is picturesque in the extreme, and correspondingly interesting, partly because in it is seen racial characteristics many of which have survived from the remote past, from the Samnites, Lucanians, Greeks, Arabians and others. The descendants of these ancient peoples mingled with the later inhabitants, the Normans, Provençals, and Spaniards, with the result that the people of to-day are very largely semi-Oriental, with an added vivacity and alertness all their own.

The streets fairly swarm with people, and are veritable hives of color, life, movement, trade. This is especially true of the business streets in the poorer sections, which are lined with little shops where a great variety of cheap food is sold, such as snails, sea-urchins, and other frutti di mare, 'fruit of the sea', little cakes flavored with anise called 'tarallo'. These recalled a delectable dainty which the baker in a certain little hill-town of Massachusetts used to bring forth from the mysterious 'inerds' of his big red cart,—they were cakes round and scalloped, with sugar sprinkled on the top, and caraway seeds within—, O where are the 'sweets' of yesteryear?

Macaroni is not for the poorer people who consider themselves fortunate to have it on a great 'festa', and served up with 'pomidoro', tomato-sauce and grated cheese, regard it as 'a feast fit for the gods'. This is a dish that is rarely missing from the menu of any good hotel in Italy any day in the year.

The simple marketing is done in a convenient, if primitive manner. The padolano, or pedlar, goes through the streets with a donkey loaded on each side with a great pannier filled with fruit, vegetables, etc. He cries his wares in a loud, raucus voice; soon the housewives are out, and trade is brisk while the supply lasts. As in Sicily, the cows and goats are driven through the streets to be milked wherever there seems to be a promising market. The acquaiolo, or water-seller, has his little booth, or goes through the streets with his tub of cold water on his back, and his basket of lemons on his arm, for he knows that without something to add flavor, his sales of 'aqua pura' will be small. The Neapolitan has as little use for water, pure and simple, as a 'hobo' in a Western mining town, during a so-called 'Dry' regime.

In the square a man carries on one arm a pail of steaming water; in the other a flat basket containing the sliced feelers of an octopus (!) and a tray of rusk; if you wish to sample this questionable dainty, produce your soldo, help yourself to a portion, dip it in the hot water, and lo,—

Pizzajuolo is a kind of biscuit flavored with cheese, and imbedded in it, is a little fish like white bait, the whole dusted over with chopped green herbs.

A drunken person is rarely if ever seen, though the little wayside taverns are well-patronized by carefree and jolly crowds who possess the happy faculty of forgetting their troubles, and making the most of a brief respite from the 'grind'.

But there too, are the spacious and luxurious palaces of the wealthy, and the charming drives along the Mergellina, the lovely road to Posilipo, the Corso Garibaldi, the Via del Duomo, avenues as fine and broad as can be found anywhere.

One of the attractions of the Villa Nazionale is the great Aquarium, containing the most complete collection of marine life in the world; it has a miniature ocean, and specimens of all "the finny tribes that roam its fathomless valleys, and lurk among the very foundations of the deep"—, there are the common kinds that we see in the fish-market and on the table, and all the rare varieties as well. Those of the coral family in all its branches are particularly lovely, and call forth the old conundrum, "Which kingdom do they belong to, animal or vegetable, for they partake of the nature of both?

The bottom of the ocean is a monotonous desert of mud and sand, and the accumulated sediment of hundreds of centuries during which there has rained down a manna of dead, diminutive bodies. The Spanish author, Ibanez, gives us some interesting facts concern-

ing the illusive dwellers of the sea. There are "twisted limestone plants as hard as stone, which are not plants, but animals. Their inert and treacherous tentacles, which contract suddenly are avid mouths which bend over their prey and suck it in through gluttonous openings. A lurid light illumines this lowest abyss, produced by its own strange denizens of the deep. The tentacles of the savage trees of the waters, are mere strings of lamps to aid in the pursuit of their prey; but the eyes of the ferocious hunters are huge electric globes. No light known to modern electricians are as powerful as those of this watery world under the sea, a marvellous provision of nature which more than makes up for the loss of the sun's rays."

Thus not so many of these organisms are blind as is generally supposed, and those that are, have long tentacles which are bundles of extremely sensitive nerves as useful as eyes, and those that have eyes, have them greatly magnified. There are the enormous cuttle-fishes which can make themselves glow like livid suns. When pursued, they become invisible by discharging their reservoirs of ink all about the foe. Some of these sea beings can take on the appearance of the inanimate bodies about them, so that they cannot be distinguished from the rocks on which they rest. There are the rosy corals rising into veritable islands of fairy trees. Like a clump of reeds are the sea-worms, emerging from their leathery armor, waving their tentacles, grasping their victims, and, retiring to their cylindrical retreat, devour their prey. The crustaceans, drowsing in the sand, crayfish and shrimps, with movements free and graceful. The paguro rises on its claws like those of a crab, and has long 'hair' like the sea-anemone. The paguro is a comical-looking creature; the lower part of his shell is unprotected, and nature has thus left him 'naked to his enemies'. But this sensible and resourceful (but not remorseful) crab, believing that 'discretion is the better part of valor', casts about for a snail shell to use as a shield; not finding an empty house, he ruthlessly 'evicts' and devours some trusting and comfortable tenant, and appropriates the vacant dwelling to his own shellfish uses! Swimming along with his tower on his back as philosophically as Diogenes with his tub, along comes a couple of sea-anemones with their family, who proceed to settle themselves on the top of the paguro's tower; from this point of vantage they are safer from attack, and can gather in floating tidbits instead of waiting on a rock like their more easy-going relatives, until food drifts their way.

The sponges remain immovable, their tender flesh protected with sharp spikes with which they stab passing fishes, thus replenishing their larder with their favorite delicacies. The sea-plumes, waving as lightly as a feather, send up a phosphorescent glow. The lovely Medusae, like crystal umbrellas, are edged with a fringe of floating filaments. These delicate and fragile beauties of the sea, which, as rock crystal, ther skirts bordered with soft rose or violet, sting like needles with points of fire—(like lovely ladies with sharp tongues.) There, too, was the red coral, the "flower of blood." The

star-fish contracts its body forming a round ball of knives, with which it cuts its prey to pieces and then proceeds to feast thereon. The mollusks live in comfort in the protection of their armor of shell; the pearly winding passage-ways like fairy palaces glistening in the light with all the tints of the iris.

"Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step the shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home and knew the old no more.
* * *
Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

The fish-torpedo that gives an electric shock at touch; the more familiar turtle, at times poking out its snake-like head and wrinkled paws; the graceful little sea-horses like animated interrogation points,—all these and a hundred other queer inhabitants of the sea attract many visitors to this great Aquarium.

Mr. E. V. Lucas says: "Fish must ever remain among the insoluble problems of this world. While we can examine the warp and woof of rainbows, we know nothing about these creatures: What they think, what goes on behind those wide eyes, which now and then are brighter than anything in the Rue de la Paix. Do they see us? They give no sign. Are they happy? They give no sign. Are they unhappy? They give no sign. Do the fish that look like men in clubs converse and behave like men in clubs? We shall never know. At the most we can observe them through the glass of their tanks or the glass of diving bells, and they are always mute. They are like the films before music was held to be a necessary accompaniment: Movement without sound."

The Galleria Umberto Primo is one of those splendid glassed-in structures erected in comparatively recent years in many cities of modern Italy. This one contains in the gallery a Praesepe, or Crib, that had belonged to King Charles I.

The industries of Naples include cameo, coral, and tortoise-shell cutting, and bronze casting.

With hearty greetings to the family I remain

Affectionately yours,

M. A. O'R.

IN SWEET PARTHENOPE

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Napoli col Vesuvio.

IN SWEET PARTHENOPE.

Letter to B. S. F.

Naples, September, 192—

Dear B——,

You need no description of the incomparable charms of this lovely land of Parthenope, for your artistic sense has revelled in its beauty, so lavishly bestowed on land and sea. This hotel, with the familiar name of 'Parker's', is on a height commanding an enchanting view of the Bay. Just at the left is the gigantic cone of Vesuvius, with its plume of smoke ever lifted, as a warning that its wrath is not yet appeased, but is still smouldering in its fiery breast. This evening I sat out on the balcony attempting to write,—but it was nearing the sunset hour and the delicate colors were every moment changing on the distant mountains, like some mysterious, invisible magic lantern,—now violet, with the rose-tinted sky beyond, now deep blue, with pale blue sky,—now volcano, mountains, and sea, blending in a mist of dull purple and gold,—it seemed like defrauding my eyes to hold them from such a scene, so I gave up the effort, —darkness fell, the lamps of the sky were alight . . . . .

Low down by the sea is a hoary old castle, (do you recall it?) the Castle of the Egg, for the tradition is that Virgil, the Wizard, built it upon an enchanted egg; and another old tale is that the rock on which it is built, is egg-shaped. It is much the oldest castle in Naples, black with the passing of years and the action of the waters. There, as nowhere else in the city, may one dream and repeople the grim old halls with the life, the light, the splendor, the music, the romance, the revelry, of days that are no more!

It was in the Castle of the Enchanted Egg that Queen Helena, widow of the youthful hero, Manfred, (so cruelly slain) was imprisoned with her children until her death. There on the chapel altar her spirit wrote the one word, "revenge", with finger dipped in blood which nothing could erase. "Her 'spirit'," says the legend, "used to walk on the Eve of Ascension Day, but after the Sicilian Vespers, she was never seen again."

The Neapolitans believe that a vast store of riches lies hidden under the foundations of the grim old castle. Nicolo Pesce (pesce, fish—a fitting name for a diver) searched these caves at the order of the King, and came back, his arms full of jewels. At the foot of Vico Mezzocannone is an ancient stone set into the wall of a house, and on it, the figure of a queer-looking man (supposed to be Nicolo), grasping a knife with which he used to cut himself free from the bodies of the fish, when he was imprisoned in the same manner as Jonah. The King bade him dive, to learn what was to be found on the bottom of the sea; he came up telling a thrilling tale of gardens of coral and heaps of precious stones, sunken ships, skeletons.

The second time, the King bade him see how Sicily floated on the bosom of the waters; he found that the island had rested on three pillars,—one fallen, one split and ready to fall, one only sound and upright. The King was not yet sure that Nicolo had really been to the bottom of the sea, so the King threw from a high point, a golden goblet and bade Nicolo search for it; the diver plunged, the Monarch and his retinue waited; at last Nicolo rose, and recovering his breath said, "Sire, if I had known what I should see, neither this cup nor half your kingdom would have tempted me to dive. "What did you see,"? asked the King,—"I saw four impenetrable things; first, the great rush of a river which flows out of the earth sweeping all before it by its resistless current; a labyrinth of rock with great overhanging crags; then I was beaten about by the waters out of every bed of the ocean; lastly I feared the horrible monsters of the deep which stretched out long tentacles to clutch me, and draw me into the rocky caverns,—then at last, seeing a golden gleam, I found the cup on a shelf or rock, grasped it and rose."

Now the King was still unsatisfied, and again threw the goblet far out upon the deep, bidding Nicolo search for it once more; the diver begged hard that he might not go, but the king was merciless; Nicolo dove again into the sea; the King and his courtiers waited in vain, for Nicolo Pesce was never seen again! Schiller has told the story of the diver in his poem 'Der Taucher'—,

"Wer wagt es, Rittersmann oder Knapp,
Zu tauchen in diesen Schlund?
Einen goldnen Becher werf'ich hinab,
Verschlungen schon hat ihn der schwarze Mund.
Wer mir den Becher kann wieder zeigen,
Er mag ihn behalten, er ist sein eigen."

* * *

"Wohl hört man die Brandung. wohl kehrt sie zurück,
Sie verkündigt der donnernde Schall;
Da bückt sich's hinunter mit liebendem Blick,
Es kommen, es kommen, die Wasser all,
Sie rauschen herauf, sie rauschen nieder,
Den Jüngling bringt keines wieder."

Since this rambling letter was begun, I, too, have been 'rambling' in Posilipo, one of the most accessible and beautiful suburbs of Naples; but its chief claim to renown is as the home of the poet, Virgil. Its name (Greek Pausilypon), (the French, sans souci) signifies 'freedom from sorrow', and here the Roman patricians sought health and peace from the strenuous life of the Imperial City.

Here came the Emperor Augustus to rest from the cares of state, at his palatial villa, and here dwelt Lucullus, whose name has come down to us as one who 'specialized' in feasting. Here too, came poets, notably Virgil who found in his rural surroundings the inspiration for his immortal verse. The Æneid and the Georgics were

doubtless written here close by the place where his remains rest, in a tomb set in a garden above the site of the Old Grotto.

I shall always remember my wanderings in Posilopo, in search of the poet's grave. Not knowing its exact location, I finally hailed an old gardener, working about his lawns, and asked him to direct me; his kind and even courtly manner, his seeming happiness in pointing out the way, (his hat in his hand meanwhile)—, but this was not enough, —taking my little book, he wrote in a graceful hand:—

"Discendere Barbaia e indirizzare tram
per Fuorigrotta per andare alla tomba
di Virgilio."

And so one follows the old road and ascends the steps on the left to a Roman columbarium known as Virgil's Tomb. At times there has been doubt cast upon the tradition which marks it as such 'hallowed ground', but there are in every age iconoclasts, whose chief delight is in shattering the most cherished beliefs, no matter how well founded.

The truth of this claim is proven, first by the poet himself, who stated that he wrote in 'sweet Parthenope'. We know from authentic data that Petrarch in company with King Robert visited the grave, and planted there a laurel; Boccacio there paid homage as to the shrine of genius; we know too, that the poet was taken ill when returning from Greece with Augustus, and died B. C. 19 at Brindisium, whence his body was brought to his home in Posilipo.

The poet himself wrote, apparently with the gift of prophecy as well as poesy,—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope: ceceni pascua, rura duces.

Dryden translates it thus:

I sing flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave
Me life, Brindisium death, Naples a grave.

As one rests on the terrace near by, there come to mind the lines undoubtedly penned here more than 20 centuries ago, and through which we struggled 'once upon a time':—

'Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinia venit
Littora!' . . . . . .

But a greater than Virgil trod these historic precincts. Tradition worthy of belief says that St. Paul's first preaching in Italy took place in Pozzuoli, where he made many converts. Several piers of the harbor still remain where St. Paul landed. St. Luke also preached in this neighborhood.

Returning from lovely and peaceful Posilipo by the Mergellina, one recalls the line of Sannazzaro who described that fair prospect as "Un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra",—A piece of Heaven fallen upon the earth.

What great names cluster around this fair land of Parthenope! Virgil, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Giotto! This renowned artist enjoyed the patronage and close friendship of the King, Robert the Wise, who often used to watch the painter at work. "I think now Giotto," said the King one day, "I should stop painting if I were you, it is so hot—" "So should *I* if I were *you*"—said Giotto dryly.

It was in the Church of San Lorenzo that Boccaccio met his Fiammetta, and also a daughter of King Robert the Wise, Princess Maria, whose beauty so enchained the love of the same poet.

At the Franciscan monastery attached to this Church, Petrarch was staying, when a terrible hurricane desolated Naples in 1342, strewing the land and sea with wreckage, including hundreds of human bodies. The lower part of the city was under water for the sea had burst its bounds, and the historian Wading says that a great miracle was witnessed that day when the prior David thrust the relics of the Saints in the track of the storm, and thus turned back its force from the remainder of the city. The severity of the great tempest so impressed Petrarch, that he told Cardinal Colonna he had resolved never to go on the sea again saying, "I will leave the air to the birds, and the sea to the fishes," adding, "That is a wise saying of the ancient writer, "He who suffers shipwreck a second time, has no right to blame Neptune".

It is a far cry from those early days to these our own times with their Leviathans on the sea, and their Lindberghs in the air!

* * *

To-day (Sunday) we attended Mass at a lovely little church, San Salvatore, quite close to the Hotel; it has only a dozen pews,—but some beautiful mosaics.

In the afternoon, a visit to the Convent of the Sacred Heart,—an imposing structure of white marble, with a central court, open from basement to roof and built around this court in galleries. There are four chapels; the largest with beautiful choir and stalls; another to the Blessed Mother, a third to Saint Madeleine Sophie, Foundress of the Order, and the fourth chapel in the basement where the *fathers* of the children make their Retreats. (In America we restrict our spiritual energies to the children and their *mothers*,—is it because the mothers need them more?)

* * *

Last Monday in company with a pleasant young couple from the Hotel, we made a trip to Pompeii, visiting first the beautiful church of Our Lady. Mass was going on, and crowds of the faithful (as well as tourists!) were passing to and fro or kneeling before the miraculous shrine. There was the gigantic candle burning *in perpetuo* for Caruso, the golden-voiced tenor; there os an ante-room, the church treasury containing the great diamond and sapphire ring,

his votive offering to Our Lady. What treasures of gold and silver and precious stones, insignia of military and civil honors, golden epaulettes and decorations, that must have brought a thrill of pride and joy to the winner! It seemed as if everyone must have given that which was the most cherished of all his possessions,—and among them a dear baby's first shoe, daintily embroidered with threads of gold!

Next we looked upon the ruins and walked the streets that two thousand years ago were peopled with twenty thousand persons in the enjoyment of life,—but the 'enjoyment of life' was evidently their main object, for the wineshop, the baths and the theatre are seen at every turn.

"Pompeii," says Lord Lytton, "was the miniature of the civilization of that age. Within the narrow compass of its walls was contained, as it were, a specimen of every gift which luxury offered to power.

In its minute but glittering shops, its tiny palaces, its baths, its forum, its theatre, its circus,—in the energy yet corruption, in the refinement yet the vice of its people, you beheld a model of the whole empire. It was a toy, a plaything, a showbox, in which the gods seemed to keep the representation of the great monarchy of earth, and which they afterwards hid from time, to give to the wonder of posterity,—the moral of the maxim, that under the sun there is nothing new."

The art of the Pompeians, as seen in the frescoes which are still fresh in color, is entirely devoid of the inspiration so clearly seen in the works of Christian artists; it was disgustingly vulgar in some cases, and my first and final impression was a feeling of gratitude, that I lived in a Christian land and age, where such a civilization, (or want of it,) was not in evidence. Was the frightful fate which overtook the city in 79 A. D. a judgment and a retribution?

"Day was turned into night," says Dion Cassius, "and light into darkness; an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the people were sitting in the theatre!"—ready to feed to the waiting lion and tiger, a young Christian convert, and an honorable Greek citizen falsely accused of murder. The bloodthirsty people were only partly appeased by the conflicts of the gladiators with one another, and were eager for the crowning event of the day;—but a spectacle far more terrible met the gaze of the cruel and depraved populace,—they "beheld with ineffable dismay a vast cloud of vapor shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine-tree; the trunk, blackness,—the branches, fire!—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, "says Pliny, "now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!"

"There was a dead, heart-sunken silence,—through which there suddenly broke the roar of the lion, which was echoed . . . . . by

the sharper and fiercer howls of its fellow-beast. Dread seers were they . . . and wild prophets of the wrath to come!

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of women; the men stared at each other, but were dumb. At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet; the walls of the theatre trembled; and, beyond, they heard the crash of falling roofs; an instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them, dark and rapid, like a torrent; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone!

Over the crushing vines; over the desolate streets; over the amphitheatre itself; far and wide, with a mighty splash in the agitated sea,—fell that awful shower! . . . . .

The contests of the arena were forgotten; everything but safety for themselves in the peril which confronted them on every side; each turned to fly,—each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other. Trampling recklessly over the fallen,—amidst groans, oaths, prayers, shrieks, the enormous crowd flung itself forth through the numerous passages.

But whither should they fly? Some anticipating a second earthquake, hastened to their homes to load themselves with their more costly goods, and escape while there was yet time; others dreading the showers of ashes that now fell fast . . . . . rushed under the roofs of the nearest houses or temples . . . for protection. But darker, larger, mightier, spread the cloud above them;—it was a sudden and more ghastly Night rushing upon the realm of Noon!

Amidst the other horrors, the mighty mountain now cast up columns of boiling water; blended with the half-burning ashes, the streams fell like seething mud over the streets . . . And full, where the priests of Isis had now cowered around the altars, on which they had vainly sought to kindle fires and pour incense, one of the fiercest of those deadly torrents, mingled with immense masses of scoria, had poured its rage. Over the bended forms of the priests it dashed; that cry had been of death,—that silence had been of eternity! The ashes, the pitchy stream,—sprinkled the altars, covered the pavement, and half concealed the quivering corpses of the priests!" In a crisis, primitive instincts come to the front, and plunder and sacrilege took place while the pillars of the world tottered!

"The cloud," says Pliny, "which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day, had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivalled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky; now of a livid and snake-like green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent; now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing

forth through the columns of smoke, lighting up the whole city,—then suddenly dying into a sickly pallor, like the ghost of their own life!"

"In the pauses of the showers, there was heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured sea; or lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and, by the lightning, to assume vast mimicries of human or monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes,—the agents of terror and of death."

"To add to the confusion and terror, the fierce lion and tiger, escaped from the arena, leaped through the helpless people, seeking safety from they knew not what. Thousands uncertain whither to fly,, made their way toward the sea, but were so terrified by the agitation of the waters, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea monsters which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge rocks cast from the mountain into the deep, that they returned to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Other thousands were seeking escape from the horrors which encompassed them on the land. As these two streams of humanity met, there came a sudden light, and glowed over that mighty multitude, awed, crouching, breathless,—never on earth had the faces of men seemed so haggard! never had meeting of mortal beings been so stamped with the horror and sublimity of dread!—never till the last trumpet sounds, shall such meeting be seen again!"

* * *

"Nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away," says Lord Lytton, "when the city of Pompeii, (destroyed 79, discovered 1750) was disinterred from its silent tomb, all vivid with undimmed hues; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday,—not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors; in its forum the half-finished columns as left by the workman's hand; in its gardens the sacrificial tripod; in its halls the chest of treasure; in its baths the strigil; in its theatres the counter of admission; in its saloons the furniture and the lamp; in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast; in its cubicula the perfumes and the rouge of the faded beauty,—and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and of life."

Many things have been unearthed since Lord Lytton wrote his famous story of Pompeii. The house in which Glaucus lived show him to have been something of a wag, for there are found the mosaics representing his dog, with the inscription, "Cave Canem", —Beware of the Dog, which whimsical greeting met the eyes of his friends.

The discovery of the House of Pansa reminds one of the master

airing his grievance against the tyranny of the law which forbade a citizen to send his own slaves to fight with the wild beasts in the arena! What an imposition of the law-makers, and what interference with the rights of a citizen!

I have quoted profusely from old authors concerning the destruction of Pompeii, believing at the same time, that no writer, however gifted, could adequately portray that terrible catastrophe. It is a depressing and lonely place; to tread those deserted pavements, to pass by those crumbling walls, one feels as if in a vast graveyard (which indeed it is), gray and desolate with the dust of ages,—and of men! It is a powerful sermon on the vanity of earthly things.

* * *

After lunch at a modern hotel outside the ruins, we boarded the train for La Cava. The town nestles in a sheltered valley in the mountains; a delightful drive just before sunset, gave us an idea of its many charms. La Cava has an abbey renowned for its fine location, and for the precious archives contained in its library. The painter Salvator Rosa lived in La Cava.

The drive from this quaint old town (to Amalfi), passes through Salerno by a road famed for its beauty, the view of the sea superb through all its length. Salerno has been, through the centuries, a noted seat of learning with a famous School of Medicine; as famous, according to Saint Thomas Aquinas, for Medicine, as Bologna for Law, or Paris for Science.

Arriving at the Hotel Cappuccini-Convento, Amalfi, we were met at the base of the long flight of steps by three pairs of husky porters, looking strong enough to carry an elephant; we felt sure that one pair could have easily managed, (though we took care not to say so); they held a kind of canvass litter, (somewhat resembling a hammock),—when we were settled, the procession, (I had almost said the 'funeral') started, our 'bearers' walking on either side taking turns in carrying the bier,—I mean the burden. Up, up, we climb the 193 steps of the winding stone stairway. How grateful was the peace and restfulness of the neat little white-walled cell awaiting us!

There are no words that can do justice to the charms of Amalfi; lying at the opening into a deep ravine, it is surrounded by lofty mountains, except that portion which overlooks the sea. The watch-towers erected in the 16th century for protection against pirates and the invasions of the Saracens are still firm. Seeing Amalfi to-day, one cannot realize that the little town was once called "the first naval power in Europe." Built on the side of a great cliff, it is a delightful medley of overhanging gardens, balconies, loggias, all rich in the varied colorings that contrast or harmonize with the sea and sky.

The Hotel, a former Cappuccini Convent, is built in an enormous cleft in the rock at a height of 350 feet, and this same rock towers above it 300 feet higher. The beautiful garden and pergola, the terraces covered with vines, fig, olive, orange, and lemon trees at-

test the labors of the departed monks. Below is the chapel, with altars, paintings, shrines, vestments,—the pews just as they were when the good friars sat in them chanting their Vespers; above, the choir and organ—outside, the lovely and still perfect cloisters. There is something wrong when all this is in alien hands,—to me it was inexpressibly sad, and sitting late in the pergola, there came to mind the words of Burns:

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

The moon had risen over the mountains, and was shedding a great silver pathway of light far down and out over the Bay of Naples, a high, pure tenor voice from the far end of the terrace was singing, "Italia, bell'Italia!"

* * *

At last we bade farewell to lovely Amalfi, and with our two American friends, left by automobile for Sorrento. At Positano there had been a landslide, and while the road was being repaired, travellers must walk for about ten minutes around the curve of the mountain; there a horse and carriage awaited us, and we finished our journey. The road to Sorrento offers some of the most beautiful views in the world, bordered as it is with lofty pinnacles, turrets, and fortress-like crags. The town is built on three ravines, all thickly overgrown with trees; it literally hangs over the sea, with its pergolas and balconies swung high in the air, with steep flights of steps leading up to their dizzy heights; little bridges swing out over the water, so high that they seem practicable only for birds, or persons provided with an airplane. We saw the house of Tasso's sister Cornelia (on the Strada San Nicola) to which the poet once came from his banishment (in 1592) disguised as a shepherd; the one in which Tasso himself was born, has been carried out to sea.

Sorrento is proud of its fame as the birth-place of the poet, who is honored by a beautiful statue in the square. The whole place seems still filled with the spirit of the unhappy singer, and his hopeless love for Leonora d'Este.

The shops are most attractive, in particular those making a specialty of the native handiwork, fine embroidery and inlaid wood.

* * *

Next morning we were 'all aboard' a little boat out to the steamer for Capri and the Blue Grotto; the Grotto, as its name signifies, is a cavern hollowed out by the action of the waters; the entrance is not more than 3 feet in height, and can be entered only by small boats in which passengers must lower their heads. It is filled with a marvellous blue light, and objects in the water take on a beautiful silvery sheen.

The sea was very rough, the little boats rocking and dancing on the crest of the waves; they seemed actually possessed of the spirit of impishness and mischief, beckoning to us, as if to say, "Come on out here,—we'll make it lively for you!"—and so they did. The

boatman must not take more than three passengers,—so we went down carefully over the side of the steamer,—a sturdy Frenchman, Madame, and myself. The poor lady cried pathetically to her husband, "J'ai peur! J'ai peur!" I'm afraid! I'm afraid!" My feeling however, was not fear, but something much more humiliating—, 'mal de mer'—, and I was glad to return to the steamer which was more steady.

Capri has many grottos, of which the celebrated Blue Grotto is the best known; there is also the Green Grotto, and the White Grotto,—the Green is the most beautiful, but less accessible and consequently less frequented than the Blue. Gregorovius thus describes this unique cave: "When I entered the Grotto, I felt as if I had gone back into one of those fairy tales in which we live as children. Daylight and the upper world has suddenly disappeared; and you find yourself in the hollow earth, in the midst of a twilight of blue fire.

The waves cast up sparkling, pearly, drops, as if thousands of shining sapphires, red rubies, and carbuncles, were thrown up from the depths. The walls are of a ghostly and mysterious blue, like the palaces of fairies. A sense of foreign substance and spirit pervades the place, making it in the strangest way, at once mysterious and familiar. All is silent as if in a world of shadows; no one ventures to speak; first comes a cry of admiration,—then perfect stillness; and the only sound is the dipping of the oar, or the rippling of the waves, which weave wreaths of phosphorescent light on the rocky walls.

The blue water is irresistibly alluring; it arouses an intense desire to plunge therein, and sink drowning, into a sea of light. I have seen upon a Greek vase, a figure of a Syren, a very beautiful figure, raising both arms as white as lilies, while she laughs and strikes together two shining brass cymbals; thus do the Syrens rise in this cave out of the waves of blue fire, strike their cymbals, laughing, and dive into the waves, and rise again. But—, they can be seen only by little children, and by men and women born on Sunday!"

"Many an arched roof is bent
Over the wave,
But none like thine, from the firmament
To the shells at thy threshold lave;
What name shall shadow thy rich, blue sheen,
Violet, sapphire, or ultramarine,
Beautiful cave?"

In geographical extent, Capri is insignificant, being but ten miles in circumference; but from the very dawn of history, as it has come down to us, the little island has been a bone of contention amongst the greatest nations of the world. The inhabitants, although very many generations removed from their Greek forbears, present the classic features of those far distant ancestors.

This is not surprising when we recall that their life is passed in

the open, and their motions those of the vine-dresser, the farmer and the fisherman.

In the springtime, many of the younger men go off to the coral reefs in search of the delicate and colorful sea-plants, which they sell to the coral merchants of Naples, Torre del Greco, and other markets. Sometimes the voyage is long, but at last the fishers return with their treasures of rosy coral, foreign coins, and nick-nacks picked up to delight the favored ones at home,—and sometimes alas! the storms are sudden, the reefs are treacherous,—and the fisher returns no more to Capri!

In keeping with the little island itself, everything is of diminutive size, like children 'playing house'. As elsewhere, flowers grow luxuriantly in the sea air: the pergolas are entwined with blossoming plants, and even the house-tops have their tiny gardens. The olive, fig, orange, lemon, are all plentiful, and the vine called 'vino Tiberio' is especially delicious. The peasants are largely engaged in vine-growing, and thir homes are clean and comfortable; the young girls may often be seen at the doorway spinning and weaving the gay silks and ribbons which we find in the shops.

The Emperor Tiberius came to Capri in A. D. 26 and built twelve palaces of extraordinary splendor. Everything was chiefly for the purpose of amusing this brutal, cruel, and sensual Emperor. It was during the reign of this odious ruler who steeped himself in every kind of crime, in the lovely island of Capri, that his representatives, Pontius Pilate and Herod in the Holy Land, were carrying out his inhuman policies, even to the Crucifixion and Death of Christ, Our Lord!

It is doubtful, if since the world began, a ruler was ever so hated, whose memory has been, and will ever be so execrated, as this same Tiberius. The father repeats the tales of cruelty to his sons; the mother frightens her disobedient children with stories of the horrors of Tiberius; and so on until one would think the evil spirit of Tiberius were still abroad, and no one else had ever ruled the island, for no other is ever mentioned.

It is not surprising that a monster who had so often deprived others of the gift of life, should have lost his own at the hands of a murderer like himself, at the mountain pyramids of Misenum.

* * *

It was good to come back to my former resting-place in Naples,—the moonlight shone on the beautiful iron gate, its graceful scrolls spelling out the welcome, 'Salve'—, and now, dear Bee, I bid you 'Salve' — 'Salve et Vale'—Hail and Farewell.

Ever devotedly yours

M. A. O'R.

NAPLES UNRIVALLED

NAPLES UNRIVALLED.

Letter to Miss R.

Naples—

Dear Miss R——,

Did you visit 'dolce Napoli' on either of your journeys to Italy? "Veda Napoli e poi muori,"—"See Naples and die," says the proverb, for natural beauty can go no further. The unrivalled situation of Naples is best realized as the traveller approaches it from the sea; passing between its towering gateway sentinels, the islands of Capri and Ischia, the lovely Bay of Naples and the city of Parthenope lies before him, with the great cone of Vesuvius rising in the near distance.

At present the city is very gay, for the Crown Prince is here, and the people are giving him a warm and noisy welcome; the streets are lined with flags, and even from the roofs of the trams, float the national colors; last night the bombs and other varieties of fireworks, gave a 'continuous performance' until midnight.

Yesterday was spent in the National Museum,—but it would require many days to see even fairly well, this collection of antiquities and objects of art, admittedly one of the finest in the world. The Pompeian and Herculanean bronzes are especially comprehensive and valuable. In the Hall of Food-stuffs from Pompeii are seen pots and pans, kettles and baskets, cooking utensils much like our own, only more artistic; they had already used the jacket of hot water to keep food hot; verily "there is nothing new under the sun." There are the Renaissance Sculptures, the wonderful Picture Gallery, embracing many 'schools'—the Arazzi Tapestries woven at Brussels for Charles V. in 1531,—in a word the Museum is a vast treasure-house of the Art and Beauty of all time.

A visit to the Palazzo Reale gives a good idea of the splendor of a royal residence. This consists of a series of vast and sumptuously furnished halls, built around an open court,—the great throne of the King in crimson velvet; the Audience Chamber, the Hall of Ambassadors, the Royal Dining Hall. The floors of these spacious and splendid apartments, are of inlaid marble, or of wood; the vaulting bearing fine frescos, and on the walls, Gobelin tapestries as brilliant in colors as if they had been finished but yesterday; the paintings are of heroic size and marvellous artistry.

The tone of each room is different from its neighbors, the walls covered with heavy satin in the prevailing shade, with designs in gold thread. The furniture of gold and exquisite inlaid wood and ivory, and here and there, great vases of Sèvres and Japanese China.

High on the far hill of San Martino stands the National Museum of that name, another suppressed Carthusian Monastery; the church, the sacristy, the cloisters, are beautiful and filled with evidence of

the pious care and artistic tastes of the good monks. There are paintings by the great masters, marvellously carved woodwork, statuary, inlaid marble floors. In the private chapel of the Prior is the seated wax figure of the saintly Padre Rocco, a noted Neapolitan preacher and philanthropist; when I came upon it suddenly, I was startled, for it seemed indeed, a holy man in the flesh.

There are many other objects of local interest; cases of Neapolitan porcelains, official robes of the Mayor and Town Councillors; the state coach of Charles III occasionally used in state festivals in Naples, occupied by Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi when entering the city in 1860; it is a ponderous vehicle of gold and crimson velvet,—but I would much prefer a good model car. The principal attraction of this great Museum of San Martino, is its superb location, and the enchanting view it commands of the city, Vesuvius, and the Bay.

* * *

As one approaches the church of San Francesco di Paolo, where we assisted at Mass this morning, the attention is attracted first by its great arcades and the two Equestrian Statues of Neapolitan kings, Charles III, and Ferdinand I. It is a beautiful church in the style of the Pantheon at Rome; the high altar is entirely inlaid with exquisite jasper and lapis lazuli; two columns at the side are of rare Egyptian breccia, and there is a gallery above for the use of the Royal Family, sumptuously fitted up.

It seemed strange to see women without hats or veils, and also to see many sit during the entire service,—they are a people of contradictions; after you have wondered at their seeming indifference, you come out and see the lovely little wayside shrines, aglow with lights, votive offerings and flowers, and embellished with pious inscriptions. My neighbor at table eats meat on Friday, apparently without hesitation, yet this morning she went to early Mass and Holy Communion.

The Park surrounding the Royal Palace of Capodimonte, is very extensive and beautiful, long shady avenues diverging in every direction as far as the eye can reach. The "Museo" in connection with the Palace has a large collection of paintings chiefly by Neapolitan masters. There was a group of Arabs roaming about there to-day, with their strange costumes of white flowing robes, with hood en suite, or red fez, yellow stockings etc.—they attracted attention in a city that has many strange sights of its own.

Reurning from Capodimonte, we descended the long and broad flight of steps to the tram; when about a third of the way down, looking back, there was an enormous herd of goats swarming down pell-mell after us! I dare not think what might have happened, had we not made a flying leap to a pile of rocks at the side of the steps. When the coast was clear, we finished the descent; then happening to look around again, (perhaps through intuition) there was *another* herd coming down, hurried along by the herdsman and his dog. Goats and donkeys in Italy can go up and down stairs as

nimbly as people, and without doubt, horses and cows can also!

* * *

We had a great treat last evening at the Hotel, for a talented group of musicians came to entertain the guests; some played stringed instruments, the violinist being a real artist; others sang and gave dramatic recitations, and still others danced alone and in groups. They wore very picturesque costumes, always including the national colors, red, white, and green, their special feature being the Tarrentella Sorrentina, the characteristic dance of Sorrento.

* * *

"To-day we came to Rome,"—a short and simple sentence, and yet how fraught with meaning! The first glimpse of the Eternal City is not merely an event,—"it is an epoch," in one's life; Rome, the mother of civilization, the home of art, the fountain-head of religion! There were the low-lying mountains, the picturesque villas, the historical ruins, and towering above all, the great dome of St. Peter's,—instinctively we said with Marion Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis!"

"O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay."

On arrival in other cities, I have been concerned about my luggage, the whereabouts of the hotel porter, and such tiresome details,—but here my anticipation is impersonal,—now I am entering the city of my dreams,—Rome, the very capitol of the world itself! —and there is no room for thought of little, material things.

A restful night and a sunny morning, and we look out upon the great Aurelian wall just under our window; beyond it, the Borghese Gardens dotted with babies and their nurses; little companies of soldiers; invalids, loiterers of every station. The spacious and beautiful modern Hotel is built on the site of a temple to the goddess Flora, whose name it bears; with its great pillars, stairways, walls, and floors of white marble, it doubtless compares favorably with its ancient prototype.

My visit really began with three 'all-day' sight-seeing trips, intensely interesting, and equally fatigueing; to be able to feel keen mental enjoyment while every bone in the body aches, presupposes a detachment of which few of us may boast; at the close I felt that nothing short of a celestial vision could excite my interest, but after a day of rest, I started again, going first as usual, to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, here at Trinità de' Monti.

The Church contains 12 chapels: to the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, Ste. Madeleine Sophie, Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, St. Philomena

etc. Of special interest is that containing the miraculous picture of Mater Admirabilis,—it is beautiful and prayerful, and surrounded by cases of votive offerings,—bridal wreaths, (under glass) tablets and memorials of many varieties, attesting the numerous favors and graces received.

The Church of Santissima Trinità de'Monti was built in 1495 by Charles VIII of France at the request of St. Francesco di Paolo; it was plundered during the French Revolution, but restored by Louis XVIII in 1817. It has some fine frescoes of the school of Perugino, and several interesting paintings, among them the 'Descent from the Cross' by Volterra, considered by Nicholas Poussin, who lived next door, to be the third greatest picture in the world.

Near by too, at the angle of two streets in a house called the Tempietto, lived Claude Lorraine, whose pictures are still instinct with life and light, though his body rests in the dusty vaults of the Trinità for more than two centuries.

A tablet set in the wall tells us that there Rossini lived and worked. One of the best known of his compositions, the incomparable Stabat Mater, touches the heart with joy and sorrow;—joy for its exquisite harmonies, sorrow for its sad story of the Passion of Our Lord. Perhaps the spirit echoes of Rossini and his heavenly music, yet linger about these historic walls, for the fame of the Trinità choir has spread far beyond its Cloister.

'When the Ave Maria sounds,' wrote Mendelssohn in one of his 'Letters', it is time to go to the church of Trinità de'Monti, where French nuns sing; and it is charming to hear them . . . . . it is twilight, and the whole of the small bright church is filled with persons kneeling, lit up by the sinking sun each time that the door is opened; both the singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, quite tender and touching, more especially when one of them sings the Responses in her melodious voice, ... The impression is very singular; moreover, it is well known that no one is permitted to see the fair singers, so this caused me to form a strange resolution. I have composed something to suit their voices, which I have observed very minutely, and I mean to send it to them. It will be pleasant to hear my chaunt performed by persons I never saw, especially as they must in turn sing it to the "barbaro Tedesco", whom they also never beheld'.

'In the evenings people go to the Trinità to hear the nuns sing from the organ-gallery, says Frederika Bremer. It sounds like the singing of angels. One sees in the choir troops of young scholars, moving with slow and measured steps, with their long white veils, like a flock of spirits.'

The obelisk which fronts the Trinità was formerly in the gardens of Sallust, and was placed in its present position in 1789 by Pope Pius VI.

Let us descend the noble flight of steps which lead to the Piazza di Spagna, so called from the residence there of the Spanish Ambassador to the Pope.

These steps are gay with life and color, for the flower sellers there have their booths, and also from the artists' models who congregate there, and rival the flowers in the brilliancy of their attire. They loll about in graceful and picturesque attitudes, hoping to make a favorable impression on some passing artist, secure an engagement, and thus banish want at least for the time being. Beppo, the lame beggar has been banished to the steps of St. Agostino, but old Felice, his former 'crony' is still to be seen, with his comical, conical hat, his rusty, brown cloak, which he dons with the air and care of a Roman Senator and his bagpipes. There are groups of women in head-dresses made of many folds of white linen, with skirts of some bright hue, scarlet, blue, or purple. There are always children, replicas in feature and costume, of their elders. Let anyone show but the slightest interest in their branch of art, (not an unworthy one) and he or she is rewarded with a flash of dazzling white teeth, and melting brown eyes blended into an unforgettable Italian smile.

In the centre of the Piazza di Spagna, is the great column and statue erected by Pope Pius IX to commemmorate the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception given to the Christian world in 1854. Crowned with stars, there stands Our Lady, upon her symbol, the crescent moon; and gazing upon her pure and lovely features, we salute her in those same mystical words addressed to her by the Angel, which she heard "with troublings of strange joy."

> **Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus; et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesu!**

At the base of the column are the figures of Moses, David, Isaiah, and Ezekiel. The Collegio di Propaganda Fede fronts on this historic square, founded by Pope Gregory XVIII in 1622 for the purpose of training students for missionary work. "Who does not know," says Ranke, "the services performed by the Propaganda for the diffusion of philosophical studies? and not this only; the institution has laboured . . . . . to fulfil its mission in a liberal and noble spirit." The house at the right of the Scalinate (steps) where Keats died in 1821, has been made into a memorial of the poets, Keats and Shelley, containing many souvenirs of those gifted singers. Another landmark of this neighborhood is the English Tea Room; there almost any afternoon you may find, sipping tea, interesting groups representing the permanent as well as the 'floating' population of Rome.

The visitor to Rome almost invariably directs his steps first to St. Peter's, the greatest and most renowned church in all Christendom,—but it is *not* the most important,—for that of St. John Lateran, as the inscription on its façade declares, is the 'Mother and Head of all the churches in the city and in the world'—in Urbe et Orbe,—and its Chapter takes precedence of that of St. Peter's. Before the Italian occupation in 1870, the Popes used to come to

the Lateran to be solemnly crowned; to pronounce the Benediction on Ascension Day; and to officiate on various other occasions.

The Lateran Palace was originally owned by a wealthy and noble family, the Laterani, but the head of the family was put to death by Nero, who confiscated the Palace. It was thenceforth 'Imperial' property, and so became the residence of Constantine, who entered Rome in triumph after the defeat of Maxentius A. D. 312. It was on this occasion that he and his whole army beheld a luminous cross in the heavens, bearing the words, 'In hoc signo vinces', (in this sign shalt thou conquer). He then caused a cross to be carried as the standard of the army; his first act was to grant freedom of worship to the Christians, and as a votive offering, presented the Lateran Palace to the Pope as a papal residence, and erected the Basilica, assisting in the work with his own hands.

According to tradition, on the day of consecration, November 9th, 324, high in the vault above the altar, suddenly there appeared the Face of Christ!—and as if pleased with the work, the words, 'Pax vobis' (Peace be to you), were distinctly heard. Pope St. Sylvester, therefore, dedicated the church in honor of Our Savior, though it has several other titles, the best known, St. John Lateran. Prudentius speaks of the faithful flocking to the Lateran in the fifth century. "St. Jerome relates that Fabiola, one of the noble ladies of Rome, used to stand all day Holy Saturday among the penitents of the Lateran, clad in sackcloth and ashes, doing penance for her faults."

The Basilica has been destroyed and restored many times, and Pope Leo XIII enlarged and embellished the tribune in 1896. The Lateran possesses many very precious relics including the Sacred Table of the Last Supper on which Our Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament; a portion of the portable wooden altar on which St. Peter used to say his daily Mass; the Heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; the Head of St. Pancratius, the boy martyr, and many others.

St. Gregory the Great lived at the Lateran and taught the choristers the Gregorian Chant, still the high standard of classical church music. St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi came to the Lateran to ask of the Holy Father the confirmation of their Orders. St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Philip Neri, St. Frances of Rome and many other great Saints were frequent visitors to this sacred shrine.

The Palace was the residence of the Popes until they retired to Avignon; it is now a Museum containing ancient frescoes and some valuable pictures. Close to the Church is the Chapel Sancta Sanctorum, the Holy of Holies, and the Scala Santa, the Holy Stairway. The Chapel was the private Oratory of the Popes, and contains many precious relics, among them the celebrated picture of Our Lord known as the Acheiropita, that is "painted not by mortal hands." Tradition tells us that it was begun by St. Luke and finished by angels.

The Scala Santa is a flight of 28 steps, said to have been in the

house of Pilate, which Our Lord ascended and descended before His Passion. The faithful ascend these steps on their knees, and through the glass, one may see and venerate the marks of Our Savior's bleeding Feet. The night before Rome was enterd by Victor Emmanuel's forces in 1870, Pius IX, despite his 78 years, mounted these steps on his knees.

The Obelisk which stands in the Lateran Piazza, the oldest in Rome, dating 1740 B. C. formerly stood before the Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis; later in the Circus Maximus, and was placed in its present position by Sixtus V in 1588.

Among all the monuments of ancient Rome, none impresses one more deeply than these mighty shafts. What scenes they have looked down upon! What tales they could tell!—but there they stand, cold, grim, silent,—as when they first emerged from their native quarry! They were old centuries before Romulus and Remus found shelter in the cottage of the shepherd Faustulus on the banks of the Tiber; they were made to contribute to the glory of the Pharaohs centuries before Christ came to establish that Holy Faith whose sign and standard now crowns their lofty summits.

In the old days, that is from the 12th to the 18th century, what a splendid background was formed by this ancient Basilica for the ceremony called Il Possesso, when a newly-elected Pope came to take possession of the Lateran! His Holiness, riding upon a white mule, the gift of the King of Naples, who sometimes led it, as a vassal, on foot, passed through the city." The festal procession wound its way through the decorated streets . . . . Boniface VIII rode a snow-white palfrey covered with a hanging made of Cyprus plumes, his crown on his head, and wearing the most solemn pontificals; beside him, clad in scarlet, walked two vassal kings, Charles and Charles Martel, holding the bridle of his horse." Arriving at the Lateran Piazza, the Pope was met by the clergy who received him with solemn and at the same time joyful song. He proceeded to the Basilica to offer prayers, and received the homage of the Chapter; then scattering silver coins among the throng, he was conducted to the Sancta Sanctorum, where the Mitre was proffered to him, having previously received the Keys and Staff. The Senate tendered the oaths of homage, and at the close the distinguished company repaired to the Triclinium where a banquet was spread. On the occasion of Pope Boniface's election, it is said that the two Kings who led his horse, 'had the honour of carrying the first dishes to the Pope, and then took their humble place among the Cardinals at table.'

So it was here in this worthy shrine of the ancient Faith that we attended Mass on our first Sunday in Rome. On approaching, the attention is attracted to the façade which is crowned by statues of Christ and the Apostles twenty feet high. The central entrance has two enormous antique bronze doors, brought from the Curia (House of the Roman Senate, built by Caesar and restored by Diocletian in 303.) In the vestibule, is a bronze statue of Henry IV

of France, for the French Kings were Canons of this church. The gorgeous wooden ceiling, (ascribed to Michelangelo), a richly inlaid pavement, fine columns of antique yellow marble, and exquisitely carved stalls are other beauties of this great Church.

* * *

Even in Rome the 'ridiculous' may sometimes overlap upon the 'sublime', —To-day in the business district, after I had purchased a paper of needles, the gallant proprietor offered to 'send' it; assuring him that I could carry them without too great fatigue, especially as I intended to take a cab up the hill to the Hotel, he rushed out to get one for me; however, I lost sight of him in the crowd, and finally engaged a comfortable-looking 'vettura'; as we approached the store (we had to pass it on the way), there was another cab in waiting!—also a problem for me! We had to stop and there was a four-cornered argument, all four 'corners' holding forth simultaneously; I was told both men must be paid,—that I must change to the other cab, and various other suggestions, all of which I disregarded, and urged my driver to start along, leaving such a flow of the 'vernacular' following me, that I was glad to escape to the beautiful Borghese Gardens, thence to the Hotel, determined to hire my own cab next time.

* * *

The Villa Borghese, now Villa Umberto Primo, was founded in the beginning of the 16th century by Cardinal Scipione Borghese assisted by his uncle Paul V. After living for nearly four centuries in almost regal splendor, the family, more recently reduced through unfortunate speculations, sold it to the State. There are long curving driveways through groves of ancient ilex and stone-pines; the open spaces are aglow with flowers in profusion and variety; the lawns are further beautified with graceful fountains, statues, and old altars with interesting inscriptions, the picturesque ruins all together forming a setting such as one might look for in vain outside the princely homes of the Roman aristocracy.

It is sad to realize what advantages wealth may take of altered circumstances;—here many of the sarcophagi, marble seats, even the fine terrace wall which fronted the Casino, together with its fountains, have been removed to the palatial home of Mr. Astor of Cliveden, England, and copies set up in their places. However, the copies have become veritable ruins; encouraged and caressed, as it were, by the ancient dust, the atmosphere of decay, the mouldiness of dreamy old Rome itself. The sylvan beauty which so charms the eye among these woodland glades, is largely the result of giving Nature to a reasonable extent, her own sweet will. She is not there hampered by too much man-made art,—flowers and grasses clamber over the old walls together, the ilex trees reach out their long arms to the white statues, and the birds are telling all the gossip of the grove to each other on the fountain's rim. It seems indeed en-

chanted ground, as if one should see nymphs and fairies dancing like shadows beneath the trees.

The Villa is now a Museum, in which the most notable statue is that of Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, by Canova, who considered it his best work. It is said that the Prince was so jealous of its beauty, that he used to keep it locked up in a room to which he alone held the key. The Cumaean Sybil by Domenichino, Titian's Sacred and Profane Love, Lorenzo di Credi's lovely Holy Family, Botticelli's Holy Family and Angels, and Raffæl's celebrated Deposition, are some of the choicest gems in this collection. One of the largest rooms is devoted entirely to Madonnas; it is gratifying to know that no subject has ever appealed so strongly to great artists, as the Blessed Mother of God!

There was a delightful concert at the Opera House yesterday afternoon; a chorus as large and evidently as well trained as our Handel and Haydn Society, a stringed quartet and one of brasses which would have done credit to the Symphony Orchestra, though they were all *business men* of Vienna! The soloist was a soprano, light, but high and clear as a bell. The Theatre is sumptuous in crimson and gold, with a Royal Box that is truly regal.

Near this Hotel, is the magnificent Palace of the Queen Mother*; it is very grand and stately, and so large that even a queen who is quite alone, save for servants, must find it wearisome at times. From the street, one may get a hint of the lovely gardens beyond, and the marble ladies, who were so scantily clad by the sculpter, have been somewhat compensated by Nature, who in pity, has given them graceful robes of green trailing vines; all have not yet been so favored, and these seem to look with envy on the new summer gowns of their neighbors.

There are always to be seen on patrol, members of the Caribinieri, the tall and stately Italian Police, the shortest of whom are six feet in stature; they wear a picturesque uniform of dark blue decorated with red and gold, with tricorne baretta topped with red and gold rosette.

* * *

The Basilica of San Clemente is one of the most ancient, important, and interesting of all the shrines in Rome. It is mentioned by St. Jerome in 420. The exterior shows evidences of its great age, but on entering, one wonders rather at the beauty of the edifice all about him, and its splendid state of preservation. For us there was an added attraction, for San Clemente is the titular church of our Cardinal (O'Connell), and his portrait was the first object to draw our attention.

A kindly Dominican friar (attached to the Convent) showed us about, and it was a most interesting tour of inspection. St. Clement, Pope and Martyr, to whom the church is dedicated, was a member

*Since deceased.

of the Imperial family of the Flavians. He was baptized, ordained and consecrated Bishop by St. Peter whose third successor he became in the Papacy. According to the Acts of the Martyrs, the Prefect Mamertinus ordered the arrest of Pope Clement, and intended to put him to death, but was deterred by a tumult of the people, who cried with one voice, 'What evil has he done, or rather what good has he not done?' Clement was then condemned to exile in the Chersonese. In his banishment he baptized hundreds of Christians, for whom he miraculously drew forth water from a barren rock. Such marvels excited the greatest wonder and enthusiasm among the people, so Trajan sent his executioners to put St. Clement to death; they tied a great anchor about his neck, and he was cast into the Black Sea, but his disciples, kneeling on the shore, prayed that his body at least, might be restored to them, whereupon the waters drew back disclosing a beautiful marble chapel, 'not built by mortal hands', above the remains of the Saint. The body of the Martyr was brought to Rome by St. Cyril, who was later buried by his side.

Once each year on the Feast of the Saint, the sea itself, a partaker in the solemnity, retired to a distance of three miles that the faithful might walk dry-shod to visit this sacred shrine. Finally, the waters ebbed entirely away leaving the tomb of the Saint on an island where it was found by St. Cyril, who, with his brother St. Methodius ('Apostles of the Slavs') brought the remains to Rome, where they rest in San Clemente's. In one of the ancient frescoes is depicted the legend of the pious mother, who, taking her little son with her to worship at the miraculous tomb, lost him, as Mary, the Mother lost the Divine Child, 'and sought Him sorrowing',—but the grief of this mother would seem to be unavailing, for the sea came rolling into its accustomed place, and the weeping mother turned sadly homeward. When the Festa of the holy Martyr came around the following year, the bereft mother joined with the other faithful on the pilgrimage to the sacred shrine,—there she found her child, safe in the keeping of St. Clement,—and of Mary, Star of the Sea.

In 1084, the church, together with a great part of the city, was burned by Robert Guiscard, the Norman Prince, and partly upon the foundation thus formed, the newer church was built by Pope Pascal II in 1108; thus for centuries this lower church was forgotten, until re-discovered by Prior Mullooly O. P. in 1857. "In S. Clemente," says Lord Lindsay, "built on the site of his (St. Clement's) paternal mansion, and restored at the beginning of the twelfth century, an example is still to be seen, in perfect preservation, of the primitive church: everything remains in statu quo—the court, the portico, the cancellum, the ambones, paschal candlestick, crypt, and ciborium, virgin and intact; the wooden roof has unfortunately disappeared and a small chapel, dedicated to S. Catherine, has been added, yet even this is atoned for by the lovely

frescoes of Masaccio. I most especially recommend this relic of early Christianity to affectionate and tender admiration."

On the right aisle is a chapel containing a series of fine frescoes by Masaccio, representing the Crucifixion, also scenes from the life and death of St. Catherine of Alexandria. She was the cousin of Constantine, and refusing to worship idols, was condemned to be broken on the wheel, which was itself miraculously destroyed by angels. She is represented disputing with the philosophers, converting the Empress of Maximin; she is finally beheaded, and three angels are seen laying her body in a tomb on the summit of Mount Sinai.

In the lower church is also a series of frescoes of the 8th and 10th centuries, some of which are quite uninjured. Beneath this crypt, is a third substructure once used by worshippers of Mithras, a Pagan deity, whose statue and shrine may still be seen. The cult was brought from Persia by the Roman soldiers; in a case near by are the bones of animals sacrificed in their religious rites.

'S. Clément, sous lequel il y a des siècles de croyances contraires stratifiés: un monument très ancien du temps de la république, un autre du temps de l'empire, dans lequel on a reconnu un temple de Mithra, enfin une basilique de la primitive foi.'

The Church is replete with historical and holy memories; here St. Gregory the Great delivered two of his famous homilies; 'here too, came St. Frances of Rome every morning to consult Fra Michele on spiritual subjects.' Father Tom Burke O. P., the celebrated orator was formerly stationed at this church. The remains of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who was torn to pieces by lions in the Colosseum, lie buried in San Clemente; the larger bones alone were left, and these were gathered up with pious care by the Christians, borne in triumph to Antioch in 637, and finally deposited here.

King Edward VII of Great Britain when Prince of Wales, also the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited San Clemente, and showed the greatest interest in its early association with Stuart memories; both James II, the Old Pretender and his consort, Maria Clementina Sobieski, having chosen Father Browne, an Irish Dominican attached to the Convent, as their Confessor.

Among modern memorials, is a fine marble bas-relief of Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, Massachusetts, who holds his title from this most interesting and historic old church.

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After presenting my letters of introduction at the American College, the very next evening came my invitation to an audience with the Holy Father on the following day, already a significant one for me, the Feast of Mater Admirabilis, and dear to every Alumna of the Sacred Heart. Having attended Mass at the Trinità in the little Chapel dedicated to Our Lady under that title, Mater Admirabilis, our next objective was the Vatican. I was not quite sure

about my shoes which were partly gray, and knowing all black costume was required, I determined to consult one of the Religious; when she answered 'Certainment—they were quite proper,'—there came the assurance that our good nuns may safely be relied upon to give sound advice on even more weighty matters.

I took the best looking Victoria about, freshly carpeted and cushioned with brilliant crimson, thus seeming especially befitting the occasion. On arrival at the entrance, my invitation was inspected, and again several times later as we were ushered on by the papal functioneries in gorgeous liveries. There were the Guardia Nobile with winged Achillean helmet—'half Greek, half French, half gods, half dandies. 'The Swiss Guards in "a picturesque costume of red, with overlapping bands of blue and yellow, through which the brilliant scarlet glowed like alternating rays in a Neapolitan sunset." The Gendarme Pontificio wear a handsome costume of black and white, with an immense shako adorned with a red plume. The Chamberlains' costume is of black velvet of the period of Philip II—a Spanish dress with a cape thrown over one shoulder, superb lace collar and cuffs, and an immense ruff around the neck, with gold cords and chains.

There were delegations of Religious of many different Orders; clergy, including Monsignori in their purple, who had to stand in line like the others; finally we reached the last hall where there was an air of expectancy noticeable,—now and then a crimson brocaded official walked about to keep the line straight; one of the Noble Guard with drawn sword, paced up and down before the entrance to the adjoining apartment. At last there was a slight rustle, and there before us stood the Holy Father preceded by a Cardinal. He looked exactly like his pictures,—not at all dark-skinned like so many of his race, but as fresh-cheeked as a boy,—vigorous, alert, up-to-date, an integral part of the ancient Faith of Christ, and yet thoroughly in touch with modern times and things.

He passed around the room, each person present kissing the papal ring. A poor woman stood next to me with her small boy, who was favored with a friendly little pat on the head; the mother was asked if the lad were a Roman—she answered proudly that he was, and mother and son were beaming with smiles from that time on. After the circuit was completed, His Holiness pronounced a solemn Benediction,—and the audience was over. We returned through the great halls inspecting the beautiful paintings and tapestries more freely than we could on entering, lingered over the view of Rome from the Vatican windows,—the fairest picture of all,—descended the long marble stairway, out across the Piazza,—and were in another world.

* * *

The Janiculum, one of the most important in ages past of the 'seven hills of Rome', is supposed to be the site of that old Temple of Janus where Numa, the King of the Sabines was buried with the

records of his reign, in that historic soil. From here as you stand upon this great natural breastwork, you may see spreading out like a beautiful but sombre-tinted carpet, the Campagna, the fairest desert in the world. Soracte and the Alban Hills rise majestically far away, and in the near distance, San Pietro and the seven lesser domes of the Eternal City.

The Church of San Pietro in Montorio, so called from the golden sand found there, (Monte d'oro) was built for Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain in 1472 on the site of an earlier church (9th century), formerly supposed to be the place of St. Peter's Crucifixion. When sentenced to death, St. Peter was already an old man, and in carrying his cross, as condemned criminals were obliged to do, it was seen that in his weak condition, he could never reach the top of the hill, the site selected for the ignominious death of the holy martyr,—so there on the slope of the hill, they set up the cross, and blessed Peter, saying he was not worthy to die like Christ, asked the favor of being crucified head downwards, and in pity the executioners complied with his request. The witnesses were few, the chroniclers tell us, and they stood 'afar off'.

Within the cloister is the small but beautiful circular building called the Tempietto, by Bramante, supposed to be on the spot where the cross stood. The altar rail is of fine giallo antico, found, (like a seemingly incredible number of beautiful objects) in the garden of Sallust. In front of the high altar rest the remains of the unhappy Beatrice di Cenci. In the nave are the graves of the Irish patriots, the famous Hugh O'Neil of Tyrone, Baron Dungannon,—and of O'Donnel of Tyrconnel. In the adjoining convent Sixtus IV established the Franciscans in the 15th century, and it is one of the few places where they yet remain.

* * *

No visitor to the Janiculum and few to Rome, will miss Tasso's Oak on the hillside where the poet used to rest; it is now so weakened by age and storms, that it has to be supported by a buttress. (Just back of the Oak is a natural amphitheatre where St. Philip Neri used to gather young men and boys, instructing them, and at the same time training them in the performance of little plays to which their parents were sometimes invited.) Following along the Passeggiata Margherita you come to the church of St. Onophrio, built in 1439 to honor the memory of St. Onophrio, who, though son of the King of Persia, as a boy, left the pleasures of his father's court, and became a hermit, living for more than 60 years in the desert praying for the Church, then persecuted by Constantius and Valens.

A date-palm grew near his cell and supplied him with food; at his death he was buried in a grave hollowed out of the sand by two lions. These incidents in the life of the holy man, also the beautiful miracle of his giving a little loaf of bread to the Child Jesus, and having it returned to him enlarged tenfold, are all portrayed in a

series of frescoes in the cloister. There are frescos also by Pinturiccio and Dominichino. Of especial interest is the memorial tomb of Tasso, erected by Pope Pius IX. Almost from the time of his birth at Sorrento in 1544, the life of Torquato Tasso was a long series of misfortunes and disappointments. His father being Secretary to the Prince of Salerno, was condemned to banishment with his family, and all their property confiscated.

Being reduced to poverty, the poet found refuge in Naples, whence he went to Rome. After wandering through other Italian cities, later we see him protected by the Cardinal d'Este and honored at the Court of Ferrara. His unfortunate passion for the beautiful and noble Leonora d'Este, sister of the Duke of Ferrara, caused him to be imprisoned by the Duke, and afterward banished. Returning to Sorrento after this proscription, the poet enjoyed a short interval of comfort and peace with his sister, her family and friends.

His fatal destiny however, recalled him to Ferrara, where the Duke, exasperated, had him detained as insane, and after a cruel imprisonment of seven years, he who wrote that sublime epic 'Jerusalem Delivered', is found again wandering through Italy. At last however, his merits were recognized by Rome, whither he was invited by Pope Clement VIII to be crowned at the Capitol as 'Prince of Poets'. Meanwhile the gifted singer was taken severely ill, and hurried to the Convent of St. Onofrio, where he said to the Fathers who received him, "My fathers, I am come to die amongst you|" 'Here he became absorbed' says Hare', in the contemplation of divine subjects, and upon the last day of his life when he received the papal absolution, exclaimed, "I believe that the crown I looked for on the Capitol, is to be exchanged for a better crown in Heaven." Throughout the last night, a monk prayed by his side until morning, when Tasso was heard to murmur, 'In manus tuus, Domine,'—and died—on the very eve of his coronation.

* * *

Whoever climbs up to the Capitol, sets foot on the most storied plot of earth in the world. Little that we now see there, however, has come down to us from the earliest ages of Rome. The Palazzo dei Senatore was built by Michelangelo at the order of Pope Boniface in 1389 and Sixtus V. under whom it was completed. The Capitoline Museum, and the Palazzo dei Conservatori, were erected, under succeeding Popes according to designs by the same renowned master. Deservedly in the centre of this group of historic buildings, is the finest ancient equestrian statue known, that of Marcus Aurelius. It stood for more than 500 years before the Lateran, and still earlier before the arch of Septimius Severus in the Forum. Hawthorne calls the statue "the most majestic representation of the kingly character that the world has ever seen. The pedestal was made by Michelangelo, at the command of Pope Paul III, from columns of the temple of Castor and Pollux.

At the rear of the Piazza is the Palace of the Senators, and near

it, the Tabularium, or ancient Public Record Office, where the Tabulae, or plates were kept of Senate decrees. From the Tabularium may be had the best view of the Forum, and there one may stand, looking down on the ruins, the grave,—of ancient Rome,—'Sic transit gloria mundi!' There lie the broken columns that had upheld its temples and palaces—, there are fallen the triumphal arches raised to commemmorate the victories of its heroes—, there are the beautiful but mournful remains of departed glory!

What a lesson might here be learned by modern civilizations if they would but take it to heart!—that the true greatness of a nation is founded on the virtue of its citizens, their reverence for religion, their obedience to law, rather than the extent of its boundaries, the personal aggrandizement of its rulers, or the military prowess of its sons.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills the prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

The Capitoline Museum received many of its artistic treasures from the Vatican, through the generosity of the Pope, St. Pius V. Among its best known sculptures are The Dying Gladiator, found at Rome in the 16th century, the slight restorations made by Michelangelo. Of that marvellous human figure, Byron wrote:

> "He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
> But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
> There were his young barbarians all at play,
> There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
> Butchered to make a Roman holiday."

The Resting Satyr of Praxiteles, which inspired the title to Hawthorne's Marble Faun, in the opening pages of which is a fine description of the statue:

"If the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man. The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists, within that discolored marble surface of the faun of Praxiteles."

Leda and the Swan, Perseus liberating Andromache, The Sleeping Endymian, Canova's bust of Pius VII, are other famous works; there is the historic Capitoline Wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus, twin founders of Rome. At the end of the gallery we enter the Hall of the Emperors containing 83 busts of Roman Emperors and their relatives. "It is a high-born company, but there is cause to doubt if it be as good as it is select."

The Halls of the Conservators fittingly contain frescoes from the history of the Roman Kings and Popes; and the Hall of Illustrious

Men has, one might think, gathered to itself the wisdom of the ages: Socrates, Homer, Pythagoras, Cicero, Demosthenes and many others.

One of the most important, and certainly the most sacred of the group of buildings on the Capitoline Hill, is the ancient Church of S. Maria in Ara-Coeli. As so often happens in Rome, here again Pagan Juno has made way for Madonna Mary. Its title, Ara-Cœli, (Altar of Heaven) refers to the Delphic oracle concerning the coming of Christ, still recognized by the Church, and sung and said in Requiem Masses:—

Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Augustus, growing old, became anxious as to the future of the Kingdom, and was assured by the priestess, that there was to come "a Hebrew Child, a God Himself, and stronger than all the gods." So Augustus there built an altar, to the Infant Son of God, which was called 'Ara Filii Dei! This original shrine, we learn, is enclosed within the present altar. The Franciscan Monastery formerly attached to the church, was demolished to make way for the vast memorial to Victor Emmanuel I. It might be supposed that the burial places of the Saints would be held as 'holy ground', but such seems not to have been the case. It was at this church that Gibbon first conceived the idea of writing 'The Decline and Fall of Rome' as he sat musing among the ruins while the monks were chanting their Vespers. There are many interesting memorials; the two ambones are fine works of Lorenzo and Jacopo Cosmati; the Chapel Santa Croce was the scene of the ecstasy of St. Frances of Rome who often prayed in this church.

The first Chapel on the right has a series of fine frescoes by Pintoricchio portraying scenes in the life and death of St. Bernardino of Siena; there we see the Saint in coarse and ragged clothing, leaving his home and friends in the fair city of Siena, to go forth 'a pilgrim and a stranger'. The Funeral Procession as depicted by this great master, possesses a rare charm; the pavement stretches away between temples and cloisters to a land so passing fair that we know it is not of this earth; they bear away the beloved dead, and there follows in his train, that great multitude of poor and unhappy creatures who now are bereft of their best earthly friend. Farther on is shown the welcome of the holy man among the Blessed in Paradise,—Seraphim and Cherubim there await him, holding a crown of Heavenly Light.

St. Bernardino was the great promotor of devotion to the Holy Name and lived for a long time in the monastery connected with the church of Ara-Coeli. St. John Capistran resided there when in Rome, and St. Philip Neri was often seen praying there.

There is a well-authenticated tradition that, during the great procession led by St. Gregory the Great in 590, as it passed through

the Forum with the picture from St. Mary Major which was so greatly venerated by the faithful, angels were heard singing over the Church of Ara-Coeli.

The greatest interest, however, centres about the Chapel of the Præsepio, where the famous statue of the Santissimo Bambino is shown during the Christmas season. As to the origin of a Præsepio "St. Francis asked Pope Honorius III (1223) with his usual simplicity, to be allowed to celebrate Christmas with certain unusual ceremonies which had suggested themselves to him—ceremonies which he must have thought likely to seize upon the popular imagination and impress the unlearned folk. He would not do it on his own authority, we are told, lest he should be accused of levity.

When he made this petition, he was bound for the village of Grecia, a litte place not far from Assisi, where he was to remain during that sacred season. In this village, when the eve of the Nativity approached, Francis instructed a certain grave and worthy man, called Giovanni, to prepare an ox and an ass along with a manger and all the common fittings of a stable, for his use, in the church. When the solemn night arrived, Francis and his brethren arranged all these things into a visible representation of the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem. The manger was filled with hay, the animals were led into their places; the scene was prepared as we see it now through all the churches of Southern Italy—a reproduction, so far as the people know how, in startling, realistic detail, of the surroundings of the first Christmas. We are told that Francis stood by this, his simple theatrical representation (for such it was, no shame to him), all the night long, singing for joy, and filled with an unspeakable sweetness."

On the afternoon of the Epiphany, Virginia and I went to this historic old church of Ara-Coeli, for the celebration of its great popular Feast. The long flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps was crowded with merchants of cheap little religious articles, who believe in displaying their goods as much as possible, and hang them on wall and railing, from top to bottom; colored prints of the Madonna and Child are among the most popular offerings; little wax dolls dressed in cotton-wool to resemble the Bambino; little sheep, donkeys, oxen, are among the articles most in demand, medals, tiny rosaries, and many other things are held out by the energetic and noisy tradesmen, all shouting the low prices and superior qualities of their wares. "Bambinello di cera." "Retratto colorito", medaglie, etc. and so they shout, the crowd meanwhile passing up and down, in and out of the gray, grim old church.

Many of the shops, especially those in the vicinity of the church, display little Gesu Bimbi in tiny cradles, with parasols of pink tissue paper; Bersaglieri (Alpine sharp-shooters) with irridescent plumes flying from their hats; Carabinieri (Roman police) in fine blue uniforms with scarlet stripes down the sides, and Napoleon

hats with blue and red cockades; lovely contadinas dressed in the national colors, red and green silk trimmed with white lace, and many other little inexpensive articles of piety and patriotism.

The main attraction is, of course, the Praesepio, or Crib which is fitted up with more pains-taking realism than any other in Rome, if not in the world, and is a masterpiece of scenic art. Above, real 'flies' (as they are called in theatrical parlance), clouds, angels etc.; below, the Holy Family in costly jewelled robes; Mary and Joseph watching over the Divine Child; the Wise Men descending from the hills on their camels, in their white turbans, with jewelled boxes of 'gold, frankincense, and myrrh'; strange Eastern Potentates and black slaves in fine garments; shepherds with their flocks; saints, pilgrims, peasants, and the patient oxen and donkeys. The kings and shepherds kneel in adoration, while high among the clouds, is seen God the Father, surrounded by a great company of angels playing their heavenly music to the Holy Child. Sheep with real wool 'as white as snow' feed in the green pastures, tended by shepherds carved in wood; their offerings are tiny, white lambs, the firstlings of their flock, which they reverently lay before the Infant Saviour, the 'Lamb of God.'

Women bring offerings of real oranges and other fruits, carrying their great baskets on their heads; these and all the nearer figures are life-sized, carved in wood, painted in natural colors, and suitably dressed. Afar in the blue vault above, shines the 'Star in the East', shedding its marvellous radiance over all.

Most important is the Santo Bambino, the wonderful figure of the Christ-Child, carved from wood by a friar of Jerusalem, "and finished by an angel." His little silken frock is covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, and a beautiful silver gilt crown on his head.

During the remainder of the year (save from Christmas to Trinity) Il Bambino Santissimo remains in the Sacristy whither many go to venerate it, and whence it is, on occasion, taken to visit the sick. It has been the custom of the ducal family of Torlonia, to loan its finest equipage, a grand coach, with servants in livery to take the Bambino to its destination. Formerly devout invalids would secure permission to have the Bambino left with them for a time, lying on their beds, but now this is never done, and for sufficient reason. It seems that once a selfish and wicked woman planned to acquire for herself the holy image and its benefits. She secured another doll resembling as nearly as possible the 'Santissimo', which she then begged to have left with her, feigning illness. Then dressing the false image in the Bambino's clothes, she sent it back to the church. The deception was not discovered until night, when the Friars attached to Ara-Coeli heard a terrific ringing of the bells and pounding on the door; hastening to learn the cause of the commotion, the monks could see nothing but a tiny baby foot, peeping in under the door; on looking out, there stood the true Bambino, naked and cold in the wind and rain; so the make-believe

Bambino was sent back to the audacious old woman, and the 'Santissimo' never again trusted away from home alone!

After viewing the marvels of the Praesepio, we joined the crowd on the opposite side of the church, where the 'child-preachers' were delivering their little 'Sermons' about 'the wonderful star', and 'how they followed the shepherds until they found the Heavenly Babe', and how they would console Him by being good etc. There was one beautiful boy of about eight years, with skin like a ripe peach, melting brown eyes, and hair like spun gold,—the face of an angel, —when he mounted the miniature pulpit there was a hush, and when he began to speak, it would seem as if there was scarcely a breath,— a whisper,—he was not the ordinary child, reciting his little 'piece' with piping voice and automatic gestures; he was the eloquent orator, with burning words and graceful, natural art, his cheeks aglow with earnestness, his bright eyes seeking out the more distant auditors, and holding them spell-bound; I cannot think of him as other than inspired.

When the 'Sermons' were finished, the procession was formed and advanced down the aisle,—a large body of men, (seemingly a Third Order) for they were men of the world of all classes, in coarse, dust-colored habit with white cord, and bearing lighted candles, some carrying the beautiful silken banners of their confraternities; then followed acolytes, priests, monsignori, Bishops, and lastly a Cardinal bearing the precious Bambino. Out through the portico and down the great flight of steps they came, singing 'Adeste Fideles' and other hymns; down the short street to the square. As the Holy Image passed, every man's hat was lifted, and every person reverently fell upon his knees. At the square they turned,—up the street, up the high steps, the great crowd separating to either side; when the top was reached, the Cardinal turned and holding high the Santo Bambino, gave the solemn blessing to the people and to the city, the great throng again kneeling in the street.

Here, indeed, was an Epiphany,—a 'Manifestation of Faith'!— seeing which, one feels that Italy is safe, despite an occasional out-break. Virginia asked, 'Where but in Italy could one see such a sight as this?' 'Perhaps in Spain,—probably no where else in the world!'

We had been looking forward to the Concerto at the Agosteo, where the great composer, Mascagni was to direct, including in the programme, several of his own works, but we were so interested in the ceremonies at Ara-Coeli, that we missed all but the closing numbers. Let this bring you my hearty 'Buon Anno' and every other good wish from

Yours ever sincerely

M. A. O'R.

* * *

On the left side of the Capitol an ancient flight of steps (and another more modern) lead down to the Mamertine Prison. This

horrible place consists of two dungeons, one above the other, "with only one round aperture in the centre of each vault, through which alone light, air, food, and prisoners could pass. When the upper story was full, we may imagine how much light and air could reach the lower. No other means of ventilation, drainage, or access existed. The walls of large, stone blocks had rings fastened into them for securing the prisoners, but many used to be laid on the floor with their feet fastened in stocks."—Card. Wiseman.

Sallust describes this dungeon as a 'dark, filthy, frightful den'. St. Peter and St. Paul were here chained to the wall for eight or nine months, and Father Chandlery S. J. says "it would be hard to imagine a spot more appalling at the time the Apostles entered it; the thick darkness, the fetid atmosphere, the accretions of filth, the dampness, the intense cold, the tragic associations of the place, must have made confinement in it worse than death. The Apostles here converted the Captains of the Guard, St. Processus and St. Martinianus with forty-seven fellow-prisoners. There being no water to baptize them, St. Peter, by his prayers, drew forth a miraculous spring of pure water which continues flowing to the present day!

All these converts soon won the crown of martyrdom. Sts. Peter and Paul were urged by the guards to make their escape, but refused, knowing it was not the will of God.

Was there ever a better proof of the devotion of a dog, 'man's best friend', than that recorded by Pliny in connection with this dungeon? After watching for three days and nights without food or water, over the dead body of his master, he dove into the Tiber, where the body had been thrown, and lost his own life in trying to bear it upward to safety. The Tiber was the watery grave of the unfortunates first put to death in the Mamertine Prison. The chapel of St. Peter in Carcere is above this horrible prison-house, and contains a miraculous Crucifix.

* * *

ROME—IN LIGHTER VEIN

ROME—IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Letter to Miss B.

Rome

Dear Miss B——,

Perhaps you will prefer to hear something of our little doings from day to day rather than a lengthy dissertation on the splendor of the Roman churches, or the recent discovery of some interesting remains of the Imperial Age.

To-day Monsignor O.* to whom I was introduced by letter, honored me with a call at the Hotel,—I don't wonder everybody loves him, and I dare say there is many a case of hero-worship among those susceptible young American students. This evening in a large party we went to see and hear Rigoletto at the Opera; it was finely given and greatly appreciated.

Sunday afternoon Mascagni made his last appearance; he is a very popular, national hero, and was 'uproariously' applauded by the most densely-packed audience I have ever seen. The Italian 'crowd' is good-natured and well-behaved, and if you hear grumbling about being pushed etc., it is sure to come from an American or English person. Mascagni is younger than one would have expected and a most vigorous director.

Walking toward the Pincio this morning, it seemed as if Italy never allows it to be forgotten for an instant, that she is a warlike nation, and that 'preparedness' has been her motto centuries before the word was coined by our own lamented Roosevelt. It is to be hoped that 'Peace Conferences' and public sentiment may change all that,—but in a very short space of time we had seen soldiers mounted on galloping horses manoeuvring skillfully around a track; soldiers in a platoon marching at a lively pace along the road; soldiers in motor side-cars driving madly—somewhere; soldiers in a group with their mounts resting comfortably in a green, shady corner; soldiers leaning in picturesque ease against the fence along the Pincio road; soldiers everywhere.

Some of them are elegant creatures in their 'swagger' capes of soft blue, lined with scarlet or flame, and the 'knack' they have of throwing it over their shoulder with such careless grace, is one development of Italian art.

Sunday we assisted at Mass at the church of Santa Susanna, sometimes called the 'American Church' because it is attended by American Paulists, the music, which is excellent, furnished by the students of the American College, and the sermon preached in English.

This church was founded on the site of the home of St. Gabinus, brother of the martyred Pope St. Caius. The family, including Susanna, the daughter of Gabinus, belonged to the aristocracy of Rome. They were both martyred because Susanna refused to break

*Since deceased.

her vow of virginity by a marriage with Maximianus Galerus, adopted son of the Emperor Diocletian. The bodies of these three martyrs, also St. Felicitas and her youngest son, St. Silanus lie under the high altar.

The church has a fine façade, and some excellent frescoes. The convent buildings in connection, have been taken from the Cistercian nuns to serve as barracks for the King's Guard! (Aside from the spiritual benefits, it is a pleasure to attend this church, owing to the gracious courtesy of the devoted clergy attached to it.)

This afternoon there was a meeting at the beautiful home of the American Countess D. - - - di R. - - - in the interest of Santa Susanna's, which we learn is really poor. Its income is very small, for the Italians go to their own churches, and the Americans, who are comparatively few, go about wherever fancy leads. All the ladies present were enthusiastic members of 'Santa Susanna's Society' which we were glad to join. The Countess is vivacious and charming, and as Chairman (and President), showed herself possessed of efficiency and business ability as well. The kindly Pastor was so delicate and even diffident, in making known his needs, that I trust some wealthy and generous friends may come to the rescue.

How unpardonably frivolous and worldly it seems to give even a minute of precious time to the 'modiste', in Rome-Eternal Rome! What a tyrant is Dame Fashion!—and what a bore it is, to have someone pinning and pinching your body into a piece of cloth, while your soul is out with St. Paul on the Ostian Way, or over in the Colisseum where the sands were oft times wet with the blood of Martyrs,—or up on the Janiculum, where the Prince of the Apostles carried his Cross even as his Divine Master!

Across the street, the House of Keats and Shelley offered a great attraction, where we 'browsed' awhile in the library, and saw all the sweet and pathetic memorials of those gifted and unhappy singers. Keats died in the little room facing the Spanish Steps, and we can imagine the pale, delicate face of the gentle poet, as he sat looking down on the flower-sellers, the models, the painters, the students, and all the cosmopolitan world he was to leave so soon and so tragically. In the next building we called again on the proprietor who had been promising for a month, that a little printing ordered, would be ready 'to-morrow', domani,—demain,—mañana,—morgen! What a habit, (and what a haven) is 'to-morrow,—' in every tongue! Disappointment, however, soon made way for gaiety at one of Virginia's jolly little 'parties' at the Grand.

It would require a volume to record all my impressions of this day, as they crowded upon one another, for it was the occasion of my private audience with the Holy Father. My kind friend, Monsignor O. called for me in his own beautiful car, and in a few minutes we were whisked away to the Vatican. Of course he was wearing the robes of his high office, and we were ushered through the great halls where the picturesque Guards were on duty. Monsignore had

The Holy Father Pius XI.

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removed his outer garment of sober black, and beneath it, was his long cape of purple silk,—that rich, reddish purple seldom seen except in clerical robes; his low shoes with glistening silver buckles, and all the insignia of his title,—there were elaborate salutes as we passed,—I was part of the procession, and was duly proud and honored.

At length we came to the room next the Papal study, and Monsignore went in; a few minutes later a dignitary in purple silk motioned to me and I entered 'in fear and trembling'; Monsignor O. had told me the etiquette of the occasion, so just inside the door I dropped on one knee, and when I reached His Holiness, down on both knees, and kissed his ring. It was a solemn moment when I stood before the august head of the whole Catholic world. Our Holy Father certainly knows how to put one quickly at ease, and the feeling of being quite overawed, soon passes. He looked almost young, his skin fresh and his eyes bright.

He is thoroughly conversant with matters of moment in America as well as in Italy, and I doubt not, most other countries of the known world.

When the audience was at an end, His Holiness gave me a very solemn blessing, and as I rose to my feet, he stepped to his cabinet and presented me with a beautiful silver medal, bearing on one side in bas-relief, his own bust, and on the reverse, that of Mater Dolorosa. As we passed out through the lofty chambers, Monsignor O. pointed out the throne of Benedict XV., the audience chamber of the great Leo XIII, the room in which he died etc.

Down and out the great Bronze Doors, and I was soon back in the Hotel, wondering if it were all true,—but I know it is, for I am going around since, automatically throwing out my chest like a pouter-pigeon.

The 21st of January being the Feast of S. Agnes, Virginia and I went early to the Basilica of S. Agnese fuori le Mura, to witness the solemn ceremonies in honor of the sweet, young child saint. The fine old church was already crowded with devout worshippers, and presently the Mass began, a large number of clergy assisting,—Bishops, Monsignori, and a Cardinal, marching in procession to the sanctuary.

Soon we heard sweet voices,—like a choir of angels,—a vision that was not wholly dispelled when the choristers, a procession of young girls dressed in white with blue ribbons, appeared at the entrance, then marched up the centre aisle. The foremost two of the train bore a basket containing two tiny white lambs, their feet tied with red and blue ribbons. They were thus borne to the altar where they were blessed by the celebrant. Later they are taken to the Pope who gives them another blessing, and finally they are given in charge of a community of nuns, who care for them tenderly until Easter, when their snow-white fleece is woven into pallia for the bishops, as the sign of their archiepiscopal jurisdiction.

'Ainsi, le simple ornement de laine que ces prélats doivent porter

sur leurs épaules comme symbole de la brebis du Bon-Pasteur, et que le pontife romain prend sur l'autel de Saint-Pierre pour le leur adresser, va porter jusqu'aux extrémités de l'Eglise, dans une union sublime, le double sentiment de la force du Prince des Apôtres et de la douceur virginale d'Agnès.'—Dom Gueranger.

The Holy Mass, the entire ceremony, solemn and splendid; the music such as the Papal Choir alone can produce, the beautiful hymn 'Jesu Corona Virginum' being especially fine.

No saint in the Church's calendar is held in greater reverence than Saint Agnes, none whose effigy is more ancient, except the Apostles and Evangelists. It has been found on household utensils, with her name attached, as early as the third century. S. Agnes, in her thirteenth year, suffered martyrdom under Diocletion. 'She was filled with all good gifts of the Holy Spirit,' says the legend, having loved and followed Christ from her infancy, and was distinguished for her wonderful beauty.' The youthful Saint was condemned to be burned alive, but the flames refused to harm her, becoming instead, a cooling shower which refreshed her; then dividing, they consumed her cruel executioners, whereupon she cried out:—"I bless Thee, O Father of my God and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, by the power of this Thy well-beloved Son, commanded the fire to respect me."

No fetters could be found small enough to bind her childish limbs, but there was no need of bonds, for meekly she offered her throat to the sword-thrust of the brutal soldier. 'According to the expression used in the Acts of her martyrdom', says Hare, 'her parents 'with all joy' laid her in the catacombs. One day, as they were praying near the body of their child, she appeared to them surrounded by a great multitude of virgins, triumphant and glorious like herself, with a lamb by her side, and said, 'I am in Heaven, living with these virgins, my companions, near Him whom I have so much loved.' By her tomb, also, Constantia, a princess sick with hopeless leprosy, was praying for the healing of her body, when she heard a voice saying, 'Rise up, Constantia, ("Constanter age, Constantia") and go on constantly in the faith of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who shall heal your disease',—and being cured of her evil, she besought her father to build this basilica as a thank-offering.'

Under the Church are the Catacombs of S. Agnese, with the usual loculi, or shelves for the dead, and also here is seen a square chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, supposed to have been a school for catechists, with an armchair, also of rock, at either side of the entrance; a second stone chamber for women catechists, a chapel where Mass was said in those times of persecution for the faithful who assembled there for safety; but even there, this was not always vouchsafed them, for it is known that Saint Sixtus was beheaded in the Catacomb of Praetextus while in the act of saying Mass. The walls and vault are richly frescoed with scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Pope Liberius (A. D. 359) lived for more than a year in this Catacomb.

From Father Chandlery's account of the burial of St. Agnes, we read the story of the cruel death of St. Emerentiana, the foster-sister of St. Agnes. A large crowd of Christians had gathered, but were driven off by the pagans who savagely attacked them with stones,—all but Emerentiana fled; she remained, and thus rebuked them: 'O miserable, fallen, and cruel wretches, why do you slay those who worship God Almighty? Why do you thus stone men who have done no evil'? Speaking thus, she was stoned to death by the furious mob.

The Basilica of S. Agnese fuori le Mura has been altered, rebuilt, and re-adorned several times since it was founded by Constantine, yet it has preserved its original character more than the majority of Roman churches. On April 15th Pius IX, after saying Mass, was, with his Cardinals, precipitated through the floor into the cellar, but no one was hurt, and for this fortunate escape, he made a votive offering of the decorations and improvements of the church. As you enter at the right of the courtyard, you may see a representation of this scene in fresco, painted by Tojetti. The approach to the venerable, old church is unusual,—a picturesque, staircase of forty-five ancient, marble steps descends to the nave, the walls being hung with fragments of inscriptions and designs found in the Catacombs. A noticeable feature is the gallery, occupied in olden times by women only. The baldacchino rests on columns of porphyry, and beneath it, lie the remains of the Saint surmounted by her statue of oriental alabaster.

Outside in the courtyard surrounding the Church, were stands and stalls where were sold candy and wax lambs in miniature straw and paper baskets, toys, little pictures of Saint Agnes, and other religious articles. The Italians, old and young, are 'children' on days of 'festa', and enjoy the simple pleasures that are part of their celebrations.

Although it was the 21st of January, the air was already sweet with the breath of spring, the sky a cloudless blue, the trees white with blossoms,—all Nature seemed to offer greeting to the lovely young martyr on her feast-day. It was such a day and occasion as Cardinal Wiseman describes thus: "It was a lovely morning. Many will remember it to have been a beautiful day . . . . as they have walked out of the Nomentan Gate, now the Porta Pia, towards the church which bears our virgin-martyr's name. . . . . Already the almond trees are hoary, not with frost, but with blossoms; the earth is being loosened round the vines, and spring seems latent in the swelling buds, which are watching for the signal from the southern breeze to burst and expand. The atmosphere, rising into a cloudless sky, has just that temperature that one loves, of a sun, already vigorous, not heating, but softening, the slightly frosty air. Such we have frequently experienced St. Agnes' day, together with the joyful thousands hastening to her shrine."

And so Virginia and I walked the long way home, by the Via Nomentana, thinking how good it was to be alive on such a morn-

ing in Rome—, and of the heroism and holiness of Saint Agnes, and thinking thus, let us read Lord Tennyson's lines on

SAINT AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon:
My breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord:
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark
  To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens O Lord! and far,
  Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, Thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  The flashes come and go;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with His bride!

* * *

With one of the much-coveted invitations (received through the courtesy of Mgr. O) we went to the Sistine Chapel, for the anniversary Mass of Requiem for the late Pope Benedict XV. There were the Cardinals, Monsignori, Bishops, Canons, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church, in their richest robes; some of scarlet silk, others in purple with ermine capes, the many Papal Orders, with their picturesque costumes; the Guards in crimson brocade, with their quaint, old-fashioned faces, members of the Roman nobility, resplendent in gold braid and numerous medals, and other distinguished and colorful groups.

When all had assembled, the Holy Father advanced to his throne, erected at the right of the altar, and Mass began. The music was

the Requiem, composed by Mæstro Perosi for the funeral of Pope Leo XIII, and given by the renowned Sistine Choir,—music so passing sweet, that one might almost imagine that Michelangelo's pictured angels, afar in the vault above, had added the harmony of their heavenly song. At the close, His Holiness pronounced the Benediction.

The Sistine Chapel is used now-a-days only for Masses for deceased Popes and Catholic Princes, for Papal elections, for the Pope on his coronation, and on the occasion of a pilgrimage. Although a marvellous setting for the celebration of a great religious rite of the Church, it is not at such a ceremony that the artistic triumphs of this far-famed Chapel may be seen at their best; one must come often and remain long, and one must not be distracted by splendid costumes, nor by sweet music, howsoever intriguing they may be.

Scriptural scenes by the great artists of the period, cover the walls,—the Calling of Peter and Andrew by Ghirlandajo; the Delivery of the Keys to S. Peter by Perugino; Rosselli's Last Supper, the Death of Moses by Luca Signorelli, are among these masterpieces. The vast fresco above the altar, by that super-man and artist, Michelangelo, the Last Judgment, at the same time attracts and terrifies. But it is in the ceiling of the Chapel, that the master outdoes even himself. We learn from Condivi that the rivals of Michelangelo, among them Bramante, proposed to Pope Julius that the great Florentine was the man who should paint the immense vault; they felt confident that either he would refuse and so anger the Pope, or attempting it, he would fail in an undertaking of such extreme difficulty. 'So' says Condivi, 'Michelangelo who as yet had never used colours . . . . . tried with all his power to get out of it, proposing Raphael and excusing himself, in that it was not his art and he would not succeed, refusing so many times that the Pope was almost in a passion. But, seeing his obstinacy, Michelangelo set himself to do the work, which is to-day . . . . . the admiration and wonder of the world; it brought him so much fame that it lifted him above all envy' . . . —and has been pronounced the greatest work of his life.

There is seen God the Creator, separating light from darkness,—the two great sources of light, the sun and moon, the herbs and plants of the earth, the waters and the creatures thereof,—and lastly man, Adam and Eve, commanding them what to do and what to abstain from; then is shown the Temptation and the Fall of Man—the beginning of all our woe . . . The demon, a woman from the waist upwards, the remainder a serpent, coils itself around a tree, converses with Adam and Eve, persuading them to disobey the Creator, and hands Eve an apple. Farther on the guilty pair, driven from Paradise by an angel, are shown terror-stricken and sorrowing, fleeing from the anger of God.

Noah's Ark on the water—, the Flood, many perishing miserably, others taking refuge on the mountain top. The vengeance of God is aroused and He sends upon the wretched people lightning,

rains and frightful storms. On the lower part of the vaulting are the Prophets, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Isaiah,—and the Sybils; Jonah, the latter an example of marvellous skill in foreshortening and perspective. What can be said of the transcendent genius which created this stupendous, this magic blending of light and shade and color? Of that inspired Master who finished the work in twenty months and entirely without help, even in the grinding of his colors? Pope Paul IV had some of the figures draped by da Volterra, and Clement XII had the draping extended to still others which, as might be expected, did not improve the great masterpiece. Michelangelo took revenge on Biagio da Cesena, master of ceremonies, who first suggested to the Pope the indelicacy of undraped female figures, by representing him in Hell as Midas with ass's ears. When Biagio begged the Pope to have the figure obliterated, His Holiness replied, "I might have released you from Purgatory, but 'out of Hell there is no redemption'."

* * *

Intensive travellers would say that we wasted this lovely afternoon: Virginia, Miss P. and I, went down to Anderson's, looked at scores, probably hundreds of photographs taken in and about Rome, bought a goodly number, and then walked home beside the old Aurelian wall. Pausing where Flora's temple used to stand, instead of a libation to the goddess, our particular Mercury poured for each, a steaming cup of fragrant tea!

* * *

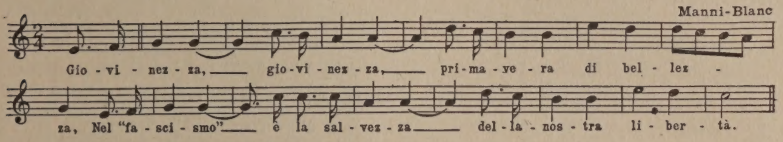
The Feast of St. Paul was observed 'with pomp and circumstance' at Santa Susanna's (church of the American Paulists), the Sanctuary beautiful with palms and evergreens, the music, (by the students of the American College), especially fine. The sermon preached eloquently and fittingly by the Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota. I wonder was it a coincidence?—from St. Paul in far away America, here in Rome where the soldier Apostle lived, suffered, and died in those tragic days centuries ago!

* * *

The Fascisti have just celebrated the anniversary of their entrance into Rome, when the city was 'taken' by the valiant troops. In a great natural bowl in the park surrounding the Villa Borghese, were gathered thousands of troops manœuvring in military formation. In the centre, was set up an altar where several Masses were said in succession by distinguished Monsignori, with the people (all Rome apparently), assisting from outside the enclosure occupied by the military. It was an inspiring sight. The Fascisti are doing good work and deserve their popularity. Who knows but they may be the link in the chain that will unite again the Vatican and the Quirinal in the cordial friendship of other days?*

*This happy event has already taken place.

Three days later came the remainder of the celebration; before seven in the morning the bugles were sounding, and detachments of troops marching to join their companies in the square; bands playing, flags flying, and the sturdy young soldiers singing their martial chorus as they trudged along:



('O Youth, Youth, Springtime of Beauty, in Fascism is the salvation of our Liberty!') Looking down on them from the Pincio, they formed an attractive picture, for they march, not in stiff, straight lines, but in graceful curves like the letter S, as might be expected from youths trained in the greatest centre of art in all Christendom. In the evening there were fireworks from eleven to one A. M!—official time, though apparently the celebration ended only in time to begin another day's work.

The anniversary of victory in the World War, was observed as a 'festa' of great importance. The entrance to the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where the ceremonies took place, was hung with crimson velvet edged with gold-colored fringe; thence to the sanctuary, was a passage-way of crimson, the railing on either side, in rich brocade; the walls draped in the same bright hue in panels bearing the monogram of the King V. E. (Victor Emmanuel). Masses of beautiful flowers filled every available space, and there were sumptuous gold-framed arm-chairs for the King, the Crown Prince, and their suites. Promptly at 9.30 they appeared and when they were seated, the Mass began.

The music by a stringed orchestra, the organ and choir of men's and boys' voices, was beautiful and inspiring; there was one boy soloist with a high, pure soprano that an angel might envy; sometimes they sang without accompaniment, again only the strings were audible, and at the close, there was a grand triumphal chorus in which all joined.

Outside in the square, the cavalry were drawn up closely abreast forming a huge semi-circle facing the church, the horsemen carrying spears with blue pennants, and wearing shining helmets; the foot-soldiers bearing arms or beautiful silk flags; the picturesque Caribinieri in their handsome uniforms with red and blue cockades; the Bersalieri with their irridescent plumes waving; it was all very splendid and impressive.

The site occupied by this church was formerly the Baths of Diocletian, and Pope Pius IV entrusted Michelangelo with the task of converting it into a Carthusian Convent; later the large central hall became a church. It has some fine paintings brought from St. Peter's after they had been copied in mosaic. Among its artistic treasures are Our Lady of the Angels by Perugino, the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by Domenichino, the Baptism of Our Lord by Carlo Maratta. The high altar is one of the richest of the Roman churches, being made entirely of precious marbles. The gigantic pillars are of great beauty, and the marble pavement, laid by Gregory XIII, has a meridian line enclosed, made in 1703.

These great Baths were built by the Christians who were enslaved by order of Diocletian, and when the building was finished, they were driven to the Temple of Mars and there cruelly massacred to the number of more than ten thousand! In this church the present King was married with great pomp in 1896, (and in recent years his daughters), for it is considered the property of the Italian State, and under the patronage of the Italian monarchs. The Carthusian Convent behind the church is used partly as a barrack, but chiefly as a Museum.

Since one is obliged to look with sadness, all through Italy, on despoiled convents and cloisters, confiscated libraries and schools, to lament the destruction of the cells of the saints, and even the atlars of God, there is some consolation in the fact that so many of the old pagan temples, have been adapted to Christian uses; that the old revengeful gods and goddesses give way to the images of the saintly heroes and heroines of the Church; that our Divine Redeemer extends his arms on the Cross, "where Jove once hurled his thunderbolts." All these preach a sermon more powerful and convincing than words.

"The goddess of the woods and fields,
The graceful huntress undefiled,
Now with her fabled brother yields
To sinless Mary and her Child."

The Mother-house of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, Via Nomentana, is spacious, and attractively situated in the midst of lovely gardens. The Chapel is beautiful and prayerful, as also the Oratory of Saint Madeleine Sophie, Mother Foundress of the Order. The welcome received at a house of this society, is so gracious and kindly, that one leaves with the feeling of having been among old and valued friends.

* * *

Rome is so vast, so filled with the treasures that time and art, genius and religion, have accomplished and accumulated, that one is almost bewildered in the effort to understand such a mingling of ancient and modern history, the old as it overlaps upon the new—,

Romulus, Cæsar, Peter, Gregory, Pius, Victor Emmanuel—, it is because Rome, Eternal Rome, still lives—it is only the people that change—, the ages pass, Rome remains! Paris and its charms which appeal to you so strongly, is a worldling, a coquette, ever fair and young,—ever intriguing and exacting,—but

"Go thou to Rome, at once the Paradise,
The Grave, the City and the Wilderness."

Ever sincerely yours
M. A. O'R.

ROME AND ST. PETER'S

ROME AND ST. PETER'S

Letter to Mrs. R.

Dear Mrs. R.——

To-day in a party of five, with a guide, we made an automobile trip to Tivoli. The weather was ideal, and as we had to pass San Lorenzo's Church, we went in for a visit, the second one for me. I wish you could have been of our number, for this is one of the most interesting and impressive churches of Rome. The lower church dates from the time of Pelagius who erected it. The high wall was built to protect it from the Saracens. The entrance is borne by ancient columns and walls decorated with mosaics representing scenes from the life and death of St. Lawrence.

Here in this porch St. Frances of Rome used to sit all day among the beggars asking alms for her sick poor, and St. Philip Neri was often to be seen praying within. On the entablature are some fine frescoes, and the Scola Cantorum with marble balustrade, two ambones with porphyry candelabra; the choir contains an ancient episcopal throne under a canopy resting on columns of porphyry. In the crypt are the remains of St. Lawrence, and of St. Stephen, the first martyr, in a silver shrine, and back of the high altar rests a marble slab with dark stains, said to have been made by the Martyr's blood. Said Saint Lawrence from his gridiron, "Let my body now be turned,—this side is done enough." In the Basilica of San Lorenzo, many memorable events took place. Pope St. Damasus held a council there in the 4th century, at which St. Jerome and other Saints were present. St. Gregory the Great there delivered four of his homilies.

The vestibule contains the tomb of Pius IX; the surrounding walls are gorgeous with mosaics, but the tomb itself, according to the request of the deceased Pope, is of the plainest character. Among the frescoes is one showing this venerable Pontiff receiving the homage of representatives of all nations, among them America, with the familiar figure of the Goddess of Liberty with the Stars and Stripes in beautiful folds! How good it was to see it over here in this strange Latin country!

During the progress of the Holy Father's funeral cortège to San Lorenzo's, a crowd of ruffians made an attack upon it, and tried to get possession of the body to throw it into the Tiber, but the faithful Guard closed around the hearse, determined to defend it with their lives. Father Chandlery says that the funeral reached S. Lorenzo's at 1.45 A. M., July 13, 1881; the old basilica was ablaze with light, and a plain dirge was sung by the Capuchin Fathers, after which the remains of the great 'Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception' were consigned to their last resting-place.

Leaving San Lorenzo's, we drove on to Tivoli which existed long before the founding of Rome; up over the terrace, whence one gets a fine view of the waterfalls; then down to the Villa d'Este, one of the best examples of the Renaissance period, laid out in 1550 for Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, and now belonging to the family of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria-Este. The grounds though neglected, can never be other than picturesque; they contain the tallest cypress trees in Italy, (210 ft. high, 10 ft. thick). At the ends and intersections of the cross-walks are scores of fountains, fed by the river Anio. The waters flow along, tinkling softly over the gray stones; the larger fountains, at the sides of the garden, send up their showers of silver spray, to greet the dark boughs of the cypress; wild roses and violets are sweet surprises among the leafy thickets of the wood.

This rural Paradise would seem to have been perfect, when to the whispering of the water, were added the sublime strains of Liszt, which often echoed over these green terrace-gardens. The great virtuoso was a frequent visitor to Cardinal Hohenlohe who occupied the Villa many years. It was on one of these visits that Liszt was ordained a secular priest by his Cardinal-host, in the Chapel of Villa d'Este, in 1865.

In this beautiful retreat we ate our 'picnic' lunch, with the music of the fountains,—the fountains that are never silent,—singing their evensong. Then on to the Villa Adriana which dates back to the later years of the Emperor, and is called by his biographer a marvel of architecture and landscape gardening. It was of gigantic construction, covering an area of 160 acres.

After the death of its founder, it is mentioned only once in ancient history, when the Emperor Aurelian assigned it to Zenobia, the captive queen of Palmyra. Gregorovius says "The Villa was as large as a city, and contained everything that makes a city beautiful and gay; the ordinary and commonplace were not to be found there. Gardens, fountains, groves, colonnades, shady corridors and cool domes, baths and lakes, basilicas, libraries, theatres, circuses, and temples of the gods, shining with precious marble and filled with works of art, were all gathered together round this Imperial Palace. The large household, the stewards with their bands of slaves, the bodyguard, the swarms of artists, singers and players, the ladies, and distinguished courtesans, the various priests, the men of science and poets, the friends and guests of Hadrian; these all composed the population of the villa; and this crowd of courtiers, idlers, and slaves had no other object but to cheer *one man* who was weary of the world ,to dispel his ennui by feasts of Dionysius, and to delude him into thinking that each day was an Olympian Festival.

. . . . . At a sign from the Emperor these groves, valleys, and halls, would become alive with the mythology of Olympus, swarms of Bacchantes might wander through the vale of Tempe, choruses of Euripides might be heard in the Greek theatre, and in the sham fights the fleets would repeat the battle of Salamis."

It is said that Hadrian began it early in his reign and continued

St. Peter's—Rome.

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it until his death. What a commentary on the vanity of this world and its glory! All this splendor is now a vast accumulation of ruins,—nothing remains but those things which are the handiwork of God; the golden lichens that cling to the brown tufa walls; the avenues of dark ilex trees that spread their mantle of shade over thickets of wild honeysuckle; the silver sheen of the olives, and the birds that trill among their branches; while far beyond, stretches the majestic Campagna, the road to Rome, and the restless but unchanging sea!

* * *

The Piazza of St. Peter's with all its religious and historical associations, as well as the priceless art treasures contained within its vast temple and palace walls, is the Mecca toward which all travellers to Rome, turn with the greatest interest. "The piazza, with Bernini's colonnades," says George Eliot, "and the gradual slope upwards to the mighty temple, gave me always a sense of having entered some millennial new Jerusalem, where all small or shabby things were unknown."

The magnificent Colonnades 'reaching out like great arms of stone', are in themselves, so grand and inspiring, that they form a fitting approach to the greatest and most beautiful church in Christendom. Those who pass by the way in summer weather, will welcome the grateful shade cast by Bernini's 284 columns, which, as the inscription tells us, were erected in part, for that purpose.

'A tabernacle for a shade in the day-time from the heat, and a security and covert from the whirlwind and from the rain.' Isaiah, iv, 6.

'One day Pius V. was walking through this Place of the Vatican, with the Ambassador of Poland. Filled with enthusiasm at the remembrance of the Saints who had watered it with their tears, and the martyrs who had fertilized it with their blood, the Holy Father stooped, and lifting a handful of dust, gave it to the Ambassador, saying, "Take this dust, formed of the ashes of the saints and the blood of the martyrs." The Ambassador did not have the faith or reverence of the Pope, but accepted respectfully the handful of dust, a gift so strange in his eyes; but returning to his palace, on putting down the handkerchief he held in his hand, he found it stained with blood, and the dust entirely disappeared! The faith of the Pontiff had called forth the blood of martyrs at that appeal, to attest that the Church in the 16th century was forever the same as that for which those heroes had given their lives under Nero. — 'Une Chrétienne à Rome.'

One can scarcely realize that in the Piazza, the open square between the Colonnades, two hundred thousand men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse, foot, and guns! Here, indeed, is 'holy ground', for this was the place of Nero's Circus, where thousands of martyrs were sacrificed, to gratify the lust for blood of that most brutal and inhuman ruler. To satisfy his own desire for a new and

more splendid capitol, Nero set fire to the city, and watched it burn while he sat fiddling in his tower! Then, fearing the anger of the people, he fastened the blame on the Christians.

Here in this his amphitheatre, as well as in the Colosseum, the most horrible spectacles were enacted; men, women, and children were thrown to the wild beasts, torn limb from limb, and at night, formed human torches to light up the arena for the 'pleasure' of the Emperor and his guests. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts to be torn by savage dogs; there many were crucified, among them, according to some authorities, St. Peter.

But the Piazza San Pietro has had its glories as well as its sorrows. What could be more impressive than the Easter Blessing as bestowed from the balcony by the Holy Father, upon the great mass of people kneeling reverently on the stones below? Story in 'Roba di Roma', describes for us such a scene: 'Out over the great balcony stretches a white awning, where priests and attendants are collected, and where the Pope will soon be seen. Below, the piazza is alive with moving masses. In the centre are drawn up long lines of soldiery, with yellow and red pompons, and glittering helmets and bayonets.

These are surrounded by crowds on foot, and at the outer rim are packed carriages filled and overrun with people, mounted on the seats and boxes. What a sight it is!—above us the great dome of St. Peter's, and below, the grand embracing colonnade, and the vast space, in the centre of which rises the solemn obelisk, thronged with masses of living beings. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains are moving about everywhere. Pilgrims in oil-cloth cape and with iron staff demand charity. On the steps are rows of purple, blue, and brown umbrellas, for there the sun blazes fiercely. Everywhere crop forth the white hoods of the Sisters of Charity, collected in groups, and showing, among the parti-coloured dresses, like beds of chrysanthemums in a garden.

One side of the massive colonnade casts a grateful shadow over the crowd beneath, that fill up the intervals of its columns; but elsewhere the sun burns down and flashes everywhere. Mounted on the colonnade are crowds of people leaning over beside the colossal statues. Through all the heat is heard the constant splash of the sunlit fountains, that wave to and fro their veils of white spray. At last the clock strikes. In the far balcony are seen the two great peacock fans, and between them a figure clad in white, that rises from a golden chair, and spreads his great sleeves like wings, as he raises his arms in benediction. That is the Pope, Pius the Ninth. All is dead silence, and a musical voice, sweet and penetrating, is heard chanting from the balcony; the people bend and kneel; with a cold grey flash, all the bayonets gleam as the soldiers drop to their knees, and rise to salute as the voice dies away, and the two white wings are again waved;—then thunder the cannon—the bells clash and peal . . . . . the Pope again rises, again gives his benediction, waving to and fro his right hand . . . . . mak-

ing the sign of the cross—the peacock fans retire, and he between them is borne away—and Lent is over.'

What a memory to those who may yet recall those great days of Rome and St. Peter's, when His Holiness was free and unhampered in his high office ,to observe with fitting splendor, the great religious ceremonies and the touching demonstrations of faith and devotion by the people to their spiritual father! 'What a wonderful sight it must have been', said Mrs. G., 'to see nearly all Rome massed in the Piazza S. Pietro to receive the Papal Benediction at Easter!' 'Yes', said Virginia, 'but had you shared in those glorious privileges of the children of the Church in Rome, you must have shared too, in the sorrow which came when those holy and happy days were changed into days of mourning; when the venerable and saintly Pontiff was flouted, his powers curtailed, his property confiscated, sacred places profaned or destroyed;—such inspiring scenes as that of the Easter Benediction at an end!' 'I should like to have shown myself ready to 'suffer and be strong', answered Mrs. G. quietly, and knowing her character, we understood.

In the centre of the Piazza, is the famous red granite Obelisk of the Vatican, brought to Rome from Heliopolis by Caligula in a ship which Pliny describes as "nearly as long as the left side of the port of Ostia." It was long the chief ornament of Nero's Circus, and was erected in its present position, by order of Sixtus V. in 1586.

The shaft bears an inscription to Augustus and Tiberius, while on its base is its later dedication to the Cross:—'Ecco Crux Domini-Fugite partes adversæ-Vicit Leo de tribu Juda.

When the sun beats down so mercilessly on the stone pavement of the Piazza, the twin fountains bring coolness, refreshment, beauty. The Obelisk, the Colonnades, the great Basilica itself, tell the vivid story of the past, its faith, its cruelties, its vanities, its triumphs; but the fountains are still throwing up their silver spray to-day as in long-gone and forgotten centuries; their whispering voices singing ever before the shrine of Peter, of life, of hope, of joy eternal!

Mendelssohn wrote in his 'Letters' that 'St. Peter's surpasses all powers of description. 'It appears to me', he says, 'like some great work of Nature, a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar; for I can never realize the idea that it is the work of man. The great St. Peter's that we now know, is the successor of the church, built by Constantine on the site of Nero's Circus in 326 at the request of Pope Sylvester I over the grave of St. Peter. The present church was founded in 1506, planned by Bramante, and carried forward by many great architects including Michelangelo, Raphæl, Maderna, Bernini and others. It was consecrated by Pope Urban VIII, in 1626, just 1300 years after St. Sylvester had consecrated the original edifice. Even before the first St. Peter's, St. Anacletus, who had been ordained priest by St. Peter and died a martyr, had built a little oratory above the grave of the great Apostle; that was the be-

ginning of the 'most vast and impressive monument ever raised by human hands.'

> 'But thou, of temples old or altars new,
> Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook His former city, what could be
> Of earthly structures, in His honour piled,
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty—all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.'
>
> —Byron, 'Childe Harold'.

On the façade, above the centre of the portico, are the letters, 'Paulus V. Burghesius.' Mounting the flight of steps which lead to the vestibule by five entrances, we notice the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul; closing the vestibule, are the bronze equestrian statues of Constantine the Great on the right and Charlemagne on the left. Above the entrance door (within) the portico, is the famous Mosaic of the Navicella, our Lord rescuing Peter from the waves. The central door of massive bronze is one of the treasures saved from old St. Peter's. The great Basilica is no less than 500 ft. high; this set down in words carries no clear conception, but to carry out the proportion, on leaving St. Peter's, we should meet men forty feet high! 'The longest ship that crosses the ocean', said one writer, 'could lie in the nave, and its masts would scarcely top the canopy of the high altar!' Crawford says that 'the earth should not be able to bear such a weight on its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table.'

It is thought that eighty thousand persons could find place within ,and it is known that more than fifty thousand have been there on many occasions. From the cupola, looking down, men and women appear about the size of ants, and from the roof, one may see all Rome spread out as if on a map—the mountains, the Campagna, the yellow Tiber, and the sea. The dome rises more than 300 feet above the roof, and is 630 feet in circumference.

Even the most gifted and eloquent pen is powerless to describe the magnitude, the splendor, the beauty of St. Peter's, so we shall not attempt to do more than mention a few of the outstanding glories of the greatest church and the greatest palace in the world.

One of the first and most wonderful of these, is surely Michelangelo's marvellous Dome. Ampere says,—the Dome of St. Peter's is the only one of the works of man that possesses something of the grandeur of the works of God.' To look upward to its vast height is like looking afar into the firmament. The mosaic letters, blue on a gold ground, of the inscription which encircles the wall, are each six feet long: 'Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni coelorum'—, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven'. Above this are four

massive figures of the Evangelists, likewise in mosaic, St. Luke's pen being seven feet long! It is well worth while to climb to the roof, not only for the fine view, but to see the model village there, with domes, streets, shops, and small structures that serve as homes for workmen and custodians. Astronomers say that if a building of like proportions were on the moon, we could easily see it with our modern telescopes, and thinkers believe that at least some portion of its enormous mass will remain to the very end of the world.

St. Peter's, like some happy land that exists only in dreams, has its own peculiar climate, apparently quite independent of that outside its walls; in summer, when the heat is most oppressive, there the air is cool and refreshing; in the cold of winter, it is like a lovely spring day. Crawford says, 'the light is soft and high, and rich as floating gold-dust, in the far distance of the apse an eighth of a mile from the door!'

Near the central entrance is a great disk of porphyry sunken in the pavement—, this is where the Emperors used to be crowned by the Pope—, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa and others.

The chapels are large enough to serve as churches; the statues and monuments in perfect proportion and harmony with the great temple itself. In the first chapel on the right is Michelangelo's Pietà, one of the gems of the church—and of the world,—so pitiful is it, so prayerful, so beautiful! Our Lady is seated on a stone with her dead Son resting on her lap; she looks upon her Beloved, His broken Body, His cruel wounds,—truly a Mater Dolorosa as if to say,—'O all ye who pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!' One thinks at first that Madonna's face is too youthful as compared with that of her Son,—but let us quote Condivi, a contemporary of the master-sculptor: 'He is of so great and so rare a beauty, that no one beholds Him but is moved to pity. It is a figure truly worthy of the humanity which belonged to the Son of God and to such a Mother; nevertheless, some there be who complain that the Mother is too young compared to the Son. One day as I was talking to Michelangelo of this objection: "Do you know", he said, "that chaste women retain their fresh looks much longer than those who are not chaste? How much more, therefore, a virgin in whom not even the least unchaste desire ever arose? And I tell you, moreover, that such freshness and flower of youth besides being maintained in her by natural causes, may possibly have been ordained by the Divine Power to prove to the world the virginity and perpetual purity of the Mother.

It was not necessary in the Son, but rather the contrary; wishing to show that the Son of God took upon Himself a true human body, subject to all the ills of man, excepting only sin; He did not allow the divinity in Him to hold back the humanity, but let it run its course and obey its laws, as was proved in His appointed time. Do not wonder then that I have, for all these reasons, made the most Holy Virgin, Mother of God, a great deal younger than she is usually represented. To the Son I have allotted His full age." ' This

great work, finished when Michelangelo was only twenty-four years old, brought him greater fame than anything he had hitherto done. Perhaps it satisfied even his own critical taste, or perhaps his reverence for the sacred subject, made him love it more than the rest, but of all his marvellous creations, only our Lady's girdle bears his great name.

Vasari, friend and biographer of Michelangelo, has this (and much more) to say of the Pietà: "To this work let no sculptor, however rare a craftsman, ever think to be able to approach in design or in grace, or ever to be able, with all the pains in the world, to attain to such delicacy and smoothness, or to perforate the marble with such art as Michelangelo did therein, for in it may be seen all the power and worth of art . . . . . in truth Wonder herself must marvel that the hand of a craftsman should have been able to execute so divinely and so perfectly, in so short a time, a work so admirable; and it is certainly a miracle that a stone without any shape in the beginning should ever have been reduced to such perfection as Nature is scarcely able to create in the flesh."

The same author thus explains the master's signature on the Pietà: "And the reason was that one day Michelangelo, entering the place where it was set up, found there a great number of strangers from Lombardy, who were praising it highly, and one of them asked one of the others who had done it, and he answered, 'Our Gobbo, from Milan!' Michelangelo stood silent, but thought it something strange that his labours should be attributed to another; and one night he shut himself in there, and having brought a little light and his chisels, carved his name upon it."

In the Chapel of the Pietà is the Colonna Santa, the column against which Christ leaned when teaching in the Temple at Jerusalem. It was known in the Middle Ages as the 'Colonna degli Spiritati', for it was then the recourse of those 'possessed' of evil spirits.

Farther on is the ancient bronze statue of St. Peter, by an unknown sculptor, with the keys and uplifted fingers; sometimes on special feast-days, it is dressed in pontifical robes.

On the eve of St. Peter's day, the Pope has been known to come down by the secret staircase to pray at the Apostle's Tomb. Here is the sacred shrine, (called the Confession) surrounded by its semicircle of 93 lamps which burn perpetually, shedding their soft radiance on this, one of the most sacred places in the world. St. Ambrose says, "Where Peter is, there is the Church; and where the Church is, there is no death, but life eternal." Around the balustrade of white marble, are always to be seen devout pilgrims and visitors at prayer. Here have knelt St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri, St. Dominic; here have come kings and emperors to lay their homage and even their crowns at the feet of the Holy Apostle. Among the gifts to the shrine, is a cross of pure gold weighing 150 pounds, laid by Constantine on the golden coffin of St. Peter; it bears the inscription in niello work: 'Constantine the Emperor and

Helena the Empress have richly decorated this royal crypt and the basilica which shelters it.' The descent is by a double flight of marble steps in the curve of which is Canova's beautiful kneeling figure of Pope Pius VI. In the walls are set jewels, and the pavement is of precious marbles, jasper, porphyry, agate etc.

Two brass statues of St. Peter and St. Paul stand before the door where in a niche, is seen a gold coffer, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, containing the palliums of archbishops, and at either side are ancient mosaics of the two Apostles. The Treasury of St. Peter's contains many ancient and precious jewels, candelabra, and crucifixes, the work of Cellini and Michelangelo, and a marvellous collection of vestments. Among the latter is the Dalmatica di San Leone, embroidered at Constantinople for the coronation of Charlemagne as Emperor of the West. "It was in this Dalmatica-then semée all over with pearls and glittering in freshness—that Cola di Rienzi robed himself over his armour in the sacristy of St. Peter's, and thence ascended to the Palace of the Popes, after the manner of the Cæsars, with sounding trumpets and his horsemen following him—his truncheon in his hand and his crown on his head—"terribile e fantastico", 'terrible and fantastical',—as his biographer describes him—to wait upon the Legate."

—Lord Lindsay's Christian Art.)

The High Altar is naturally a Papal one where the Pope, or someone appointed by him, officiates on formal occasions. Towering above the Altar ,is Bernini's lofty canopy, known as the baldacchino, with its four massive spiral columns of bronze. Although it rises 95 feet from its base to the cross on its summit, one gets no such idea of its height, for it is in perfect proportion to the vast temple in which it stands.

The four colossal piers which uphold the dome, are the shrines containing the four relics of the church: the first, the lance of St. Longinus, who pierced the side of our Saviour; we learn that the Sultan Bajazet bestowed it on Pierre d'Aubusson, Grand-Master of the Knights of Rhodes, who in turn, presented it to Pope Innocent VIII. The Pontiff sent two bishops to receive it at Ancona, two cardinals met to venerate the sacred relic at Narni, and the Holy Father, with all his court, received it at the Porto del Popolo.

A second pier contains the head of Saint Andrew; the third, a portion of the True Cross, brought by St. Helena from the Holy Land; the remaining one is the repository of the Volto Santo, or Veil of St. Veronica which bears the imprint of our Saviour's Face. These sacred relics are shown only on very rare and special occasions such as a jubilee. Marucchi says that the Veil is mentioned in documents of the 11th century, and Baronius states that the tradition of this sacred object goes back to time immemorial.

The mosaics over the side altars are masterpieces of mechanical art, and have the advantage of being beyond the influence of climatic changes. They are copies of the original paintings some

of which are now in the church of S. Maria degli Angeli. It is only by the closest scrutiny that one can detect that they are not composed of painted canvass, but of minute particles of mosaic. The work of Raphaels 'Transfiguration' is said to have engaged ten men constantly for nine years, and to have cost 60,000 francs. This work, with the Burial of St. Petronilla, by Guercino; and the Last Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, are generally pronounced the most beautiful. (Mr. Hare states that he heard a tourist describe the last mentioned work to his companions as the 'Dying Gladiator!')

The Stuart monument is always of interest to visitors of English birth or sympathies. On the right is the memorial to Maria Clementina Sobieski, wife of James Francis Edward (James III, the 'Old Pretender') and to the left, that of the last of the Stuarts, (by Canova) with busts of 'James III' and his sons, Charles Edward (the 'Young Pretender), and Henry Duke of York, better known as Cardinal York (of Frascati).

Canova, the sculptor of these beautiful memorials, was a native of Venice, but many of his finest creations were produced in Rome. He was reared by his grandparents who were keen in early discovering his genius, and developing it in the best manner available. It is said that a cow modelled in butter, attracted the attention and interest of a member of the princely Venetian family of Faliers. This generous patron became responsible for the boy's education, which proved most successful. He visited the galleries, studied the great masters, and threw himself heart and soul into the work he loved. Soon he was producing masterpieces of his own, but that which is perhaps most admired, is the recumbent statue of Princess Pauline Borghese, in the Galeria Umberto I (Villa Borghese).

Visitors to the Church and its treasures sometimes receive a happy surprise; a burst of melody issues from the Capella del Coro, the Choir Chapel, and straightway paintings, sculptures, and every other fair product of art and beauty are left behind without a qualm; these will remain to give joy another day, but that heavenly music is fleeting, evanescent, transitory—will soon be a thing of the past, with its sorrow and sweetness forever done, ...

There are two choirs, St. Peter's and the Sistine or Pope's choir. Artificial sopranos are never allowed to sing, and the music is never rehearsed or practised; it is entirely in manuscript, and is never seen by the singer until he is about to sing it; no one may have his music sheet in his hand, except when he is actually performing it. There is no copyright beyond this simple possession. Mozart is said to have learned Allegri's Miserere by ear, and to have written it down from memory,—other famous pieces have been pirated in a similar way. At a moment's notice, an organist is called upon with a hundred or more singers, to execute a florid and difficult piece of music which many have never seen or heard! Is it any wonder that the Italians, as a people, are among the greatest

musicians in the world? This method is observed not alone in St. Peter's, but in practically all the Roman churches.

The Choir Chapel is beautiful with gilding and stucco by della Porta, and with finely carved stalls. The altar-piece is a copy in mosaic of the painting of the 'Immaculate Conception' by Bianchi; the halo studded with twelve diamond stars, added by order of Pius X, December 8th, 1904, to commemmorate the Golden Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, as defined fifty years before, by the venerable Pius IX.

Distributed about the entire church are confessionals for penitents of every Christian land. Du Pays calls this 'another kind of grandeur'.

'Au milieu de toutes les créations hardies et splendides de l'art dans la basilique de S. Pierre, il est une impression morale qui saisit l'esprit, á la vue des confessionnaux des diverses langues. Il y a là encore une autre espèce de grandeur.'

'Taken as a vast and splendid whole, its admirable proportions, its exquisitely beautiful ornamentation, its precious and sacred treasures, it seems to me' said Anne, 'more like a creation of God Himself, as are the mountains, the ocean, the stars,—than the handiwork of man . . . . 'And can you doubt', said Mrs. G., 'that the Master-Builder of this great Universe Who, moreover, made it out of nothing, inspired the genius of the artist,—directed the hand of the artisan to raise this sublime temple, to the glory of the Living God and the memory of His Saints?'

THE VATICAN.

It is difficult to describe the feeling one experiences in wandering through the halls and galleries of the Vatican and St. Peter's—, perhaps 'atmosphere' comes nearest to expressing it,—so strange, so awe-inspiring, so unforgettable, so entirely unlike anything, anywhere else in the world; and it is in everything about the place,—in the uniforms of the attendants, their old-fashioned faces, such as one might see in the portraits of a hundred or more years ago,—in the spotless cleanliness of the place, though no one is ever to be seen handling a broom; in the noiseless, methodical manner of doing everything, and which you feel yourself to be a part of; so that if a guide, in his eagerness to be interesting, raises his voice, it grates on one as an unseemly and jarring interruption.

Whenever we planned a day at the Vatican Gallery, my dear English friend, Miss G. would call out, "Be sure to bring your 'Hare' with you'." Indeed, on nearly all our 'Walks in Rome', the 'Hare' was sure to go. Miss G. was very business-like, insisting on paying the vetturino one way. Arriving at San Pietro's, we secured our 'permessos' and thereafter, each pursued 'the even tenor of her way', quite independently of the other. Each remained as long as desired before any favorite masterpiece, which might not so greatly interest the other. At the time and place agreed upon, we met for

the return home. In this way we made the best use of our time, while enjoying the pleasure of companionship. The Palace of the Vatican, the largest in the world, consists of two parallel buildings each more than 350 yards long and about 80 yards apart, yoked together in the centre by the Braccio Nuovo (new arm) of the Museum, and a part of the Library, so as to enclose two vast courts; these are the Belvedere and Garden of the Pigna or pine-cone which stands at one end of it. This great cone of bronze 11 feet high was part of a fountain in Agrippa's artificial lake in the Campus Martius, of which the region of Pigna is a part. Some authorities say that it once crowned the summit of Hadrian's Tomb; however that may be, it was set up in the cloistered garden of St. Peter's by Pope Saint Symmachus about 1400 years ago.

Across the ends of these parallel buildings, is set the long irregular structure which contains the papal residence, the Sistine and Pauline chapels, the Borgia Tower, the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, and the Court of St. Damasus, the latter containing the Pope's private apartments.

The Vatican with its great galleries, libraries, and halls, is so vast, its treasures of art so precious, and almost innumerable, that even a mere naming of them would require many chapters. The multitude and richness of these art treasures is incomprehensible, for many are of enormous intrinsic value, besides their worth as objects of art, and finally as historical data the most authentic in existence.

Many of the Popes have been art lovers and benefactors of Rome in the field of art, for their gifts and restorations, and interest in adding to the collections, are commemorated in every part of the city and in every gallery in Rome. Father Chandlery says, "The Vatican is a world in itself. Even those who have visited it can form a very insufficient idea of its immensity. It is not one palace, it is a collection of palaces, in which are gathered together museums, libraries, treasures of art etc. The Louvre, the Tuileries, and Versailles cannot be compared in extent to the Vatican, with its thirty magnificent halls, nine galleries, seven grand chapels, twenty courts, eight state staircases, besides about two hundred smaller ones, together with museums, library, archives, and about eleven thousand rooms!"

To-day Virginia and I went for another visit to the Sistine Chapel, determined not to even glance at other treasures of the Vatican that we might give all our time (which is never enough) to the matchless frescoed ceiling of the great master Michelangelo. We never fail to lament that we have not a little cart, a couch on wheels, as it were, (with rubber tires of course) on which we might lie on our backs, and have an attendant push us about; in no other way can one view with satisfaction, and without a 'crick' in the neck, this marvellous work. The mirror which the custodian loans you is some help, but not very much.

Vasari tells us that "the work was executed with very great discomfort to himself (Michelangelo), from his having to labour with

his face upwards, which so impaired his sight that for a time, which was not less than several months, he was not able to read letters or look at drawings save with his head backwards. And to this," adds the author, "I can bear witness, having painted five vaulted chambers in the great apartments in the Palace of Duke Cosimo . . . . . and I am astonished that Michelangelo endured all that discomfort so well. But in truth, becoming more and more kindled every day by his fervour in the work, and encouraged by the proficience and improvement that he made, he felt no fatigue and cared nothing for discomfort." . . . . . "Truly," continues Vasari, "his coming was to the world, ... an exemplar sent by God to the men of our arts, to the end that they might learn from his life the nature of noble character, and from his works what true and excellent craftsmen ought to be." Certainly the world can scarcely hope to see another such example of the 'giantism' of the Latin race.

Ascending to the Gallery of Modern Paintings, we find a collection of works presented to Pius IX and his successors. We were especially interested in seeing the 'Christ at the Pillar' by the Spanish painter Fabris, since we had had the pleasure of meeting his daughter, also highly gifted. The Señorita is a painter, sculptor, and musician, and not the least of all, a real Spanish Beauty.

The Third Room commemorates the proclamation by Pius IX of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854.

The Stanze of Raphael alone compare with Michelangelo's marvellous ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. The Stanza dell'Incendio, (Room of the Fire) so called from the great fresco, 'Fire in the Borgo', that is, the region of St. Peter's, where a destructive conflagration was extinguished before it reached the Basilica, as Pope Leo III held forth the Cross before the advancing flames. There is too, the 'Victory of Leo IV over the Saracens' and the 'Coronation of Charlemagne'.

The second room, Stanza della Segnatura, is so called because Papal briefs were formerly signed and sealed in it, The 'Disputa' portrays no serious discussion, but a group of learned and holy men among the Saints and Fathers of the Church, presumably talking over together the sublime truths of religion.

The 'School of Athens' represents an assembly of philosophers grouped before an architectural background of rare beauty. In these 'Stanze', Raphæl has given added interest to the work, by representing all the figures as either well-known philosophers, or friends of the Pope or of himself.

In the 'Parnassus', the great artist has depicted the symbolic figures of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry, and Jurisprudence on the vaulting; below, Apollo and the Muses, with the classic poets Homer, Virgil, and Dante.

The third room, Stanza d'Eliodoro, contains four remarkable frescoes: Heliodorus driven from the Temple by Angels; the Meeting of St. Leo the Great and Attila; the Miracle of the Blessed

Sacrament at Bolsena. Attila, King of the Huns, had described himself as the 'Scourge of God', adding, "along the track of my horses' hoofs, the very vegetation must disappear." The description was scarcely exaggerated. But when the barbarian set out for Rome, he reckoned without the Pope. The city, deserted by the terrified and cowardly Emperor Valentinian, was apparently defenceless before the advancing foe;—but he was met by the Pope, St. Leo I, who calmly ordered him back! A mysterious fear took possession of the dreaded warrior, for he saw among the clouds, St. Peter, the holy Protector of Rome and the Church, with hosts of Angels. Obedient to the vision and the warning of the Pope, he led away his astonished warriors.

The Miracle of Bolsena will be mentioned when we visit the Cathedral of Orvieto, near Bolsena, where the 'Miracle' took place. The Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison, and in the last room, Sala di Costantino, are portrayed events in the life of Constantine.

The Chapel of Nicholas V has a series of marvellous frescoes by Fra Angelico representing events in the lives of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, and their cruel martyrdom. This holy and gifted artist became a Dominican at the age of twenty, and consecrated not only his life, but his art to religion. He would never paint any but sacred subjects, and always spent some time in prayer before beginning his work. "His paintings," says Spalding, "are pervaded by a tone of sentiment expressing profound religious ecstasy; from the countenances of his saints and angels, there breathes a beauty and a bliss which are pathetically moving." It was while working on these frescoes that the devout painter joined the company of the angels; that he came into the full realization of the heavenly visions he had so often pictured; here that he passed to the enjoyment of that perfect peace which he anticipated during his simple and holy life at Fiesole.

Of this, Ruskin writes so sweetly, that I should like to quote him here: 'The soul of Angelico lives in perpetual peace. Not seclusion from the world. No shutting out from the world is needful for him. There is nothing to shut out. Envy, lust, contention, discourtesy, are to him as though they were not; and the cloister walls of Fiesole no penitential solitude, barred from the stir and joy of life, but a possessed land of tender blessing, guarded from the entrance of all but holiest sorrow. The little cell was as one of the houses of heaven prepared for him by his Master. What need had it to be elsewhere? Was not the Val d'Arno, with its olive woods in white blossom, paradise enough for a poor monk? Or could Christ be indeed in Heaven more than here? Was He not always with him? Could he breathe or see, but that Christ breathed beside him or looked into his eyes? Under every cypress avenue the angels walked; he had seen their white robes—whiter than the dawn—at his bedside as he awoke in early summer. They had sung with him, one on each side, when his voice failed for joy at sweet vesper and

matin time; his eyes were blinded by their wings in the sunset, when it sank behind the hills of Luni.'—

The Loggie of Raphæl contain a number of scenes from the Old and New Testament, designed by this great master but coloured by his pupils, chiefly Giulio Romano. The Pinacoteca or Picture Gallery was despoiled of one hundred of its best pictures by Napoleon, including the world—renowned 'Transfiguration' by Raphael; after Waterloo, they were removed from the Louvre and sent back, that is, seventy-seven of them were.

Domenichino's great master-piece, 'The Last Communion of St. Jerome', was painted for the Franciscans of Ara Coeli, who were dissatisfied with it, and threw this noble work into a lumber-room! They then engaged Poussin to paint the desired altar-piece, and produced the discarded canvass of Domenichino, asking that it be used instead of new. Poussin at once saw that this was a work of rare merit, and refused to paint anything for those who had shown such a want of appreciation of true art.

These two great paintings, in the order named, have been pronounced, by Sir Joshua Reynolds and other eminent critics, the finest in the world.

The 'Madonna di Foligno' is one of the loveliest expressions of Raphael's genius. Our Lady with the Divine Child, is seated among the clouds, looking down upon a group of Saints John the Baptist, Francis, and Jerome, who presents Sigismondo Conti, a priest who ordered the picture as a votive offering for his escape from death by a bomb.

We ought not to leave these masterly works without a word concerning the youthful genius who created them. Born at Urbino in 1483, Raphael began his studies, first under his father, and later with Perugino. In about his twenty-first year he went to Florence. His gentleness and sweetness of character, as well as his youth and talent, won for him a welcome everywhere; he was praised and flattered, but his good sense kept him simple and unspoiled. He studied the old masters as well as those of his own day, and soon he was producing such beautiful things as the 'Madonna del Granduca', the 'Madonna del Cardellino', La Bella Giardiniera', and many others.

When only twenty-five he came to Rome at the invitation of Bramante, who with his own former teacher Perugino, was painting for the Pope. The young recruit received a warm welcome from his fellow craftsmen who soon loved him and were ready to encourage and assist him in every way. The young artist was to have married Maria Bibbiena, niece of Cardinal Bibbiena, but she preceded him to the grave, and we find her pathetic epitaph on his own memorial stone.

Raphael died on Good Friday 1520, and lay in state with his great 'Transfiguration' beside his bier, and afterward carried in his funeral procession, while all Rome followed weeping. Father Chandlery says, ... "Leo X came to offer prayers . . .

and shed tears as he kissed the hand now cold in death, that had given being to so many glorious creations of Christian art." The little couplet on the artist's tomb was written by his friend Cardinal Bembo, and put into English by Mr. C. L. Graves:

> Nature, who feared the unequal strife
> With Raphael in his glorious life,
> Was smitten with a deeper dread
> That she might die when he was dead.

It seems as if no tribute could be finer than the words of Mr. Hutton:

"Of all that imperious and splendid age, glittering with many cruelties, shadowy with subtleties, that in the end made art impossible, Raphael is the saviour. The presence of his nature is like a fair soft light over everything, or like a perfect flower in the midst of a battlefield. Rather than any saint, or soldier, or philosopher, or man of genius, he serves as the type of the Renaissance at its highest; and his impotence—if we may so call it—is nothing more than the failure of all art to express, to do more than shadow forth that perfect state which Plato has seen lying in the heavens, which S. Paul has assured us is there eternal."

The Vatican Library was started by Nicholas V who collected within its walls 9000 manuscripts, to which were added many thousands of volumes, including the library of Queen Christina of Sweden. Many of the books are valuable not only because of their contents, but on account of their extreme rarity. Among its most precious treasures are manuscripts written by St. Thomas Aquinas and Petrarch; the palimpsest of 'The Republic'; a Virgil of the fifth century; a Terrence of the fourth century; the Codex Vaticanus, a manuscript of the Greek Testament of the fifth century; and the original manuscript 'Defensio Fidei', which won for Henry VIII the honourable title, 'Defender of the Faith.'

The Apartamento Borgia was begun by Nicholas V, finished by Alexander VI, and contained the private living rooms of the Popes in the latter part of the fifteenth century. There are some fine frescoes by Pinturicchio; of these the most pleasing are St. Catherine reasoning with the Emperor Maximin; the meeting of our Lady with St. Anne: and the graceful group called 'Music.' After the building of the Quirinal Palace by Sixtus V, the Borgian Apartments were deserted, and when the Constable de Bourbon and his barbarian soldiery sacked the Papal Palace, these rooms were practically destroyed; but Leo XIII had them restored to nearly their original beauty.

We have said nothing of the beautiful Croce Greca, and its famous floor of mosaic, with its two great porphyry sarcophagi, intended for the bodies of St. Helena and her husband Constantius Chlorus, the parents of Constantine the Great; nothing of the Room of the Nine Muses; the Room of the Animals; the Gallery of the Statues and Busts; the Room of the Masks, so called from the mosaic of masks

on the floor found at Hadrian's Villa, Tivoli. In the Laocoön Room there is that world-famed group depicting the priest of Apollo and his sons bound in the coils of monstrous serpents. It created a sensation when it was discovered in a Roman garden. The Egyptian Museum with Isis and the Nile; the Etruscan Museum with tombs and urns and other mournful things; the Room of the Biga, that is, of the beautiful chariot and its spirited horses, a triumph of fine sculpture; the Gallery of the Candelabra etc. The Gallery containing the tapestries, ought not to be missed. They were designed by Raphæl for Leo X and woven in Brussels for the Sistine Chapel, representing scenes from the Acts of the Apostles. From the windows in the Corridor of Maps, one may get an interesting view on either side; on the right are the Vatican Gardens, with bubbling fountains and blossoming trees; on the other side, the stable court with plenty of poultry, but no stamping steeds.

Go 'early and often 'to the Vatican, must be your motto if you hope to get even an imperfect idea of its myriad treasures, and do not try to see too much on any one visit. It is a poor economy of time to become so fatigued, that your eyes are seeking out that little word 'Uscità', (Exit) and when you find it, it seems more beautiful than the 'Pietà,' the 'Transfiguration', or anything else in the world.

When we shall have finished our visits to St. Peter's and the Vatican, it will be a good time to read Macaulay's essay on Van Ranke's learned work: "There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers abounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoelon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.

The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old.

Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she will still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Some day, my friend, you will come, a pilgrim to Rome, and you will see the thousand, thousand wonderful things merely touched upon in these letters by

Yours ever sincerely

M. A. O'R.

* * *

CONTINUED RAMBLES IN ROME

CONTINUED RAMBLES IN ROME.

Letter to F. G. F.

Rome

Dear F——,

With all your capacity for capable criticism (I can't help those C's) you would have enjoyed the opening concert of the season at the Augusteo; the 'Canticle of Canticles', Stabat Mater, and Te Deum. The 'Canticum', (a new work), is an allegory in which the personages are Christ and His Spouse, the Church. The latter arises from the old Synagogue, the people of which are banded together against the new Church. There is a cruel persecution; heresy, discord, bloodshed, and its very existence is threatened—"but over a thorny way, the new Church conquers, and passes across the desert like a cloud of incense and myrrh; beautiful as the moon, brilliant as the sun, terrible as the united forces of an army in battle." These fundamental ideas are brought out in two contrasting motifs with powerful effect. The large and well-trained chorus from the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, recalled the best efforts of the Handel and Haydn Society. This was supplemented by a fine orchestra and two soloists, mezzo-soprano and baritone, the latter especially fine. The author, Marco Enrico Bossi was present and received a veritable ovation; as did also Mussolini, apparently an appreciative listener.

* * *

Yesterday my English friend, Miss G. and I attended the obsequies of the Princess Chigi who was the victim of a frightful automobile accident. The grief-stricken prince, who was at the wheel when it happened, the machine 'skidding' on wet ground, feels almost responsible for her death,—he was ghastly pale and pitifully sad; he is only thirty and the Princess was some years younger, leaving two little children who will not thus far be comforted. There were three Popes in the family whose arms are seen in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo where the solemn Mass of Requiem took place. The sanctuary, the catafalque, and the family tomb were each decorated in black and yellow, the mourning colors in Italy. The music was beautiful and sympathetic, the voices, the best I have heard, even in Rome, the true home of fine ecclesiastical music.

In olden times it was at the Porto del Popolo (the Gate of the People) that the stranger entered the Eternal City. The driver of the diligence would stop his horses and after an impressive pause, would point with his whip toward St. Peters' Dome, saying "Ecco Roma! Ecco San Pietro!" It was here on the left of the Piazza del Popolo that Nero was buried, on the present site of the church dedicated to 'Saint Mary of the People', because it was built from

the small contributions of the common people. Marion Crawford in 'Ave Roma Immortalis' writes thus: "The last descendant of Julia, the last monster of the Julian race, Nero, was buried at the foot of the Pincio. Alive, he was condemned by the Senate to be beaten to death in the Comitium; dead by his own hand he received imperial honours and his ashes rested where they had been laid by his two old nurses, ...

During ten centuries the people believed that his terrible ghost haunted the hill, attended and served by thousands of demon-crows, that rested in the branches of the trees above his tomb, and flew forth to do evil at his bidding. At length Pope Paschal II cut down with his own hands the walnut-trees which crowned the summit, and commanded that the mausoleum should be destroyed and the ashes of Nero scattered to the winds, that he might build a church on the spot and dedicate it to S. Maria.

This church has a fine central door, and within, many worthy examples of sculpture and painting. The windows are of stained glass, the most beautiful in Rome. The high altar has a miraculous picture of Our Blessed Lady which was carried by Gregory IX in the procession for the cessation of the great plague in 1578. The chapel of the Chigi family was designed by Raphæl in the form of an octagon surmounted by a beautiful cupola, and decorated by Luigi della Pace in accordance with the master's designs. The ceiling of the tribune behind the high altar was decorated by Pinturicchio. Among the religious treasures of the Church are the bodies of St. Faustina and St. Priscus, martyrs, and a crucifix that is said to have spoken to St. Philip Neri.

When Martin Luther came to Rome in 1512, he was then an Austin friar and lodged at the Augustinian Convent of Santa Maria del Popolo. (Let us remember that a 'convent' in Italy is occupied by men, a 'monastery' by women religious.) Here he said Mass on arrival after he had prostrated himself upon the earth saying, 'Hail, sacred Rome! thrice sacred for the blood of the martyrs shed here!'

S. Maria del Popolo is one of a pair of twin churches built to replace two chapels demolished by the Lutheran soldiers in the sack of Rome in 1527. The obelisk fronting the Churches in the Piazza was brought from Heliopolis by Augustus, and erected in honour of Apollo in the Circus Maximus, afterward set up in its present location by Pope Sixtus V.

The Porta del Popolo is the gate by which so many saints first entered Rome: St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Stanislaus and others; and it was through it that the English missionaries Father Robert Parsons, Blessed Edmund Campion S. J. Blessed Ralph Sherwin and their companions, passed on their way to persecution and death, when sent by Pope Gregory XIII in 1580 to evangelize their native land.

* * *

When the band plays Sunday mornings on the Pincio, all Rome

(apparently), 'foreign and domestic' turns out, not only to hear the music, but to see, and to be seen perhaps as well. The place takes on the appearance of a large Garden Party, and that is what it really is, for it was known as the 'Hill of Gardens' even in imperial times. It was more lavishly decorated then than now, for we read that some of the Roman aristocracy had magnificent palaces there, and on the eastern side of the hill, was the Villa of Lucullus; here he gave those famous feasts to Pompey and Cicero which were said to have cost fifty thousand drachmas (about ten thousand dollars), just mentioning to a slave that he should sup in the Hall of Apollo, which was the signal for all sorts of culinary extravagances.

* * *

When the hour of rendezvous arrives, here are to be found scores of picturesque Italian nursemaids in their characteristic dress; no short tight skirts for them!—but full about their ample figure—usually of white or pale colors, with two or three graduated bands of brighter hue set at intervals above the hem. Matching this, a fichu bodice and jaunty cap which sets off their robust beauty to good advantage. But their chief decoration is a pair of long dangling earrings of elaborate design, which form an unfailing source of interest to the baby, who early learns that he may play with them, but 'with discretion'.

Another attractive element is the military, especially the cavalry-men, with their erect, well set up figures and handsome uniforms, some dark blue with flowing cape lined with scarlet or petunia; others with that light clear French blue, which, like the ecclesiastical purple, no 'mere woman' may wear. Then there is the Carabinieri, or military police, tall and straight with their silver-braided cutaway and Napoleon hat with its red and blue cockade; the Bersalieri with flying irridescent plumes: the Fascisti in natty olive green uniforms; all together make up a gay company which equals in colorful harmony the flower beds about them.

Here the terraces are beautiful with blossoming shrubs, shady walks bordered with ilex trees, cypress and pines, alternating with statues and bas-reliefs of Italy's great men.

From the upper terrace of the Pincio is the most impressive and beautiful view of Rome, spread out before the eyes like a magic carpet woven by Titan looms, and above all rises Michelangelo's wondrous Dome,

> 'Like a giant shepherd
> O'er flocks unnumbered vigilant
> and watchful.'

From the farthest corner of the Pincio, one looks down on the Muro-Torto, the 'bent wall', a portion of the Roman wall built by Honorius which, during the many restorations, even that under Pius IX, has never been repaired because it is said to be under the

protection of St. Peter, who personally defended it during the siege of Vitiges A. D. 539. It seems always on the point of falling, but thus it has leaned for fifteen hundred years, and old Romans believe it to be both strong and safe, sustained miraculously by the Prince of the Apostles . . . . . .

This morning a great crowd gathered outside our hotel; we joined the others and found the attraction was the beautiful carriage of the King, who apparently for occasions of state, prefers horses to motor cars. They were a pair of shining bays with skins like brown satin, and their harnesses as well as the trimmings of the carriage, were encrusted with silver. The coachman, footman, and two guards were clad in gorgeous uniforms, dark blue velvet knee-breaches, scarlet coats with filmy laces at the collar and cuffs, and plenty of gold braid, buttons and other decorations. They stood near the carriage (except the driver who remained in his seat) looking stolidly and disdainfully at the common folk, who watched them with admiring eyes. Finally a plain elderly man whom no one would have thought of any great importance, issued from the Hotel, but now resplendent in a handsome uniform embellished with gold lace. He proved to be the Belgian Ambassador going by appointment to see the King, who had sent this gorgeous equipage to fetch his guest. The sober, dun-colored little caterpillar, moving quietly about the Hotel, was not to be recognized in this brilliant and beautiful butterfly, with a golden chariot waiting to bear him away to the palace of the King!

* * *

Virginia and I spend many of our Sunday afternoons visiting churches. To-day we went to St. Cecilia's, for some reasons one of the most interesting shrines in the Holy City. It stands on the place which was the home of the martyr, a noble and wealthy Roman lady. A church was first raised on this site by Pope Urban I, after the death of the Saint, but it was rebuilt by Pope Paschal I in 821 as the result of a vision. The Vatican holds among its archives the story as written by this Pope himself in which he describes how, 'yielding to the infirmity of the flesh,' he fell asleep in his chair during the early morning service at St. Peter's, with his mind preoccupied by a longing to find the burial-place of Cecilia, and discover her relics. Then, in a glorified vision, the virgin-saint appeared before him, and revealed the spot where she lay, with her husband and brother-in-law, in the catacomb of Calixtus. There they were found, and were transported to her church on the following day.

In the 16th century Cardinal Sfondrato, titular of the church, opened the tomb, and it was found in exactly the same condition as when formerly seen by Pope Paschal, robed in linen and gold tissue, 'lying upon the right side and offering the appearance of sleep.'

'On her side she rests
As one asleep: the delicate hands are crossed,
Wrist upon wrist; a clinging vestment drapes
The virgin limbs, and round her slender throat
A golden circlet masks her cruel wound,
And there she lies for all to see; but still
Her voice is sounding in the Eternal Psalm
Which the Church singeth ever, evermore,
The Church on earth, the Church of Saints in Heaven.'

Pope Clement VIII and all the Roman people hurried to view the body of the holy martyr which was again enclosed in the shrine of cypress-wood and silver wherein Pope Paschal had buried it eight hundred years before. Eight hundred years and still incorrupt!

Before, however, the Saint was replaced in her tomb, Cardinal Sfondrato called in Maderna, the great sculptor, to chisel out of snow-white marble the beautiful memorial which we see to-day above her grave.

The inscription as written by Maderna reads:

'Behold the body of the most holy virgin Cecilia, whom I myself saw lying incorrupt in her tomb. I have in this marble expressed for thee the same saint in the very same posture of body.'

Cecilia was married when sixteen years old, to Valerian, a pagan, with whom she lived in perpetual virginity, protected by her guardian angel day and night.

'I have an angel which thus loveth me—
That with great love, whether I wake or sleep,
Is ready aye my body for to keep.'

—Chaucer.

Valerian, husband of Cecilia, and his brother Tiburtius, were converted to Christianity by the prayers of the Saint, and were soon martyred for refusing to adore the Pagan idols. Cecilia was condemned to be stifled by the hot vapors of her own baths; but she was not affected', for God had sent a cooling shower,' says the legend, 'which had tempered the heat of the fire and preserved the life of the saint.' (We saw the vent whence issued the steam). After three days' imprisonment, the sudatorium was opened and she was found still alive. Cecilia was then condemned to be beheaded in her own house, but after three attempts, the executioner failed to separate her head from her body, and fled in dismay. She was found bathed in her blood, but for three days she lived preaching so eloquently the truths of Christianity, that four hundred pagans were converted. On the third day she was visited by Pope Urban, to whom she confided her beloved poor, and her palace, requesting that a church be built on this site to the honour of Christ, Our Lord. Then thanking God that she had been found worthy to suffer for her holy Faith, 'with her eyes apparently fixed on the heavens opening before her, she departed to her Heavenly Bridegroom.'

The apse of the church contains a series of frescoes of the ninth century, and behind the altar a picture of the Saint attributed to Guido. Leading from the right aisle are two long chambers, one the sudatorium of the baths. Of especial interest is the fresco representing the dream of Pope Paschal I. The association of St. Cecilia with music arises perhaps from the tradition that Valerian returning from baptism, found her singing for joy over his conversion, of which he supposed her to be ignorant; and later after three days imprisonment in the steam of her bath, 'she was found singing the praises of God.'

Raphælle represents the Saint rapt in ecstasy, and surrounded by angels playing on musical instruments.

'Rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen of harmony'.

We read that 'she sang with such ravishing sweetness, that even the angels descended from heaven to listen to her, or to join their voices with hers.'

The Festa of S. Cecilia is observed in her church on November 22nd with elaborate ceremony, and especially beautiful music, generally by the Papal choir.

The gorgeous mortuary chapel where the holy martyr rests, was restored in 1901 by Cardinal Rampolla, then titular of the church, who supplied also the ninety-six silver lamps which burn continuously before the tomb. Here also are altars to the Virgin Martyrs, S. Agnes and S. Agatha.

*At noon to-day the King and Queen of Spain with their suites and Prime Minister Rivera arrived in Rome, and the city is outdoing itself to show them honor. The station and all the buildings which the royalties were to pass, are gaily decorated with flags, flowers, laurel wreaths, and banners of the Spanish and Italian colors. We saw them from the lovely Piazza Esedra, where the soldiers were drawn up, resplendent in bright new uniforms with gold lace and flashing swords. The King and Queen of Italy with the Crown Prince, their suites, and dignitaries of the government, including Mussolini, greeted the royal visitors at the station, and the procession moved through a dense mass of people who occupied every available inch of space, and were kept in order by mounted police and soldiers.

The Carabinieri, in their picturesque costumes and Napoleon hats with cockades of blue, white, and crimson, the Fascisti and all the many grades of Italy's great army, gave an exhibition of military efficiency and 'preparedness' quite equal to the great occasion. The signal to present arms was obeyed as if by one man, and a forest of bayonets were lifted in salute. As the royal guests alighted from the train a sea of waving handkerchiefs fluttered in the breeze; the thunder of applause was like an explosion,—but it was an explosion

*Printed in the Signet.

of enthusiastic Italian salutations: "Evviva il Re!" "Evviva la Regina!" "Evviva i Sovrani di Spagna!" This was repeated and intensified when the Sovereigns showed themselves at the balcony of the Quirinal with Italy's royal family.

And so the Spanish monarchs were acclaimed in Rome, for both are possessed of qualities which appeal strongly. The King has courage and has proved it many times. At the age of twenty-one on the way to his marriage, he saw the robe of his promised bride spattered with the blood of his would-be assassin. At Paris when they threw another bomb, he was the first to motion to the terrified people to be calm. At Madrid, seeing himself surrounded by a crowd of ruffians, he jumped from his horse and defended himself in a hand-to-hand struggle, and that same evening strolled calmly through the streets of the city without an escort!

To-day he is seen performing an act of gallantry, to-morrow one of charity. Returning from a ball at one of the great Spanish or French watering places, he sees a little priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, or a hungry looking beggar tramping along the road, and stops his automobile to make the traveller get in beside him. The Queen showed her active sympathy when the World War brought suffering and bloodshed in its train. Their appeal lies also in the fact that they represent a chivalrous people with an honorable history and a great past. Meanwhile arrangements were being made for the visit to the Vatican and multitudes gathered in the Piazza facing the column of the Immaculate Conception, where are situated the offices of the Ambassador of Spain to the Holy See, Don Luis Valera y Delavat, Marquis di Villasinda. Soon the King and Queen arrived, where they were received by the Marquis, Marchioness and members of the Ambassador's staff, after which they ascended the great stairway, adorned with flowers, to their own apartments. Six limousines from the Papal Palace were in waiting to convey them to the Vatican, and one for the pontifical dignitaries who were to be their escort. Soon the sovereigns reached the great door of bronze, and shortly there met in the Vatican the two most dignified and stately courts of Europe amid splendors that Rome, and perhaps the world, had forgotten for more than fifty years.

Two gendarme trumpeters announced the arrival of the royal visitors. Received by Prince Ruspoli, Monsignor Canali, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation, and Majordomo De Samper, they were given the salute of the Swiss Guards with that automatic drop of the halberds which was visibly admired by the King. They then mounted the Scala Regia to the Hall of Consistories, with its beautiful ceiling of blue and gold and its windows looking out on the immense panorama of Rome. Here they were greeted by Cardinals Vanutelli, Bisleti and Merry del Val. The Pope now entered the hall surrounded by the Nobles of the ante-chamber and escorted by the Noble Guard, taking his place on his throne, between two rows of purple-clad monsignori and canons; opposite,

under the great ivory crucifix, the two Swiss Guards in their picturesque costumes of red, blue and yellow with steel helmet and cuirass, designed, it is said, by Michelangelo.

The King, tall and slender, was in military costume with red cassaque; the Queen, beautiful in white, with many jewelled decorations, including the Golden Rose, and wearing the lace mantilla of her country. Inside the threshold they fell upon their knees, again in the center of the hall, and a third time they knelt before the papal throne kissing the ring of His Holiness. (Just then the Queen in some way tore the hem of her exquisitely embroidered gown, and the little white pearls were scattered about the carpet). Then she rose, taking her place on the throne erected for her at the right of the Pope, with Prince Ruspoli at her side. The suites of both sovereigns were grouped at the end of the hall under the ivory crucifix. The King then advanced between two cardinals and read his discourse—at first in a slightly trembling voice, then growing more confident, he enunciated the sonorous Spanish phrases in clear resonant tones. At the end of each period he looked directly into the eyes of the Pope, as if to say, "Am I making myself understood?" His expression became more eloquent and his eyes fairly glistened when he concluded, saying, "If the time came to defend the Faith of Christ, all Spain would be at its post of honor with its King." When he had made his obeissance at the feet of the Pope, His Holiness drew him forward and kissed him. (It is not unusual in Latin countries to see men as well as women embrace one another.) A slight murmur of approval and reverence was noticed among the members of the sovereigns' suites which was repeated when in his reply, the Pope said that 'in embracing the King, he had felt in his heart-beat the heart-beat of all Spain.'

At the conclusion of the reception the sovereigns spent some time in the Pope's library in private conversation, and before their departure, His Holiness presented them with two precious mosaics, that destined for the King representing St. Peter being comforted in prison by an angel, and that for the Queen being a beautiful Madonna, each enclosed in a case bearing the papal coat-of-arms. The royal visitors then descended to St. Peter's. The immense basilica seemed quiet and almost deserted, lighted only by the declining rays of the Roman sun. There at every pillar in the nave was a colossal gendarme, immovable, in his hand his great sword. About the pier of St. Longinus were ranged the ladies of the Spanish court; opposite, at the statue of St. Andrew, the gentlemen-in-waiting and military escort of the King. Preceded by the Swiss Guard, saluted by the Palatine and accompanied by Cardinal Merry del Val, Their Majesties made a brief visit to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, then knelt before the tomb of St. Peter with its hundred lamps burning perpetually, where they prayed in silence.

Soon after their return to the Spanish Embassy, they received the return call of Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State. One of the memorable and splendid functions was that given to the

Italian monarchs at the Spanish Embassy, the Palazzo Barberini, that great palace for which Cardinal Barberini (afterwards Pope Urban VIII) called in the most celebrated architects of the times, Maderna, Borromini, and later Bernini, saying to them, "There's the hill of the Quirinal, get your materials where you will, make me a palace worthy of Rome, of your taste, and of our pontificate." The result was a work architecturally one of the most beautiful, not alone because of its majesty of line, but the grace of its decorative motifs, with crown and sword, and bees, the celebrated coat of arms of the Barberini. The interior, vaulted over by the enormous fresco of Pietro da Cortona, picturing the triumphs and glories of Urban VIII, and on the walls the cartoons of the Barberini tapestries and paintings, the greatest creations of the day.

This was the setting in which Their Spanish Majesties were hosts to the royalty and nobility of Rome, amid the brilliancy of two courts, diplomatic corps, military and civil officials and their personal suites. They were most gracious and cordial, receiving their guests with true Latin warmth.

The solemn Mass at the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore was undoubtedly one of the most impressive ceremonies attended by the Spanish rulers. The portico, opening toward the square, was transformed into a garden with rose chrysanthemums disposed about each column, and a long line of brilliant color extended the entire length of the nave. On the altar were two exquisite candlesticks and a crucifix, the work of Benvenuto Cellini. In the choir were two prie-dieux richly upholstered in crimson damask, with cushions and gilded arm-chairs for the sovereigns, others for the canons, the Spanish Premier, and the Ambassador to the Holy See. Promptly at nine the King and Queen arrived and were met at the entrance by Cardinal Vanutelli, arch-priest of the Basilica, who sprinkled them with holy water, while the bells of the church rang out a welcome. When the monarchs had kissed the hand of the Cardinal, as a sign of homage, the procession advanced toward the altar and Mass began. The Queen read from a little white and gold prayer-book, and at the Elevation both knelt and devoutly kissed the relic of St. Victoria.

The Mass finished, Cardinal Vannutelli pronounced the Benediction, then delivered an address to Their Majesties in which he recalled the close and affectionate relations between that church and the rulers of Spain who have been its patrons, especially Philip IV who instituted the work. The King of Spain is by right of succession an honorary Canon of this basilica, and in his reply made special reference to the privilege of the title, saying that every year on the Feast of St. Ferdinand of Castile, his ambassador to the Holy See assists at the Holy Mass in his name, and that now it was his pleasure to assist at it personally. At the close the Cardinal presented to the King a beautiful gold medal especially coined for the occasion, and to the Queen a rich crown of gold and precious stones.

The visit to the tomb of the 'unknown soldier' was an impressive ceremony as the king laid a beautiful wreath on the grave; the many regiments of soldiers drawn up at attention, the solemn tribute of the speakers, the fragrance of the flowers, the melancholy sounding of 'taps',—and then the silence and the sorrow.

Their Majesties were indefatigable in their efforts to leave no institution of Spanish affiliation without a visit. There was San Pietro in Montorio which was built by Ferdinand and Isabella, where the Spanish Franciscans were installed in the fifteenth century; Santa Maria di Monserrato, the national church of Spain, built in 1495 with alms from Aragon and Castile, (the church where St. Ignatius of Loyola used to preach and catechise); the Spanish College and many other institutions in which Spain is more largely represented in the Eternal City than any other country.

Before leaving Rome the King and Queen wished to make a visit of congé to the Holy Father, and to see more leisurely the wonderful beauty of the Papal Palace and the Basilica of St. Peter's. They arrived in the pontifical automobiles at the Court of St. Damasus where they were met by Cardinal Merry del Val and Monsignor Cæcia, who accompanied them to the apartments of the Pope. The King was admitted at once to the private library where he remained in conversation with the Holy Father for half an hour. Meanwhile the Queen, accompanied by Cardinal Merry del Val, visited the Raphæl rooms with their marvellous frescoes. Then His Holiness received the Queen, and at the close of the interview presented her with five gold medals bearing the image of Blessed Teresa of the Child Jesus, which she was to take home to her children. Finally the Spanish Prime Minister, di Rivera, and his suite were received. The mosaic factory of St. Peter's was next visited, then the Tomb of the Apostle, and after traversing the immense nave of the basilica, they paused a moment to admire the sublime work of Michelangelo, the world-renowned statue of the Pietà. The King, with the alacrity and enthusiasm of a boy, ascended to the cupola, and viewing from the roof the great panorama of Rome, expressed his wonder and admiration.

So Alfonso was a welcome guest in Rome, like a beloved son whom one finds again after long years and many vicissitudes. Italy and Spain have in common, the Faith, nobility of origin, the splendors of art, the interests of sea boundaries, and great memories. In the tragedy that made Queen Christina a widow, alone on a throne already trembling, it was the great Pope Leo XIII who gave her and her country his loyal support, and in his name his nuncio, Cardinal Rampolla, held the infant sovereign at the baptismal font as Pius IX had held his father. With such an initiation into the Fold Alfonso began his reign, so it is consistent that he has given to religion in his country an important and official character. In Spain religion is recognized as the prime factor in public life, and enters into every manifestation of that life. . . . . .

* * *

The Sovereigns have departed and Romans are sighing . . . . for another 'festa'.

* * *

Mrs. G. of Chicago gave a pleasant little Tea yesterday at the Majestic, one of the new and delightful hostelries of the modern Ludovisi quarter. From the room one may view across the way the stately palace of the late Queen Mother with its graceful statues and many-blossomed alleys; lower on the curve of the hill, the famous old church of the Cappucini; and lower still in the Piazza Barberini you may hear the whispering waters of the fountain, where the Triton is ever blowing into his shell. Mrs. G. has travelled much and seen many interesting persons, places, and things, which she makes you see as she talks about them.

Since then, our little circle, supplemented by Miss O. came to Tea at the Flora, and sometimes I feel that we are almost too frivolous for the solemnity of Rome. Miss O. has been a pupil at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Brighton, England, and gave us some fine music. Not only has she an excellent technique, but a knowledge of all the best operas at her finger-tips. Mrs. G. told a story of a woman she has met (probably one of the 'nouveau riche') who was 'going to the Holy Land to see the Holy Father'!

Speaking of music, we recently attended a song recital given by an Attaché of the American Embassy, at his apartment in the modern section of Rome. There were some Americans present, but many more Italians; the accompanist, a successful song-writer who has spent many years in America, mostly in Cincinnati, a city which 'appreciates' and supports the best music. One is always impressed on such occasions by the warmth and friendliness of the Italians. When you are presented, they press your hand with firm and friendly clasp, and if they remain only ten minutes, on leaving they repeat the courtesy, and make you feel that you are become a real and valued friend.

The church of the Cappucini dedicated to S. Maria della Concezione, was founded in 1626 by Cardinal Barberini, himself a Cappuchin monk, nephew of Pope Urban VIII. He lies buried before the high altar where we have often remarked his humble and unusual epitaph as written by himself:

'Hic jacet pulvus, cinis, et nihil.—'
—'Here lies dust, ashes, and nothing.'

The church contains some masterpieces, among them Guido's marvellous 'St. Michæl*, Domenichino's 'Ecstasy of St. Francis', the gift of the painter,—the 'Visit of Ananias to Saul' by Pietro da Cortona. Beside the high altar is the tomb of Prince Alexander Sobieski, son of King John of Poland, who died while on a visit to

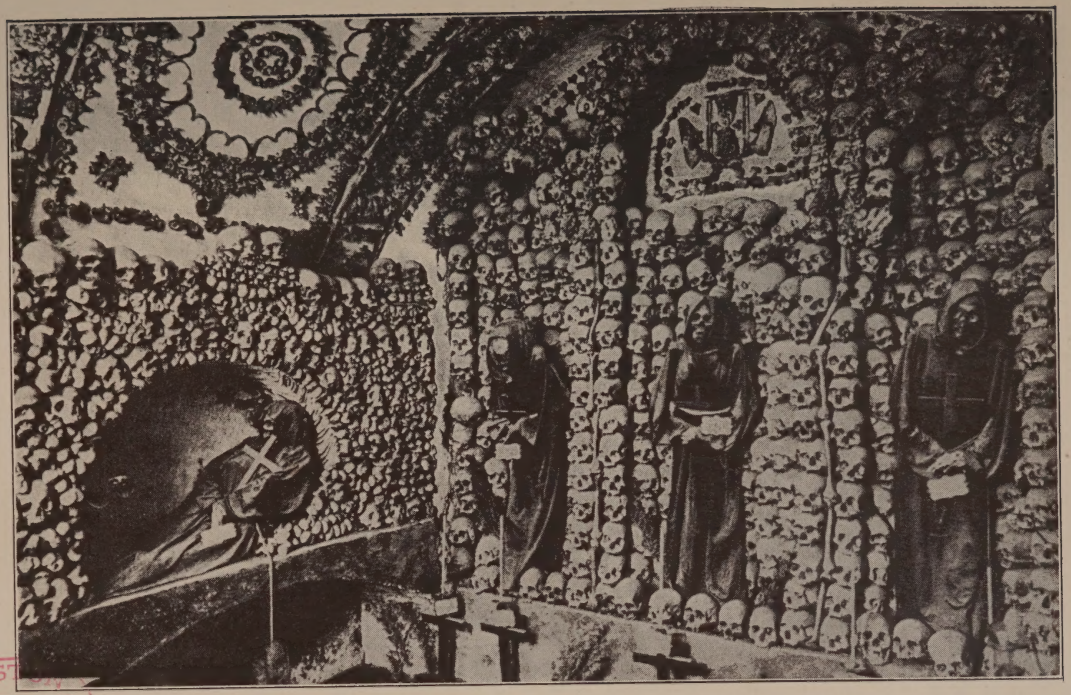
*It is said that Guido painted the demon with the face of a cardinal whom he did not like.

Rome. This same Cardinal Barberini extended to Milton many courtesies during the poet's visit to Rome in 1638. 'During his sojourn in Rome', says Newton, 'Milton enjoyed the conversation of several learned and ingenious men, and particularly of Lucas Holsteinius, keeper of the Vatican library, who received him with the greatest humanity, and showed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or MS., which had passed through his correction; and also presented him to Cardinal Barberini, who, at an entertainment of music, performed at his own expense, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand, brought him into the assembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for these civilities, and by the means of Holsteinius was again introduced to His Eminence, and spent some time in conversation with him.' (It may have been at this musicale, or another held at the Palazzo Barberini, that the poet heard the enchanting voice of Leonora Baroni, which so greatly pleased him.)

In connection with the church is the famous cemetery, where the chambers or chapels are ornamented with designs in human bones and mumified bodies of monks dressed in their habits as in life. As the cemetery is not large enough for all the monks of the convent, when one dies, the one longest dead is dug up to make room for the newly departed, who is then given his chance to rest for a time in earth brought from Jerusalem. It is a weird sight, these grinning skulls—and pathetic too, for in the hand of a monk here and there is seen a little branch or flower as dry and faded as himself, fit emblem of the transitory life of this world; more often, however, it is the crucifix with its promise of salvation, that the skeleton hand is holding, clasped firmly in its bony fingers.

Before or after the visit to this gallery and its human decorations, one might read the description of his emotions by Hans Christian Andersen:

'I was playing near the church of the Capuuchins, with some other children who were all younger than myself. There was fastened on the church door a little cross of metal; it was fastened about the middle of the door, and I could just reach it with my hand. Always when our mothers had passed by with us, they had lifted us up that we might kiss the holy sign. One day, when we children were playing, one of the youngest inquired "why the Child Jesus did not come down and play with us? "I assumed an air of wisdom, and replied, that He was really bound upon the cross. We went to the church door, and although we found no one, we wished, as our mothers had taught us, to kiss it, but we could not reach up to it; one therefore, lifted up the other, but just as the lips were pointed for the kiss, that one who lifted the other lost his strength, and the kissing one fell down just when his lips were about to touch the invisible Child Jesus. At that moment my mother came by, and when she saw our child's play, she folded her hands, and said, "You are actually some of God's angels, and thou art mine own angel," added she, and kissed me.



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The Ossario or Chapel of Bones—Cappuccini Monastery,—Rome.

'The Capuchin monk, Fra Martino, was my mother's confessor. He made very much of me, and gave me a picture of the Blessed Virgin weeping great tears which fell like raindrops, down into the burning flames of hell, where the damned caught up this draught of refreshment. He took me over with him into the convent, where the open colonnade, which enclosed in a square the little potato-garden, with the two cypress and orange trees, made a very deep impression upon me. Side by side, in the open passages, hung old portraits of deceased monks, and on the door of each cell were pasted pictures from the history of the martyrs, which I contemplated with the same holy emotions as afterwards the masterpieces of Raphælle and Andrea del Sarto.

' "Thou art really a bright youth," said he; "thou shalt now see the dead." Upon this, he opened a little door of a gallery which lay a few steps below the colonnade. We descended, and now I saw round about me skulls upon skulls, so placed one upon another, that they formed walls, and therewith several chapels. In these were several niches, in which were seated perfect skeletons of the most distinguished of the monks, enveloped in their brown cowls, their cords round their waists, and with a breviary or withered bunch of flowers in their hands. Altars, chandeliers, bas-reliefs of human joints, horrible and tasteless as the whole idea. I clung fast to the monk, who whispered a prayer, and then said to me, "Here I also shall sometime sleep; wilt thou thus visit me?" ' I answered not a word, but looked horrified at him, and then round about me upon the strange grisly assembly. It was foolish to take me, a child, into this place.

I was singularly impressed with the whole thing, and did not feel myself easy again until I came into his little cell, where the beautiful yellow oranges almost hung in at the window, and I saw the brightly colored picture of the Madonna, who was borne upwards by angels into the clear sunshine, while a thousand flowers filled the grave in which she had rested . . . . . .

'On the festival of All Saints I was down in the chapel of the dead, where Fra Martino took me when I first visited the convent. All the monks sang Masses for the dead, and I, with two other boys of my own age, swung the incense-breathing censer before the great altar of skulls. They had placed lights in the chandeliers made of bones, new garlands were placed around the brows of the skeleton monks, and fresh bouquets in their hands. Many people, as usual, thronged in; they all knelt, and the singers intoned the solemn Miserere. I gazed for a long time on the pale yellow skulls, and the fumes of the incense which wavered in strange shapes between them and me, and everything began to swim round before my eyes; it was as if I saw everything through a large rainbow; as if a thousand prayer-bells rang in my ear; it seemed as if I was borne along a stream; it was unspeakably delicious—, more I know not; consciousness left me,—I was in a swoon.'—

* * *

On the American holiday, Thanksgiving, it seemed fitting to be at Santa Susanna's, the so-called 'American' church, (because served by American Paulists). The music was excellent, contributed as usual, by the students of the American College; the sermon an inspiring discourse in English by an American preacher.

In the evening, the American Attaché came to dinner with his friend who holds a corresponding post in the British Embassy. The latter was addressed as 'Doctor' (for he has many degrees and is very learned) and told some amusing incidents which arose from people thinking him a doctor of medicine. After dinner we learned that each member of our party hailed from a different part of the world, or far distant cities in America, each enthusiastically praising his own 'little spot of earth'.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed with beautiful simplicity at the Trinità, the Convent girls all in white, with veils and wreaths of white flowers, and their 'ribbons' of blue, green or rose, worn as a 'reward of merit'. They march slowly with measured steps, and appear recollected and dignified beyond their years. The music, tuneful and sweet, was worthy of the fame attained by the 'Choir of the Trinità' long years ago.

* * *

With two elderly Irish spinsters, picturesque and proper, we attended midnight Mass at the Trinità on Christmas Eve. The altars were brilliant with lights and fragrant with flowers; the candelabra and vases were precious objects of art; the draperies of cloth of gold reflected the glimmering rays of the candles' light. The Religious and their pupils inside the high iron gates, a goodly number of worshipers outside. The whole service inspiring and prayerful.

At the conclusion of Mass I prepared to go, but my friends evidently had no such intention. After the second Mass, fatigue and restlessness were upon me, and wickedly I took no trouble to conceal it, but all was useless for there was evidently no thought of moving toward home. After another Mass our pious friends still 'stayed put'. (The girls marched off to bed after the second Mass, and some of the Religious disappeared); the remaining nuns began chanting matins, lauds, vespers and everything else in the 'rubrics'; I grew reckless and asked myself if I dare walk up the long hill to the hotel at 2 A. M.! There would be never a cabman about at that hour, so I decided against it. The congregation had long since departed, and we were left 'alone in our glory'. Finally the caretaker started to lock up the church; my companions, aroused from their somnolent devotion, recalled my existence, and asked 'if I were ready to go home?' —But,—notwithstanding their over-timed piety, they were two dear old ladies, who had been presented at Court in Victorian days, and their father, a famous painter, whose bust adorns a niche in the Royal Academy.

* * *

My dear English friend, Miss G., though a member of the Established Church, finds interest and inspiration in the religious services of the Catholic Faith, and we pray together to the same Divine Lord. At her suggestion, on Christmas afternoon, we attended solemn Vespers at the Church of S. Maria Maggiore. There followed a grand procession of scholastics, clergy, and a cardinal carrying their most precious relic, the Santa Culla, a portion of the cradle in which, as a Babe, Our Lord was rocked. The three little staves are enclosed in a beautiful golden urn, which, after the procession, was returned to the chapel designed for it.

'Le Seigneur Jésus a voulu naître dans une étable; mais les hommes ont apporté précieusement le petit berceau qui a reçu le salu du monde dans la reine des cités, et ils l'ont enchassé dans l'or. 'C'est bien ici que nous devons accourir avec joie et redire ce chant triomphant de l'Eglise: Adeste, fideles, læti triumphantes; venite, venite in Bethlehem.' —'Une Chrétienne à Rome.'

The beautiful reliquary was the gift of the Duchess of Villa Hermosa in 1830 to replace the finer one carried away by the French in the 19th century; the first had been presented by Margaret of Austria, wife of Philip III of Spain.

The church was founded in 352 by Pope Liberius, and is therefore sometimes called the Liberian Basilica. Another of its titles is Santa Maria delle Neve (Saint Mary of the Snows). A Roman patrician named Giovanni, having no children, decided with his wife, to leave all their patrimony to Our Lady. Once as they were praying she appeared to them in a vision, showed them a miraculous fall of snow on the fifth of August, with the plan of the church clearly marked out, telling them she had appropriated this site for a church. They hurried to the holy Father and related their dream, only to find that he had been favored with a similar vision.

"It was high noon and Pietro, the goat-boy, stood in the lord's spacious council chamber. The heat was great. The sun beat in yellow streaks through the foliage of the trees without. 'The Mother of Christ came in the night and stood there, my lord!' he was saying. 'The boy is mad—he raves!' 'My poor child!—Benedicta must care for thee.' It was the Lady Francesca's voice, strangely moved. 'The snow is there for a sign! It melts not, my lord! I pray thee, my lady, to come—to see!' —And other voices from the listening assembly took up the narrative, one after another:

A Soldier: 'My lord, there is snow on the Esquiline Hill!'

A Peasant: 'It covers the top of the mountain!'

A Maiden: 'The trees glisten as with diamonds!'

A Youth: 'There are snow flakes heaped as in a cross! With my eyes I have seen it!' Then the lady Francesca rose. 'A cross on the snow!' It is a sign, my lord!' she cried, 'It is a sign!'

Pietro the goat-boy led the way with the crowd pressing about

him and the Lady Francesca's hand on his shoulder, he walked as in a dream. As all ascended the mountain he seemed to see towering above, the dome of a great church whose walls the summer rains would touch for centuries to come, about whose turrets the birds would shelter their young down the ages—a home of prayer for men's sore hearts in a world grown old. A new hymn of praise began that day on his lips: 'Sweet Lady of the Snows! Pray for Pietro!' "—Stella Gertrude Semple in The Signet.

And so the Pope, clergy, and people visited the spot and found it covered with snow on August fifth, the hottest month of the year in Rome! This could happen only as a miracle. Together they set about building the great temple which is one of the seven 'Jubilee Churches', and also one of the most beautiful in Rome. The fine nave is 280 feet long and 60 broad with a double row of Greek marble columns, and above them, a frieze of mosaics representing scenes from the Old Testament. The flat coffered and painted roof by Sangallo, is gilded with the first gold brought from America to Spain, and presented to Pope Alexander VI by Ferdinand and Isabella. The mosaics of the tribune are especially fine, "surpassed by no contemporary work in grace, dignity, and decorative beauty of arrangement."

'In a blue, gold-starred circle is seen Christ enthroned with Our Lady . . . . . while Our Saviour is placing the crown on His Mother's head, she lifts up her hands with the expression both of admiration and of modest remonstrance.'

'L'amor che mosse già l'eterne padre
Per figlia aver di sua Deità trina
Costei che fu del figlio suo poi madre
Dell' universo qui fa la regina.'

—Dante.

The great baldacchino over the high altar by Fuga, erected by Pope Benedict XIV, is supported by four porphyry columns and surmounted by marble angels.

The Borghese Chapel is gorgeous with columns of verde-antico and alabaster, and a magnificent altar of jasper and lapis-lazuli; above this, is a picture attributed to St. Luke, said to have stayed the plague which decimated the city in 590.

'On a conservé à Saint-Marie-Majeure une des images de la Madonne peint par S. Luc, et plusieurs fois on a trouvé les anges chantant les litanies autour de cet tableau'.

—Stendal.

'Unless words were gems that would flame with many-colored light upon the page and throw thence a tremulous glimmer into the reader's eyes, it were vain,' says Hawthorne, 'to attempt a description of this princely chapel. Marbles, precious stones, sculptures,

frescoes, bronzes, all combine to produce a scene of splendor which may be found nowhere else in the world.'

'The funeral of Princess Borghese proved the feeling with which she was regarded. Her body lay upon a car which was drawn by forty young Romans, and was followed by all the poor of Rome, the procession swelling like a river in every street it passed through, while from all the windows flowers were showered down. In funeral ceremonies of great personages at Rome an ancient custom is observed, by which, when the body is lowered into the grave, a chamberlain, coming out to the church door, announces to the coachman, who is waiting with the family carriage, that his master or mistress has no longer need of his services; and the coachman thereupon breaks his staff of office and drives mournfully away. When this formality was fulfilled at the funeral of Princess Borghese, the whole of the vast crowd waiting outside the basilica broke into tears and sobs, and kneeling by a common impulse, prayed aloud for the soul of their benefactress.'

Tradition says that one Easter Sunday when St. Gregory VII was saying Mass in this Basilica, to his salutation of 'Pax Vobis', an invisible choir of angels answered, 'Et cum spiritu tuo', and until the occupation of Rome in 1870, the Holy Father said Mass here on Christmas, Easter, and Assumption Day. It was then customary not to respond to the words 'Pax Vobis', but to leave it to the angels. St. Henry II, Emperor of Germany, while watching and praying in this church one night, had a vision of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Many saints were accustomed to visit and pray in this sanctuary; among them St. Stanislaus, St. Ignatius, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo. Among its precious relics is the dalmatique worn by St. Thomas of Canterbury and stained with his blood.

The Obelisk brought from Egypt by Claudius, and formerly placed by Domitian at the entrance to the mausoleum of Augustus, was erected in its present position before the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore by Fontana for Pope Sixtus V.

Every year on the fifth of August in the Borghese Chapel the miracle of the snow is commemorated when, during the solemn high Mass, a shower of white rose leaves fall continuously through the vaulting, "a leafy mist between the priests and worshippers."

* * *

Our little party of six dined together on Christmas at the Hotel Italia, a comfortable and homelike house in which everybody knows everybody else. Leading from the lobby are a number of cosy nooks almost equal to private coffee-rooms, and in one of these we sipped our demi-tasse,—later there was an impromptu musicale. Our hostess Virginia M., has the hospitality typical of the true Southerner, and presides with grace and charm.

On the evening following Christmas, the operatic season opened at the Costanzi Theatre. The opera chosen was 'The Vestal', an old Roman revival. The scenery was the familiar Forum and other

landmarks of Rome, but glorified in the beautiful colorings, lights and shades, known to modern scenic painting. The music was excellent, and the soft, white draperies of the Vestals, with square of scarlet on the bodice, formed a pleasing contrast to the varied and brilliant costumes of the dancers and other participants. The Crown Prince came in with his suite and friends, and received an ovation; he is a manly lad and a great favorite with the people.

Under the Palatine Hill was the House of the Vestals, one of the most luxurious in Rome, directed by the Chief Vestal, or Abbess. The aspirant entered at the age of six to ten, and remained for thirty years, after which she was free to leave, but seldom did so, as it was considered unlucky. One of their principal duties was to keep the Sacred Fire burning in the Temple of Vesta. The Vestal must be free from physical defects, and have both parents living. If she allowed the Sacred Fire to go out, she was flogged, and if she broke her vow of chastity, she was buried alive in a subterranean chamber on the Hill of the Quirinal; she was given a lighted lamp, one loaf of bread, and a little milk and water to 'prolong the agony' of pain and remorse.

The first Vestal condemned to this awful death, was Rhea Silvia, mother of the twin founders of Rome, Romulus and Remus. The last and Chief Vestal Cornelia, was, according to tradition, falsely accused by Domitian. The Vestal was highly honored and privileged in both secular and religious matters; her evidence in court was given preference to that of others; she was given a special place in the Colosseum and Circus; the Empress when present was obliged to sit with the Vestals on public occasions. When she walked abroad, she could pass through the crowd in advance of all others, and if she met a condemned criminal, she could pardon him, if the meeting could be proved accidental. They were often endowed with great wealth by their family, the emperor, or the state.

The costume of the Vestal consisted of the stola, a white gown covering the entire body with a zona or cord around the waist; over this the pallium which was folded about the form in a variety of ways, and sometimes covered the head also as a hood. On the head she wore six bands of linen as a kind of coronet.

The worship of Vesta was continued for a time after the conversion of Constantine, but was abolished by Gratian in 367, and the Temple lasted until the end of the 15th century 'when it was destroyed by Michelangelo and his successors, the materials being used to build St. Peter's.' Many thus deplore the use of the Pagan marbles in building Christian churches,—'plundered' being the word most frequently noted in the works of some authors. Rather is it a subject for rejoicing that they are given back to Him Who made them—, to Him Who first hid them in the bosom of the everlasting hills. For centuries they have been mute witnesses of the abominations of Pagan worship, their fluted columns upholding the shrines of idols and mythological monsters; for other centuries they have stood, the pathetic remnant of fallen greatness and worldly pride.

What more fitting purpose could they achieve, than that finally they should be found worthy to beautify the Temple of the Living God?

Some venture to draw a parallel between the Vestals and the Religious of the Catholic Church, but it is far more simple to point out the contrast between them: the Pagan child of six to ten years could not understand what she was doing in joining such a body; the Christian young woman has reached the years of reason and discretion before she may take such a serious step,—and even then, is given months or years for further consideration; if in the end she wishes to give up the life of the cloister, she is allowed to go in peace. But the Vestal is bound without any right or will of her own in the matter, for the long term of thirty years, and if she broke her vows, think of the unspeakable fate that awaited her! Tradition says that Cornelia was falsely accused and condemned by Domitian, and when her foot slipped on the ladder which led down to her tomb, she scorned the vile hand of the attendant who offered to help her, gave one look at the heartless crowd assembled, then turned and went down alone to her living death!

* * *

A visit to the Irish College proved of exceeding interest. The genial and kindly rector showed us everything of note in the building, the church being fifteen hundred years old. When the Goths occupied Rome in 549, they made St. Agatha's their national church, hence the name, S. Agata dei Goti. As they were Arians, St. Gregory the Great reconsecrated and dedicated it to St. Agatha, some of whose relics he placed in the altar. In 1850, Pope Pius IX gave the Church and Convent to the Irish College.

In the left aisle of the Church is the shrine dedicated to the great Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, who, dying on his way from Genoa, willed his 'soul to God, his body to Ireland, his heart to Rome'. The College was founded in 1627 through the liberality of Cardinal Ludovisi, nephew of Gregory XV, and placed in charge of the Jesuits. One of its most illustrious students was Venerable Oliver Plunkett, the martyred Archbishop of Armagh. In the Chapel is a gilt figure of S. Agata, (patroness of Catania).

'Blessed Agatha, standing in her prison, stretched forth her hands and prayed unto the Lord, saying, "O Lord Jesus Christ my good Master, I thank Thee because Thou hast given me strength to overcome the tortures of the executioners; and now, Lord, speak the word, that I may depart hence to Thy glory which fadeth not away." Near by is the chapel which Cardinal Antonelli had erected for the burial place of his family, whose palace was hard by this church. Beside the door the tomb of Joannes Lascaris, a learned and devout refugee taken prisoner by the Turks,—bears this inscription in Greek:

'Lascaris lies here in a foreign grave; but, stranger, that does not disturb him, rather does he rejoice; yet he is not without sorrow, as a Grecian, that his fatherland will not bestow on him the freedom of a grave.'

We visited the library and walked about the lovely old garden; returning to the drawing-room, on the best piano we have found in Rome, we played some old Irish music. After making our 'adios', we were off to visit the Cribs at the Churches of Santa Maria in Via Lata and Santi Apostoli. We found them especially interesting and beautiful. The Praesepio in Rome is an object of art and piety which engages the best artists of the time in that line of work. They are supplied with real 'scenery',—the distant mountains, shepherds guarding their flocks, the Wise Men crossing the desert on their camels etc. They transport one back to the hills of Bethlehem on that 'holy night' when Heaven was opened to the sons of men.

* * *

The Church of S. Maria in Via Lata, founded by Sergius I in the 8th century, was twice rebuilt, the second time in 1662 when the façade and portico were added by Pietro da Cortona. In this church they still show a little chapel in which 'as hath been handed down from the first ages, St. Luke the Evangelist wrote and painted the effigy of the Virgin Mother of God.' The subterranean church is said to have been that house in which St. Paul lodged with the Centurion when in Rome. It belonged to Martialis who, according to well-founded tradition, was the child blessed by the Divine Master when He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and who from that time was a faithful follower of our Lord. He bore the basket of bread and fishes in the wilderness on the occasion of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and served at table at the Last Supper.

It was at this time during the two years after he was condemned that St. Paul, though in chains and in charge of a soldier guard, went about 'preaching the Kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him. Acts XXVIII 16, 23, 30, 31.

In the crypt of the church is shown a fountain which sprang up miraculously in answer to the prayer of St. Paul that he might have water to baptize his converts. "We are told," says Rydberg, "in language peculiarly emphatic, that his teaching was subjected to no restraint whatever, and that which seemed at first to impede, must really have deepened the impression of his eloquence; for who could see without emotion that venerable form subjected by iron links to the coarse control of the soldier who stood beside him? How often must the tears of the assembly have been called forth by the upraising of that fettered hand, and the clanking of the chain which checked its energetic action!"

* * *

The Church of the Santi Apostoli was founded in 560, rebuilt in 1420, and still further altered and modernized in 1602. This is the burial place of the House of Colonna, one of the most ancient and powerful famiiles of Rome. The interior is vast and impressive, and the ceiling has wonderful mosaics greatly admired by artists, as also the tomb of Clement XIV by Canova. Clement XIV was

the last Pope to form part of the 'cavalcata', the picturesque procession from the Quirinal to the Lateran, riding as Popes had always done hitherto, on a white palfrey covered with a crimson velvet gold-embroidered saddle cloth, led by the representative Colonna.

Michelangelo lived and died (1574) in this parish and his remains rested in this church until removed to Florence. The traditional grave of St. Philip and St. James the Less, the 'Apostoli' to whom the Church is dedicated, was opened during the restoration of the Church in 1873. The bodies were found in a sarcophagus of beautiful translucent marble and re-enshrined under the altar.

James III, 'the Old Pretender', lay in state here for five days crowned, sceptred, and in royal robes, under a canopy inscribed,

Jacobus Magnæ Britanniæ Rex, Anno MDCCCLXVI.

Near the Church is the Palazzo Savorelli (now Balestra) the Roman residence of the Stuarts, and it was here both James III and his wife Maria Sobieski died; the latter in the habit of a Dominican nun, lay in state five days (1735) upon royal robes with a royal crown, and were carried hence with regal pomp to St. Peter's. Prince Charles Edward, 'the Young Pretender' also died here, where he was born in 1720 amid great rejoicing. Hare quotes the Dublin Review thus:

'The cannon of S. Angelo thundered in his honour. A new star was said to appear in the heavens that night to hail him. The Pope provided the baby-linen to the value of 6000 scudi. The Sacred College and the Spanish Court came with their liberal offerings of gold. He was baptized by the names of Charles Edward Louis Casimir.'

During the lifetime of this Prince, it was regarded as high treason for a British subject to enter the Stuart home in the Palazzo Savorelli. Hare says that 'Cardinal York used to drive hither from Albano with four horses, full gallop, attended by running footmen, who were so active and well-trained that they could tire out the fleetest horse.'

The young Countess Savorelli whose pathetic love-story is told by About, is buried in the Santi Apostoli. She is the Tolla, and a member of the Doria-Pamphili family the Lello, of the romantic tale.

'The convent which Tolla had sanctified by her death sent three embassies in turn to beg to preserve her relics: already the people spoke of her as a saint. But Count Feraldi (Savorelli) considered that it was due to his honour and to his vengeance, to bear her remains with pomp to the tomb of his family. He had sufficient influence to obtain that for which permission is not granted once in ten years—the right of transporting her uncovered, upon a bed of white velvet, and of sparing her the horrors of a coffin. The beloved remains were wrapped in the white muslin robe which she wore in the

garden on the day when she exchanged her sweet vows with Lello. The Marchesa Trasimeni, ill and wasted as she was, came herself to arrange her hair in the manner she loved.

Every garden in Rome despoiled itself to send her its flowers; it was only necessary to choose. The funeral procession quitted the church of S. Antonio Abbate on Thursday evening at 7.30 for the Santi Apostoli, where the Feraldi are buried. The body was preceded by a long file of the black and white confraternities, each bearing its banner. The red light of the torches played upon the countenance of the beautiful dead, and seemed to animate her afresh. The piazza was filled with a dense and closely packed but dumb crowd; no discordant sound troubled the grief of the relations and friends of Tolla, who wept together at the Palazzo Feraldi . . . . .

'The Church of the Apostoli and the tomb of the poor loving girl become on certain days of the year an object of pilgrimage, and more than one Roman maiden adds to her evening litany the words, "S. Tolla, virgin and martyr, pray for us." '

The beautiful alabaster columns in the Odescalchi Chapel were originally in the House of Augustus on the Palatine Hill.

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At the close of our day Mrs. G. of Chicago was the gracious hostess at a little Tea Party in the Palazzo Colonna. Some hold that the Colonna took their name from the neighboring Column of Trajan, (la Colonna.) However this may be, the family is a very old and powerful one, which Petrarch lauds in his Sonetto X:

'Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s'appoggia
Nostra speranza, e 'l gran nome latino,
Ch'ancor non torse dal vero cammino
L'ira di Giove per ventosa pioggia.'

The palace was begun in the 15th century and continued at later periods. Pope Martin V (Oddone Colonna) resided in the Palazzo Colonna, thinking it more secure than the Vatican. One tower remains of the famous Colonna fortress used in mediæval warfare with the Orsini and Cætani. The Gallery consists of a Great Hall, a truly grand and imposing room hung with mirrors, and adjoining apartments containing some fine pictures, the best of them the family portraits. The high vaulted and painted ceilings give an idea of its splendor in the old days. It seems a pity that the fine old Palace should be given over to the prosaic purpose of serving tea, with a squeaky band in attendance. There we met a group of our friends from the Italia, and another from the Flora, when presently we imagined ourselves taking part in a brilliant function given by the Colonna for our special entertainment!

This afternoon with Mrs. G. and V. we visited Villa Lante, now occupied by the Religious of the Sacred Heart. It was built in the 16th century by Giulio Romano for Mgr. Baldassare Turisi da Pescia, Secretary to Pope Clement VII. It contains some frescoes by Romano.

After meeting to-day by appointment at Santa Susanna's, we made a round of visits to neighboring churches, first San Bernardo Rotondo originally part of the Baths of Diocletian. This circular hall was converted into a church by Catherine de Nobili Sforza, Countess Santa Fiora, who founded here a monastery for Cistertian monks. It was seized in 1872 and has since been used as barracks. The great religious artist Frederick Overbeck is buried here, and another interesting tomb is that of young Cardinal Robert de Nobili, who had bound himself to become a Jesuit, but was not permitted to leave the Papal Court; he therefore regulated his life exactly by the Rules of the Society of Jesus, placed himself under the direction of the Father General, and completed his short life of eighteen years by an illness borne with heroic patience.

* * *

The Baths of Diocletian which as we have seen, were transformed into churches, museums, and other buildings for other uses, were typical of the great Baths of Rome. Bulwer Lytton in the 'Last Days' writes: 'Imagine all Pompeii converted into baths, and you will then form a notion of the Imperial Thermæ of Rome, but a notion of size only. Imagine every entertainment for mind and body; enumerate all the gymnastic games our fathers invented; repeat all the books Italy and Greece have produced; suppose places for all these games, admirers for all these works; add to this baths of the vastest size, the most complicated combination; intersperse the whole with gardens, with theatres, with porticoes, with schools; suppose, in one word, a city of the gods, composed but of palaces and public edifices, and you may form some faint idea of the glories of the great baths of Rome.'

If there be truth in the old axiom that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness', certainly the luxury-loving Romans of imperial times forgot that other equally wise truism that one may have 'too much of a good thing.' We can easily believe that as Hare says, 'The habits of luxury and inertia which were accentuated by the magnificent baths of the Emperors were among the causes of the decline of Rome' . . . . . They were Cyclopean clubs. Thousands of the Roman youth frittered away their lives in these magnificent halls, which were provided with everything which could gratify the senses. Poets were wont to recite their verses to, and artists to sketch, those who were enjoying the baths.'

'Let us follow one of the elegant youths of Rome,' says Lanciani, 'in to one of the great thermæ. He is welcomed at his entrance by the ostiarius, or porter, a tall majestic fellow with a sword at his side, and by the capsarius, or wardrobe-keeper, who takes charge of his wraps.

'Then follows a general salutation and kissing of friends, exchange of the last topics and scandals of the day; reading of the newspapers, or acta diurna. The visitor then selects the kind of bath which may suit his particular case—cold, tepid, warm, shower, or perspiration.

The bath over, the real business begins, as, for example, taking a constitutional up and down the beautiful grounds, indulging in athletic sports or simple gymnastics to restore circulation, and to prepare himself for the delights of the table.'

'The luxurious meal finished, the gigantic club-house could supply him with every kind of amusement; libraries, concerts, literary entertainments, reading of the latest poems or novels, popular or Barnum-like shows, conversation with the noblest and most beautiful women. Very often a second bath was taken to prepare for the evening meal. All this could be done by three or four thousand persons at one and the same time, without confusion or delay, because of the great number of servants and slaves attached to the establishment.'

* * *

After this digression, let us follow on to the Church of Santa Maria della Vittoria, re-dedicated to Our Lady of Victory in memory of the success of Maximilian of Bavaria in the Battle of Prague in 1620. The altar is a gift of Prince Torlonia. In the transept is the well-known group of St. Teresa by Bernini, greatly admired as a work of art, and severely criticised as materialistic and irreligious. The sacristy contains several historic flags, among them: the flag captured from the Turks at Temeswar (1662) placed here by Pope Clement XI in the name of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria; a standard taken from the Moors at Ceuta (1415) presented by Philip V of Spain; other flags taken from the Turks were given to the church by the King of Poland and Maria Teresa of Austria; also a large and beautiful banner captured from the Sultan's galley, and presented to the church by the Knights of Malta.

* * *

Our visits to the churches ended for the day, off we went to the Colosseum where the ever-present photo man 'snapped' us. It is hard to 'look pleasant' amid such surroundings, for one feels oppressed by the sense of tragedy, of cruelty, suffering, sorrow and death. 'Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation strike upon the stranger the next moment like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps,' says Dickens, 'will he be so moved and overcome by any sight not immediately connected with his own affections and afflictions.

'To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green, its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday springing up on its parapets, and bearing fruit; chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds who built their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its pit of fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful cross planted in the centre; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius Severus, and Titus, the Roman Forum, the

Palace of the Cæsars, the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone, is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin, God be thanked—a ruin.'

The Colosseum (or Coliseum) was begun in A. D. 72 by Vespasian on the site of the fish-pond of Nero's Golden House, finished by Titus after his return from the conquest of Jerusalem, bringing twelve thousand captive Jews who were set to work on it. The building (as its name suggests) is of colossal proportions, elliptical in shape, 620 feet in length, 525 in width, 157 in height, and erected in that marvellous fashion of laying upon one another great blocks of travertine without mortar, joined together with iron clamps. It was originally coated with white marble within and without. The arena, so called from the sand with which the wooden floor was covered to soak up the blood and give the fighters a firm footing, was encircled by a wall, and this surmounted by an iron railing, to protect the spectators from the wild animals which were admitted through trap-doors. Parallel with and back of this, was a wide passage in which the attendants patrolled during the performances. Above this rose the Podeum, a broad raised marble loggia, where sat the Emperor, Empress, and their family on thrones of gold and ivory under a silken canopy. Near them were places for the Senators and the Vestals. Behind this division rose the Cavea, consisting of twenty tiers of seats for those of equestrian rank, each rank distinguished by a particular costume, and beyond these sat ordinary citizens. Behind the latter, rose a lofty wall with open arches; at intervals in these, were placed statues separating them from galleries for the lower classes in which was 'standing room only.' Altogether the building would hold about 80000 persons. Surrounding the walls was a succession of pine masts, on which were raised awnings to protect the spectators from the burning rays of the sun.

'The dedication of the Colosseum afforded Titus an opportunity for a display of magnificence hitherto unrivalled. A battle of cranes with dwarfs representing the pigmies was a fanciful novelty, and might afford diversion for a moment: there were combats of gladiators, among whom were women, (can anything more horrible be imagined?) though no noble matron was allowed to mingle in the fray; and the capacity of the edifice was tested by the slaughter of five thousand animals in its circuit. The show was crowned with the immission of water into the arena, and with a sea-fight representing the contests of the Corinthians and Corcyrians, related by Thucydides. . . . '

'Hadrian gave a series of entertainments in honour of his birthday, ... One magical scene was the representation of forests, when the whole arena became planted with living trees, shrubs, and

flowers; to complete which illusion the ground was made to open, and send forth wild animals from yawning clefts, instantly re-covered with bushes.'

Gladiators were originally slaves or prisoners condemned to death; later they were trained at the public expense for their precarious calling. Commodus debased the imperial dignity by appearing frequently himself as a gladiator, killing both gladiators and wild beasts, calling himself Hercules, dressed in a lion's skin, his hair sprinkled with gold dust!' When the spectacle was about to take place, the gladiators marched into the arena in procession by the Forum and Lateran entrances. Those criminals who were condemned to fight to the death, paused at the imperial loggia, saluting the Emperor with these words:

'Ave Cæsar, morituri te salutant! —'Hail Cæsar, those about to die salute thee!'

But the spectacle which appealed most strongly to the savage instincts of the great mass of the people, was the devouring of the holy martyrs by the wild beasts. In the persecution of Trajan, A. D. 107, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was condemned and brought to Rome in chains. On reaching the arena, he knelt on the sands and exclaimed, "Romans who are present, know that I have not been brought into this place for any crime, but in order that by this means I may merit the fruition of the glory of God, for love of Whom I have been made prisoner. I am as the grain of the field, and must be ground by the teeth of the lions, that I may become bread fit for His table." The lions were then loosed—they rushed upon him, tore him to pieces and devoured him, amid the applause of the people! Nothing was left except the large bones and a portion of the skull! These were reverently gathered up by the Christians, and St. John Chrysostom tells us that they were borne in triumph from Rome to Antioch. When in 637 the latter city fell, the relics were brought back to Rome, where they rest under the high altar at San Clemente, the Church of the Gesù, and Santa Maria del Popolo.

"It is related of St. Ignatius that he grew up in such innocence of heart and purity of life, that to him it was granted to hear the angels sing; hence when he became Bishop of Antioch, he introduced into the services of his church, the practise of singing the praises of God in responses as he had heard the choirs of angels answering each other. Shortly after the martyrdom of St. Ignatius in the Colosseum, 115 Christians were there shot down with arrows. Under Hadrian, a patrician Placidus, his wife Theophista, and their two sons were exposed in the amphitheatre to the wild beasts who refused to touch them, so they were then shut up in a brazen bull and roasted to death. In 259, Abdon and Sennen, two wealthy citizens of Babylon were exposed to lions and bears who could not be forced to attack them; they were killed by the swords of the gladiators. St. Prisca, a girl of thirteen of noble birth, was condemned by the Emperor Claudian and exposed to a lion, but the savage beast lay

down and licked her feet!—so she was beheaded. St. Martina, a noble Roman lady, was unharmed by the wild beasts, decapitation being her fate also. Countless other victims here gave up their lives under the most cruel torments.

Who can describe the horror of such a scene?—the heat, the dust, the blood, the snarling of the wild beasts hungry for their prey, (they were not fed for days that they might have a good appetite for the Christians) the excitement, the clamor of eighty thousand throats, voicing their one desire—"Christianos ad leones!" —'the Christians to the lions!' Holy men of God, noble Roman matrons, delicate maidens, innocent children,—how were such as these to endure the most frightful torture that fiendish ingenuity could devise without flinching? Because in every case God's grace was at hand to help the poor sufferer—. "It was the strength not of nature," says Father Anderdon S. J. "but of grace, therefore of God."

It is impossible to estimate the great number of Christians who gave up their lives in the Colosseum, or to imagine the terrible suffering they there endured. Piazza mentions one group of 260 who were condemned to work in the pozzolana (clay pits) outside the Porta Salaria, and then shot down with arrows in the Flavian Amphitheatre (Colosseum). During the Jubilee of 1675 Pope Clement X had inscriptions placed on its walls which referred to the ground as 'sanctified by the blood of countless martyrs.'

We may be sure that there were some individuals whose hearts were touched with pity for the victims of such cruelty, but they were stifled by cowardice and the fear of public opinion. "The Christians were the real victors in these scenes. Martyrdom was a prize for which they eagerly competed. The exposure in the Colosseum, far from being a deterrent, had a large influence in spreading the new Faith. The imagination of the whole world was powerfully affected by the wonderful tales of heroism and baffled cruelty which came from every amphitheatre in the Roman Empire."

Many of the Pagans even, disapproved of the gladiatorial combats—Cicero wrote: "What delight can it be for a refined mind to see a feeble man torn by a powerful beast, or a noble animal pierced by a javelin?" Constantine and other Christian emperors endeavored unsuccessfully to do away with the gladiators, but the people had gotten the taste of blood and would not be denied. Finally in 403 A. D., Telemachus, an Eastern monk, as a protest against such performances, rushed into the arena in the effort to separate the contestants, but instead of listening to him, the people stoned him to death.

Gradually however, there was growing a revulsion of feeling against the spectacles, and finally in the sixth century Justinian put an end to this unnecessary and brutal shedding of human blood.

A tall cross in the centre of the arena, formerly marked the spot where the martyrs suffered and all around were the small chapels or stations where the Way of the Cross was observed every Friday

by pious confraternities, followed by crowds of the people, and a sermon was preached at the close by a Capuchin monk,—but since 1872, in all this vast ruin there is no longer room for the Cross!* The preaching of Blessed Leonard of Porte Maurice always drew great numbers to the place, and in 1744 he founded the 'Amanti di Gesù e Maria' who had constructed the Stations. St. Benoit Joseph Labré used to pray for hours together at its shrines, and sleep under its arches. St. Philip Neri and St. Gregory came often to pray to the holy martyrs.

The Colosseum has been called 'the most striking monument at once of the material and moral degradation of Rome. In the Middle Ages it was used as a stronghold by the Romans and by different warring factions and families who made it their fortress. In 1332 it was used for bull-fights in which eighteen noble Roman youths lost their lives. In 1381 it was in charge of the Canons of the Lateran and used as a hospital. Shops and factories have been allowed under its arcades, but in the 18th century a reaction set in and Pope Clement XI consecrated the interior to the memory of the martyrs who suffered and died there, and erected within the walls, the chapel of Santa Maria della Pietà, but the hermit appointed to care for it, was stabbed in 1742 which induced Pope Benedict XIV to close it in with bars and gates.

Nothing is left of the seven early churches built to commemorate the martyrs who suffered there. The flora of the amphitheatre, up to four hundred varieties, forming an interesting feature, has been rooted out and the interior scraped clean. The name Colosseum, may have been given because of its size, but more likely, from the colossal statue of Nero which stood in the vicinity. The building was supposedly in well-preserved condition when Venerable Bede first quoted a prophecy of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims:—

Quamdiu stet Colysæus
Stet et Roma
Quando cadet Colysæus
Cadet et Roma
Quando cadet Roma
Cadet et Mundus.

'While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, the world.'

The depression one feels on a visit to the Colosseum soon vanishes in Mrs. G.'s cheerful company, and together we set out for the Scotch College. The Rector was gracious and kindly, showing us everything of interest—the chapel, the garden, the library, the framed Declaration of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'. The College occupies the site of an ancient Scotch Hospice with a picturesque brick cupola by Borromine that is said to oscillate when the bells are rung. Before the Reformation it was the National Church of the Scots (Sant'Andrea delle Fratte). In one of the chapels oc-

*Again a Cross rises in the Colosseum placed there by the Fascisti.

curred January 20, 1842, a miracle which is annually commemorated there: A Jew travelling in Rome, Alphonso Ratisbonne, stepped into the church and was to his astonishment granted an apparition of the Blessed Virgin. He was at once converted, became a zealous priest and died in Jerusalem. He tells his experience in these words:

'Era un istante ch'io mi stava in chiesa allora che di colpo mi sentii preso da inesprimibile conturbomento. Alzai gli occhi; tutto l'edifizio s'era dileguata a'miei sguardi; sola una cappella aveva come in se raccolta tutta la luce, e di mezzo di raggianti splendori s'è mostrata diritta sull'altare, grande sfolgoreggiante, piena di mæstà e di dolcezza, la Vergine Maria. Une sforza irrisistibile m'ha sospinto verso di lei. La Vergine m'ha fatto della mano segno d'inginocchiarmi; pareva volermi dire, "Bene!" Ella non mi ha parlato, ma io ho inteso tutto.'—

In the 'Récit d'une Soeur', one may read the story substantially the same as told by M. Ratisbonne himself:

'M. Ratisbonne, un juif, appartenant à une très-riche famille d'Alsace, qui se trouvait accidentellement à Rome, se promenant dans l'église de S. Andrea delle Fratte pendent qu'on y faisait les préparatifs pour les obsèques de M. de la Ferronays, s'y est converti subitement. Il se trouvait debout en face d'une chapelle dédiée à l'ange gardien, a quelque pas, lorsque tout-à-coup il a eu une apparition lumineuse de la Sainte Vierge qui lui a fait signe d'aller vers cette chapelle. Une force irrésistible l'y a entraîné, il y est tombe a genoux, et il a été a l'instant chrétien. Sa première parole à celui qui l'avait accompagné a été, en relevant son visage inondé de larmes: "Il faut que ce monsieur ait beaucoup prié pour moi." '—

In the third chapel is buried Angelica Kauffmann, and in the right aisle the Prussian artist Schadow. The cloister is beautiful and cool with the shade of orange and lemon trees. A fine statue represents the death of St. Anne by Pacetti. Nearly opposite is the house of Bernini the famous sculptor, where Sir Walter Scott made a stay in 1832.

* * *

The fact that these were the Christmas Holidays, must explain (and I trust justify) our gay and perhaps frivolous doings, about this time in the Holy City. Our Hotel gave a real 'spread' on New Year's Eve, and the guests dined and danced while waiting for the old year to usher in his infant successor. The spirit of fun was abroad, which was visibly increased when the ladies received 'favors' —funny little dolls, rattles, parasols, etc., which children could not have enjoyed more than the 'grownups'. V. gave one of her sociable little Tea parties at the Grand, and we dined together here on New Year's in honor of our departing guest Mrs. G. The orchestra gave an especially good concert but we were depressed by the thought of losing a favorite member of our little company.

* * *

On the Feast of the Epiphany we attended an interesting ser-

vice at the Vatican, namely the reading of a Decree, that is an enquiry into the miracles ascribed to a French Religious, Blessed Marie Madeleine Postel, in preparation for her canonization. She had been Foundress and first Superior of the Christian Schools of Mercy. When all had assembled in the Hall of Consistory, Cardinals, Monsignori, Bishops, Canons, and guests, the Holy Father entered, taking his place on his throne. The Bishop charged with the Cause, read the Decree in Latin. To this His Holiness replied, speaking in French for about half an hour,—then for about the same length of time in Italian. Before bestowing the title of 'Saint' on one of its devout members, the Church makes a most rigorous and exhaustive enquiry and examination into every act of the aspirant's life, and above all, into the miracles ascribed to him through the supernatural power as bestowed on him by God. After the customary acts of homage to the Holy Father, he took his leave. A copy of the Decree (in Latin) was presented to each guest.

* * *

In the afternoon of the same great feast-day, Virginia and I went up to Ara-Coeli, as stated elsewhere, to see the famous image of the Christ-Child, known as the Santissimo Bambino d'Ara-Coeli, and to listen to the 'child preachers'. They were telling with sweet simplicity, how in the early morning, they had heard the flutter of angel wings and the music of heavenly choirs; that they had seen the bright and beautiful star in the East; that they had followed the shepherds, and at last had looked upon the Holy Child!—That with Him was Mary, the Mother, and Joseph standing by, and all about them a wonderful light 'the Light that never was on land or sea!'

* * *

It is always a joy to see Monsignor O. who honored us to-day by a call at the Hotel,—it is no wonder everybody loves him, and I doubt not that there is many a case of hero-worship among those susceptible young American students. In the evening our party attended the Opera where 'Rigoletto' was finely given. There was a gay and brilliant audience which showed appreciation, especially of the soprano and tenor, whom we shall doubtless pay tribute to some day in America.

* * *

Mrs. and Miss M. of New York whom we had so long hoped to meet in Florence, are now settled here in Rome at the Hotel Majestic. When we have drawn a mental picture of some one whom we have never seen; it is good to find that the 'original' more than fulfils our expectation,—such was the case with these (later) our good friends. We first met here at the Flora, and a few days afterward at Mrs. M.'s invitation, we had a 'cosy cup' together at the new

Embassy Tea Rooms. Then we visited some wonderful shops, the first displaying a great collection of beautiful things with designs in stencil work—, sumptuous gowns and wraps stenciled by hand in gold and pastel tints, cushions, pictures etc. In the next, were exquisite specimens of the silversmith's art,—vases, bowls, tops for hand-bags etc., all in perfect handiwork and refined taste.—Italy and artistry are synonymous.

* * *

This morning being especially bright and clear, Virginia and I started out with our cameras for the Colosseum, the Arches of Titus and S. Severus, the Forum and other landmarks famous in Roman history. The Arch of Titus was erected to commemorate the victory of that Emperor over the Jews, and the siege of Jerusalem. Jewish trophies, among them the seven-branched candlestick and other spoils of the Temple are sculptured on the inner side of the Arch beneath the vaulting. There is represented the destruction of the city: fire, pillage, assault, groups of prisoners. On the opposite side, the reverse of the picture: Titus crowned with the laurel of victory, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses, and surrounded by admiring groups. At one time the Jews obtained from the Christians the privilege of passing around the Arch instead of under it, and to this day their successors follow this custom, passing on as quickly as may be, with averted face, as if the humiliation of their people were still their own. "You seem affected by the sorrows of the Israelites" we said to V. "I'm wondering if our 'snapshots' will come out well," said she, still serious. At the other end of the Forum stands the Arch of Septimius Severus erected by the Senate to that Emperor and his two sons, Caracalla and Geta, in memory of their victory over the Parthians. After Caracalla had slain his brother, he had the name of the latter erased, though the erasure may still be seen. In the Middle Ages the Arch was surmounted by a belfry which called the faithful to a neighboring church.

To-day we visited the Pantheon (temple of all the gods), and it seems as if the passing of two thousand years has made comparatively little impression upon it. Though deprived of all its brass except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this 'rotunda'. Built in 27 B. C. by Agrippa and frequently restored by Popes and Emperors, it was in 391 closed as a temple, but consecrated by Pope Boniface IV in 608 as a Christian church, with the consent of the Emperor Phocas, and given the title of 'Santa Maria ad Martyres' on account of the great number of relics brought to it from the Catacombs by Pope Boniface. It is to this consecration to Christian worship that it owes its preservation.

The interior is a circle 143 feet in diameter, covered with a coffered dome in which a circular aperture admits light and air, there

being no windows. It has immense fluted columns of giallo antico and a pavement of porphyry. The niches which were formerly occupied by the most artistic statues of the gods that Greece could supply, are now replaced by those of the Saints. ' "Where," asked Rechschid Pasha, on his visit to the Pantheon, "are the statues of the heathen gods?" "Of course they were removed when the temple was christianized," was the natural answer. "No," he replied, "I would have left them standing to show how the true God had triumphed over them in their own house" '—Cardinal Wiseman.

The gilded bronze tiles which covered the roof were carried away by the Emperor Constans to Constantinople where they fell into the hands of the Saracens, but fortunately the colossal bronze doors are still in place. Of the fifteen altars, six were dedicated to Our Lady, two of these being destroyed (!) to make way for the tombs of King Victor Emmanuel in 1878, and King Humbert in 1900! It has become the burial place of the House of Savoy, and of painters, containing the remains of Raphæl and others of lesser note. Raphæl's epitaph

> 'Ille his est Raphæl, timuit quo sospite vinci
> Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.'

which Pope translates thus:

> 'Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
> Her works; and dying, fears herself to die.'

'Raffælle mourût à l'âge de 37 ans. Son corps resta exposé pendant trois jours. Au moment ou l'on s'apprêtait à le descendre dans sa dernière demeure, on vit arriver le pape (Léon X) qui se prosterna, pria quelques instants, bénit Raphæl, et lui prit pour la dernière fois le main, qu'il arrosa de ses larmes (si prostrò innanzi l'estinto Raffællo et baciogli quella mano, tra le lacrime.)

The aperture in the centre of the dome gives a strange impression, like a great eye looking up into the blue sky with the fleecy clouds floating by in huge masses. "I can imagine," said Anne, "that they are great cohorts of angels, the heavenly messengers who bear on high to Our Lady and Her Divine Son, the petitions of the faithful assembled below in her honor." "Yes," added Louise, "and have you noticed that they do not in the least obscure the light, but rather dissolve and diffuse it into more brilliant and beautiful rays than appear elsewhere?" "Perhaps," said spirituelle Mrs. G., "they are to illumine our needy understandings and purify our earthly and unworthy thoughts."

During the Middle Ages the Pope always said Mass in the Pantheon on Pentecost, and during the service a shower of white rose leaves were dropped continuously through the aperture in honor of the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

* * *

Everywhere in Rome one comes upon the Pagan and Christian memorials strangely intermingled—, so one may not visit the Forum without seeing the Church of Sta. Francesca Romana, formerly Santa Maria Nuova, which stands in the very portico of Hadrian's Temple of Venus, and above the Via Sacra, built by Pope Leo IV in 850 A. D. When the church was totally destroyed by fire in 1216, an ancient picture of Our Lady (said to have been painted by St. Luke, and brought from Troy in 1100) was the only object saved. It was taken for safety to St. Adriano's, and after the restoration in 1220, there was some difference of opinion as to which church should retain the picture, but the chronicle tells us that the question was settled by a child saying, "The Madonna is already in her own Church." No one knew how she had come hither. There is a beautiful 13th century campanile ornamented with discs of enameled pottery called citole. The cloister attached to the church had been for a time the residence of the poet Tasso, and three centuries later, Liszt made it his home. Saint Frances was one of the most popular Saints of Rome, and appeals to us especially because she was, one might say, so 'human'. A busy housewife and mother, yet while fulfilling perfectly the many duties of her position, she found time to work constantly and diligently for the needs of the poor. Although of a wealthy and noble family, for her own humiliation she used to sit for hours at the church doors begging alms for the needy; any day she might be seen on the streets of the city, carrying a load of faggots on her head, or, if it were too large and heavy, in a little donkey cart behind which she humbly walked, clad in an old patched and faded gown.

"Imagine", said Virginia, "a lady of one of the proudest families of Rome, going about the streets meeting her friends, looking such a fright! I wonder how her aristocratic relatives felt about it?" "They were furious," said Anne, "and when reasoning with her proved of no avail, some of them wished to spirit her away so she could not disgrace them further." But the holy Saint gave little heed to anything but her good works and the care of her two children whom she brought up to be as holy as herself. "Do you remember," said Louise, "how we used to be warned at school against 'human respect?' " "Yes," said Mrs. G., "but it takes a saint sometimes to have the courage of one's convictions."

One day she had attempted four times to read a verse of her spiritual exercises, being called away each time by some household task; when she returned the last time, she found it written in letters of golden light by her guardian angel, whose visible presence she had enjoyed for thirty years,—so she said 'one must sometimes leave God on His altars, and find Him in her work.' Her mother was Isabella de Roffredeschi, a devoted woman, who trained the little maid so that she was a saint from her early childhood.

'After the death of Francesca (Ponziani)' says Lady Fullerton, 'her body remained during a night and a day at the Ponziani Palace, the Oblates (which she had founded at Tor de' Specchi) watching

by turns over the beloved remains . . . . . Francesca's face, which had recently borne traces of age and suffering, became as beautiful again as in the days of youth and prosperity, and the astonished bystanders gazed with wonder and awe at her unearthly loveliness' . . . . .

The tomb of the Saint by Bernini is rich in bronzes and marbles added at the expense of Donna Agata Pamphili, sister of Pope Innocent X, herself an Oblate. This was a company of devout women of good family, living together but unbound by vows, and devoted to works of charity, having their own private means which, after a very meagre living, was spent entirely for the poor.

The church contains the tomb of Gregory XI, the last French Pope who is represented in a bas-relief returning from Avignon to Rome at the instance of St. Catherine of Siena so that she is said to have 'brought back the Chair of Peter on her shoulders'. This Church is built on a more ancient Oratory of St. Peter in memory of his (here on the Via Sacra) frustrating the wicked designs of Simon Magus. 'Simon,' says Father Chandlery, 'had succeeded in ingratiating himself with the young Emperor Nero, who seemed to have a morbid craving to learn the secrets of the 'black art'. The magician had promised the Emperor and people that he would fly in the air, borne up by angels, and so rival the Ascension of Christ. On the appointed day the Emperor and people assembled in the Forum, and among the crowd stood Peter, fearing the effect on the newly-converted Christians of this display of diabolical power.

Suddenly Simon rose in the air, as if miraculously, and at once Peter fell on his knees beseeching our Lord to stop this scandalous mockery of the mystery of His Ascension. At the prayer of the Apostle the diabolical power was broken and Simon was dashed headlong to the ground, staining with his blood the balcony on which the Emperor was seated. A few days later he died raving with pain and despair. The story is confirmed by two pagan writers, Suetonius and Dion Chrysostomus.'

* * *

I was inclined to omit Orvieto for as you know, it is a trip of two hours each way from Rome, but when I read in your letter, "Don't miss it", that was enough—I knew the town and its great cathedral must be well worth the journey. "Situated on an isolated tufa rock," (still I quote you) "which rises abruptly from the surrounding plain, apparently for no other reason than to have a cathedral built upon it." And so it was chosen as the site of this great edifice, one of the finest in Italy and a magnificent example of the Gothic style, built to commemorate the 'Miracle of Bolsena.' The 'Miracle' forms the subject of one of Raphæl's frescoes in the Vatican, and took place in 1263 at Bolsena, about twelve miles distant from Orvieto. A Bohemian priest was somewhat doubtful as to the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Sacred Host, when immediately after he had consecrated It, there appeared upon It, drops of blood! In

commemoration of this, Pope Urban IV instituted the Feast of Corpus Domini (Corpus Christi) in 1284.

Here, then, at Orvieto is preserved the corporal which the priest used on that occasion, stained with the Precious Blood. It is kept in a silver reliquary 'neath a canopy of marble mosaic, in the Capella del Caporale behind the high altar. Each year on the Festival of Corpus Domini the holy Corporal is shown to the people in solemn procession. The silver-gilt reliquary executed by Vieri of Siena in 1337, is four and one half feet broad by two feet high, the 'Miracle' being represented on it in transparent enamel.

The façade of the Cathedral is enriched with gorgeous sculptures and mosaics, and is classed as one of the largest and finest examples known of polychrome decoration. There are excellent bas-reliefs representing scenes from the Old and New Testaments. Over the principal entrance is a Madonna under a marble canopy, and in the three pointed gables, are mosaics on a golden ground. The pointed windows have the upper parts of stained glass, the lower of translucent alabaster. The 'Miracle' is shown in frescoes surrounding the main altar. The Madonna of S. Brizio is a miraculous painting and one of the treasures of the Church. In the afternoon a drive to St. Patrick's Well, the Etruscan Tombs, and later back to Rome.

* * *

V. and I continue our Sunday afternoon visits to churches, those we saw to-day having special interest. Santa Maria in Trastevere was founded by Calixtus I on the spot where a fountain of oil welled forth miraculously on the night of our Lord's birth. There are mosaics and a fine 'Annunciation' by Cavallini. Twenty-two ancient columns, their Ionic capitals decorated with heads of Egyptian deities, were brought from the Baths of Caracalla. The fine pavement is of porphyry, verde antico and other marbles in the style known as 'cosimato' work. The gorgeous carved and gilded ceiling is attributed to Dominichino, and an oil painting on the right wall is by the same master. The beautiful altar in honor of St. Philip and St. James was erected by Cardinal Philip d'Alençon, his tomb with recumbent statue by Paulus.

This was the titular church of our lamented American Cardinal Gibbons, whose portrait hangs in the sacristy. The sexton (supposedly), in purple cassock, looked like a cleric but for his moustache. He showed us about with courtly attention when he learned we were Americans, and seemed even more gracious when I told him that Virginia's father had been the late Cardinal's attorney, friend, and the companion of his long walks, and that she herself had been confirmed by that venerable prelate's kindly hand. A handsome and distinguished Monsignor, (whom I think must have been the pastor) joined our group, and explained everything to us in his soft and beautiful Italian speech.

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Then we went on to the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, built in 1370 on the ruins of a Temple of Minerva erected by Pompey in return for his successes in Asia. It is noted for its services, often of an imposing character. Up to 1870, on the Feast of the Annunciation, came the famous 'Procession of the White Mule', when the Sacred Host was borne by the grand almoner riding on the papal mule, followed by the Pope in his glass coach, and a long train of cardinals and other dignitaries. Up to the time of Pius VI, it was the Pope himself who rode on the white mule, but Pius VII was too infirm, and after that, the Popes gave it up. Balconies were hung with scarlet draperies, flowers showered down upon the papal coach, and the Pope received with tumultuous 'evvivas'.

It was in this church that Cagliostro was forced to do public penance for his magical arts. There is an interesting painting by Fra Angelico representing Torquemada, a Dominican Cardinal, attended by an angel presenting three young girls to the Blessed Virgin, who bestows dowries on them. It was he who founded the association of the Santissima Annunziata, which holds its meetings in this chapel, and which annually gives dowries to a number of poor girls, who formerly received them at the hands of the Pope on the Feast of the Annunciation. The girls were drawn up in two lines, some wearing white wreaths, those entering religion receiving twice the sum of the others.

Torquemada is himself buried in this chapel, opposite the tomb of his friend Urban VIII who was Pope only eleven days. Beneath the high altar, with lamps always burning before it, is a marble sarcophagus containing the remains of St. Catherine of Siena. The body is embalmed and appears singularly life-like. On the left of the high altar is the famous statue of Christ by Michelangelo. In the choir are the tombs of two Medici Popes—Leo X, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was patron of artists and poets, Raffælle and Ariosto having risen to prominence under his protection. Giulio di Medici, Clement VIII, saw the sack of Rome, and the beginning of the separation of England under Henry VIII. Just on the left is the simple slab which covers the remains of gentle, holy, childlike, gifted Fra Angelico; he would paint none but sacred subjects and his saints are more like real saints than those of any other artist,—for a painter must be holy before he can successfully depict holiness.

* * *

The Jesuits at the Church of St. Ignatius have just closed a grand Triduum in honor of one of their own distinguished and holy sons, Blessed Robert Cardinal Bellarmino. A fine portrait of him has just been hung in the Church, and an exquisite silver shrine containing his remains is seen at the right of the high altar beside those of St. Louis Gonzaga, where he had wished to rest. There were many Masses each day, the final one a solemn High, followed by a grand procession, acolytes, seminarians, clergy, bishops, monks,—

little pages with ruffs and cavalier capes; close behind the Cardinal, full robed with long train of red silk, walked an attendant squire with elaborate court costume of black moire silk and silver sword, carrying the red beretta of His Eminence. The procession wound up and down the aisles and finally to the tomb of Blessed Robert where the Cardinal knelt in prayer. The crowd was kept in order by rows of Boy Scouts in uniform. The music was especially fine.

This church was designed by Domenichino and decorated in gorgeous 'barocco' style. The paintings on the vaulting, dome, and apse, are by the Padre Pozzo, an able master of perspective. The gems of the church are two large marble reliefs, the 'Annunciation' and the 'Apotheosis of St. Louis Gonzaga'. It was in honor of the canonization of the great founder of the Jesuits, St. Ignatius, that the church was begun in 1626 at the expense of Cardinal Ludovisi.

* * *

Westward (from St. Peter's) lies the Castle of St. Angelo, which is best visited more leisurely than is possible in a 'tourist's party.' Built in 130 A. D. by the Emperor Hadrian as his mausoleum, in different ages it has been used as fortress, palace, prison, castle, tomb. It was in 590 that took place the event which gave the great building its present name, Castle St. Angelo. Pope Gregory the Great was leading a procession to St. Peter's to offer prayers for the staying of the great plague following the flood of 589, when, as he crossed the bridge he looked up and saw an angel on the summit of the tomb, sheathing a bloody sword, while a choir of angels surrounded him singing the anthem, 'Regina coeli lætare etc. (since adopted by the Church in its Vesper service); to this the Pope solemnly responded 'Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluja'.

The song of the angels is commemorated each year on St. Mark's day, when the procession of clergy passing to St. Peter's, the monks of Ara-Coeli and the canons of Santa Maria Maggiore halt at the Castle and chant the antiphon 'Regina Coeli, Lætare,'—O Queen of Heaven, Rejoice! As a memorial of this event, Pope Boniface IV (608) built a chapel on the roof dedicated to St. Michæl the Archangel. The Castle, as it now appears, scarcely gives an idea of its original splendor. It was coated with Parian marble and crowned with heroic statues of men and horses. In 536 it was besieged by Vitiges, when the defending garrison, reduced to the last extremity, hurled down upon the enemy the beautiful statues. It had also high square turrets with pinnacles and bastions surrounding the whole, and surmounted by a pyramidal roof ending in a gigantic pine-cone of gilded bronze.

There is a spiral stairway in the interior leading to a beautiful salon of the time of Paul III decorated by Giulio di Romano, Sangallo, and other artists. Running back toward the Vatican, is the covered passage intended for the escape of the Popes to the Castle in time of siege. It was used by Alexander VI when invaded by Charles VIII in 1494; twice by Clement VII, in 1527 during the

sack of Rome by Constable de Bourbon, and in 1529 when besieged by Monçada, Viceroy of Naples.

* * *

"The day is so inviting, the air so balmy," we said to Virginia, "let us go for a drive on the Appian Way, the Corso of twenty centuries ago." "Excuse *me*," said V. with the accent on the 'me', "to drive through an immense churchyard lined with ruins,—ruins in every sense of the word, is not exactly cheering,—to see the monuments themselves as well as those beneath them, fallen into decay, is a depressing sight,—I prefer to go to Babbington's, to see Romans who still 'carry on'," "—and English who do not," we added,—"Besides, we can go there afterward 'to recuperate'." "I'll meet you there", said she,—"afterward."

As the Pincio is the favorite drive to-day, so during the Empire, was the Appian Way. Along its borders the Romans used to build elaborate and costly tombs for their dead, of which nothing now remains but the massive ruins, which in some cases and in later times were turned into fortresses with towers surmounting them; others are crowned with herbage and lofty trees festooned with ivy, and others still were made the foundations for homes for the living. The best preserved tomb is the massive round structure to the memory of Cecilia Metella (68 B. C.) wife of Crassus, 90 feet in diameter, the battlements added when it was used as a fortress in the 13th century. Hawthorne says,

'This tomb of a woman has become the dungeon-keep of a castle; and all the care that Cecilia Metella's husband could bestow, to secure endless peace for her beloved relics, only sufficed to make that handful of precious ashes the nucleus of battles long ages after her death.' The distant view over the Campagna, the Sabine and Alban hills and the sacred mountain Soracte, and still nearer the picturesque ruins of the ancient aqueducts, is more beautiful than anything the Appian Way itself can show the traveller thereon.

Along this road in olden days moved many a splendid procession; thither came that in which the body of Sulla, dying at Puteoli, was borne in a gilt litter with royal ornaments; and the funeral train of the Emperor Augustus, from Nola where he died, his body borne by knights in solemn procession to his palace on the Palatine Hill.

But one great interest in this ancient thoroughfare for Christians, is that over these very pavements which we tread, came the holy Apostle Paul, loaded with chains to Rome. (A. D. 56). Upon this same landscape of sky and plain and mountain which we now admire, his eye rested; his way led through this long avenue of the dead at which we gaze half in wonder, half in pity. Entering the city limits, this sad procession advanced by the Via Sacra to the palace—'the house of Cæsar'—, the centre of the political life of Rome, and it was here in the pretorium or guard-house attached to the palace, that St. Paul's keeper gave up his prisoner to Burrhus, the Pretorian Prefect, who had charge of accused persons to be tried

before the Emperor,—"but Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him." After the Saint's arrival in Rome, during the two years in which he was a prisoner, he spent himself night and day preaching the Kingdom of God with that eager and ecstatic eloquence which Divine inspiration rendered so powerful, so impressive, so convincing. 'It was thus that God overruled his imprisonment for the furtherance of the gospel, so that his bonds in Christ were manifest in the palace, and in all other places, and many of the brethren of the Lord waxing confident by his bonds, were much more bold to speak the word without fear. Even in the palace of Nero, the most noxious atmosphere, as we should have concluded, for the growth of divine truth, his bonds were manifest, the Lord Jesus was preached, and, more than this, was received to the saving of many souls; for we find the apostle writing to his Philippian converts: "All the saints salute you, chiefly they which are of Cæsar's household." '

Outside the Porta San Paolo, the road leads in a straight line, to the Church of St. Paul; about half this distance, one comes to the Chapel of the Parting, where the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul separated, bidding each other a last farewell on their way to martyrdom:—

'And Paul said to Peter, "Peace be with thee, Foundation of the Church,
Shepherd of the flock of Christ."
'And Peter said to Paul, "Go in peace, Preacher of good tidings, and Guide of the salvation of the just".'

St. Paul being a Roman citizen, could not, according to the law, be crucified as was St. Peter, but just outside the Ostian Gate, he was beheaded by the sword at a place known as—"Ad Aquas Salvias." This road along which we now pass, is the scene of the legend of Plautilla. 'The story of St. Paul's death relates that a certain Roman matron named Plautilla, one of the converts of St. Peter, placed herself on the road by which St. Paul passed to his martyrdom, to behold him for the last time; and when she saw him she wept greatly and besought his blessing. The Apostle then, seeing her faith, turned to her, and begged that she would give him her veil to blind his eyes when he should be beheaded, promising to return it to her after his death. The attendants mocked at such a promise; but Plautilla, with a woman's faith and charity, taking off her veil, presented it to him. After his martyrdom, St. Paul appeared to her, and restored the veil stained with his blood. Pious tradition relates that when he was decapitated, the head of the Apostle made three bounds, crying out thrice, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!' At each place it touched the ground, a fountain of water sprang forth.

Bearing out the truth of the tradition, the water of the first fountain is warm, of the second tepid, and of the third cold. A modern

altar has been raised above each fountain decorated with a bas-relief of the Apostle.

'A la première, l'âme vient à l'instant même de s'échapper du corps. Ce chef glorieux est plein de vie! A la seconde, les ombres de la mort couvrent déjà ses admirables traits; à la troisième, le sommeil éternel les a envahis, et, quoique demeurés, tout rayonnant de beauté, ils disent, sans parler, que dans ce monde ces lèvres ne s'entr'ouvriront plus, et que ce regard d'aigle s'est voilé pour toujours'.—'Une Chrétienne a Rome.'

The Church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, St. Paul of the Three Fountains, was built in 1590 on this memorable spot by Giacomo della Porta for Cardinal Aldobrandini. This Church contains also the pillar to which the Apostle was bound and the block on which he was beheaded. The pavement is a beautiful ancient mosaic representing the four seasons: Hiems, Ver, Aestas, Autumnus, excavated from the palace of Ostia and given to this church by Pope Pius IX. A devout French nobleman has recently had the church renovated, and the whole neighborhood of Tre Fontane greatly improved by Mgr. Mérode whose plantation of eucalyptus trees are mitigating the troublesome malaria, so long destructive to the health of the French Trappists who inhabit the Convent.

The most precious of all memories of the Appian Way is that along those very stones, the sacred Feet of our Divine Lord passed. St. Ambrose tells us that during the terrible persecution of Nero (A. D. 65), the Christians, alarmed for the safety of St. Peter, whose guiding hand they deemed so necessary to the well-being of the infant Church, besought him to leave the city for a time, and though much against his will, he finally acceded to their request. As he fled along the Appian Way, he was astounded on beholding his Divine Master walking toward him, to Whom Peter said, "Domine, quo vadis?"—Lord, whither goest Thou?—and Christ said to him, "I go to Rome to be crucified a second time." And Peter said "Lord, wilt Thou be crucified afresh?" And the Lord answered, "Yea, I shall be crucified afresh." And Peter said to Him, "I will turn back and follow Thee." And when He had so spoken, the Lord ascended to Heaven, and Peter followed Him with longing eyes and sweet tears . . . . . St. Peter believed that the apparition of his Divine Master was a reproof for his cowardice and flight. The impression of the Divine Feet left on one of the stones of the Appian Way is venerated in the Church of St. Sebastian. On the spot where Our Lord met St. Peter is the Chapel 'Domine quo vadis?'

Father Chandlery relates that 'when Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, proposed to Pope Pius IX in September 1870, that he should leave Rome and fix his residence in France, the Pope took up a little ivory plaque with a gold rim, on which was represented with exquisite art the 'Domine quo vadis', and presenting it to the Cardinal said, "St. Peter was stopped by Our Lord near the

gate of Rome when fleeing from persecution,—I do not wish to be exposed to the same reproach."

* * *

The Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, one of the seven patriarchal basilicas, must not be omitted from our comparatively small number of Rome's hundreds of churches. It was founded by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, who had incorporated in it her own palace, and adapted it to receive the large relic of the True Cross which she brought from Jerusalem. It was consecrated by Pope St. Sylvester in 330, restored and altered later, and modernized finally so that nothing remains of its original form, except the subterranean chapel of St. Helena, the pillars, a small portion of the mosaic floor, and the mediæval tower. So desirous was St. Helena to find the True Cross, that she undertook a journey to Palestine in 326 when she was nearly eighty years of age. What admirable zeal this holy woman displayed in the face of almost insuperable obstacles! Reaching the Holy City, she found no trace of the treasure she sought, nor any one to assist her in her search.

The heathens had concealed with great quantities of stones, the place of Our Saviour's burial, and further to outrage the feelings of the Christians, the Emperor Hadrian had erected a statue to Jupiter near the Holy Sepulchre, and a statue and temple to Venus on Mount Calvary! The devout Empress ordered all to be cleared away, and after digging very deep, three crosses were found, also the Nails and Title. Uncertain which of the three crosses was that of Our Saviour, the Bishop, St. Macarius, after fervent prayer, applied them to the body of a dead person whose funeral was passing; the first two had no effect, but when touched with the third, the dead arose. St. Helena then built a church to receive the Cross, which she enclosed in a rich silver case. Part of it she gave to Constantine, and another part to Rome for the Church there. The Title had been affixed to the Cross, and on it is inscribed in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews'.

These sacred relics disappeared for centuries, (probably hidden during some invasion of Rome), but during some repairs in 1492, they were re-discovered in a leaden coffer closed in by brick, high up in the summit of the apse, inscribed "Titulus Crucis." This caused great joy to the Catholic world; the Pope, Innocent VIII, and Cardinal Mendoza enclosed them in a silver reliquary. They are exposed to the faithful from the balcony three times a year, Good Friday, May 3rd, and on the 4th Sunday of Lent.

It was my privilege to see and venerate these sacred relics while visiting this interesting church. One of the monks leads the way to the repository, puts on his stole, lights the candles, and solemnly shows each holy article. The wood is whole, but looks as if it might crumble easily; the nail is the largest and longest I ever saw—I should call it a bolt rather than a nail; the thorns are white, long,

and very sharp and cruel,—such as I have never seen growing in any of our western countries.

One of the nails St. Helena had fastened to the helmet of her son Constantine as a protection in battle and a pledge of victory, and another she had lowered into the Adriatic Sea to protect vessels in its frequent and violent storms. The approach to the Basilica, which was formerly so beautiful, has been destroyed by the modern mania for putting up cheap buildings. The nave has eight columns of Egyptian granite, and in the apse are some fine frescoes by Pinturicchio, representing the finding of the True Cross by St. Helena, and its recovery from the Persians by Heraclius. The Chapel of St. Helena was erected by her, and the ground strewn with earth which she brought from Calvary. Women may enter this Chapel only once a year, on March 20th. The Golden Rose, usually presented to some Catholic Prince or Princess, used to be blessed at Santa Croce. 'On Good Friday the rites are more impressive here than in any other church; the procession of white-robed monks, and the deep tolling of the bell announcing the display of the relics by the mitred abbot, are very solemn. 'The Feast of the 'Invention of the True Cross' (May 3rd) is celebrated with great solemnity; the hymns 'Pange Lingua', 'Vexilla Regis' are sung, and the collect:—

'O God, who by the glorious uplifting of the salvation-bearing cross, hast displayed the miracles of Thy Passion, grant that by the merit of that life-giving wood, we may attain the suffrages of eternal life' etc.

St. Helena built more than thirty churches in Palestine. She was the daughter of King Coilus of England who held his sovereignty from the Roman ruler, and whose name was made familiar by the household rhyme, as Old King Cole.

* * *

Near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, prætor and tribune of the people, lies the Protestant Cemetery to which nearly every English speaking and reading tourist goes to visit the graves of Shelley and Keats. The place had a fascination for Shelley, for he wrote in the preface to the 'Adonais', "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Shelley was passing that last happy summer with kindred spirits in a lonely and somewhat dilapidated villa on the shore of the Gulf of Spezia, between the villages of San Terenzo and Lerici. It was there he wrote 'The Triumph of Life', 'like a pageant suddenly broken by the advent of Death.' The poet was supposed to have been drowned in the bay while out in his boat, the 'Ariel.' His body was cast up by the waves and cremated on the shore by his friends, one of whom plucked the heart from the burning, which with the ashes, was buried in Rome. Keats wished these words engraved on his tombstone: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." These two masters of English verse lived, loved, and died in Italy.

The students of the National Ecclesiastical Colleges form such an important element in Rome, as they walk briskly along the street in little platoons, chattering gaily with their tutor and with each other, it will be worth while to learn how to distinguish them, also some of the many Religious Orders, by their costume or habit. The following list I quote from Father Chandlery's learned and reliable work, 'Pilgrim Walks in Rome.'

American, North. Black edged with blue,—red sash.
American, South. Black lined with blue,—blue sash.
Apollinaris. Purple cassock and soprana,—crimson sash.
Armenian. Black with wide sleeves,—red sash.
Belgian. Black cassock and soprana,—sash bordered with red.
Bohemian. Black cassock and soprana,—sash, maroon bordered with yellow.
Canadian. Black, with belt.
English. Entirely black.
French. Also black.
German. Bright scarlet,—black sash.
Greek. Dark blue,—red sash.
Irish. Black edged with red,—no sash.
Polish. Black cassock,—green sash.
Propaganda. Black edged with red,—red sash.
Roumanian. Dark blue,—yellow sash.
Scotch. Purple cassock, black soprana,—crimson sash.
Spanish. Black with blue buttons,—blue sash.
Vatican. Purple cassock,—crimson sash.

Religious Orders: their distinctive habits:

Augustinians. Black with white cord.
Augustinians. Irish. Black with hooded cloak.
Benedictines. Black with large sleeves.
Barnabites. Black.
Camillini, St. Camillus' Order. Black with large red cross on the breast.
Capuchins. Brown habit with cape.
Carmelites. Brown with white cloak.
Cistercians. White.
Dominicans. White with black cloak.
Franciscans, Friars Minor. Brown.
Jesuits. Black.
Passionists. Black with badge of the Passion.
Redemptorists. Black with white collar.
Servites. Black with hooded cloak.
Silvestrians. Blue.
Trinitarians. White with large cross of red and blue on the breast.
Vincentians, or Lazarists. Black.
Fathers of African Missions. White with heavy white cape.
Brothers of the Immaculate Conception. Light blue with white cord.
French Christian Brothers. Black with white rabat.
Irish Christian Brothers. Black.

* * *

V. gave a 'farewell' party at the 'Grand' this afternoon to the Misses P. of New York who sail for home this week, and to us who

leave for Nice the following day. We were all somewhat depressed at the thought of parting from each other,—and from Rome.

* * *

This was my last full day in Rome—V. came with me to make some eleventh hour purchases, but we paused in the midst of our shopping to visit the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina, to see Guido's wonderful 'Crucifixion', and I shall always be thankful that this is not among the masterpieces that I have had to miss. It was too late in the day to see it at its best, with only the light of the sun, but I fancy it was in just such a darkening hour, amid lowering clouds, that the real Cross was outlined against the sky that bends above Calvary.

While I lingered for a few minutes at the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, Virginia found the sacristan who drew the curtain and turned on the lights—then she placed chairs before it, and we sat there long in silence,— then passed out to the street to find that night had fallen on the city—and the world . . . . . .

A final cup of tea at Babbington's closed our last afternoon together in the Eternal City.

* * *

One may not remain long in Rome without hearing loud and long complaints of the beggars, chiefly from English speaking tourists, who express surprise that a city which supports so many and such well-organized charitable institutions, should permit what they are pleased to call 'a nuisance'. It seems to us rather to the credit of a government which refuses to recognize poverty as a crime, and to relegate the beggar and the thief to the same category as law-breakers. The Church looks upon its poor as among its most precious possessions. When St. Lawrence was ordered by the Roman Prefect to produce the treasure of the Church for Cæsar's use, he gathered the blind, the lame, the halt, the decrepit, the infirm, the widow, and the orphan, and pointing to them said, 'There is the Church's treasure.' Although the Church has its vast and efficient system of benevolence, it does not therefore dispense its members from private charity; rather does it exhort them to the practise of it, perhaps more than any of the other Christian virtues.

This same type of visitor to Rome constantly laments the vast sums expended on churches, and quite agrees with the sordid view of the Apostle who complained that the precious ointment poured by the pious woman on the Head of Our Lord, had better be sold and the money given to the poor. Let us remember rather that she was praised for her ministrations by the Divine Recipient: "Why trouble ye the woman for she hath wrought a good work upon me?" Those who are loudest in their disapproval of such lavish expenditure in the adornment of the altars of God, are generally the ones who are themselves clad in fine raiment, and housed amidst luxurious surroundings;—simplicity is all very well for the Church, and for

everything that does not touch themselves nor interfere with their own comfort or pleasure.

"Shall we serve Heaven with less respect
Than we do minister to our gross selves?"

It is to a great extent, from the generous sacrifices of those who might themselves be considered among the poor, that come the richness and beauty which adorn the temples of God's worship. The widow who gave her mite, gave more than all the rest. Religion is a spiritual force, and outward splendors are in no way necessary to the practise of it, nor to the performance of its rites, for it is the heart that adores, that prays, that loves,—but it is so natural to be influenced by the external fitness or unfitness of things, that we need all the means we can have ,to make us realize the glory of that which is invisible and eternal.

* * *

Mingled with the thought of leaving Rome, comes the realization of her greatness, and the important place she has occupied in the world's history, for whether it be acknowledged or not, it is an undeniable fact, that every Christian nation of the earth, owes to a great extent, its civilization, its literature and art, its religion, the best that it has or had, to Rome. To those who may not look far beyond the surface, the splendor of her former rule, when her empire extended to every country of the then known world, makes her later estate seem petty and insignificant, and they speak of the 'fall of the papal power'—but the vast and ever-increasing dominion which she sways by moral force and dignity, is with her still; far superior is it to the authority imposed by military supremacy, and as one of her own early poets has said, 'those lands which were not conquered by her victorious arms, are held in willing obedience by her religion.'

The most precious, the most glorious memories of Rome, are those heroic days when her devoted missionaries, putting on the armor of Christ, went forth to do battle with barbarism and ignorance in foreign and hostile lands; when her holy martyrs shed their blood for the Faith; when her Confessors and Doctors of the Church raised aloft new standards of learning and virtue; when 'art was the handmaid of religion'; when her Pontiff by his faith and prayers, put to flight the barbarian horde that threatened the city and the people; when he dared to defend the bonds of marriage against a cruel and dissolute monarch, and proclaimed the laws of the Church as binding alike on prince and peasant; when the tyrant who oppressed the people was forced to employ justice. Such things as these we may well believe to be the realization of the poet's prophecy in his immortal epic, when he tells us of his hero Æneas, visiting the Elysian Fields, and learning from his father Anchises, that the

kingdom he is to found, is to govern by *moral* power, to reconcile warring nations, 'to spare the subject and to subdue the proud:'

> "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hæ tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem;
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Some one has said, and truly, that we leave Paris or Naples or Florence as if we were parting from a dear and cherished friend; but on our separation from Rome, we feel a pang of loneliness as if we were leaving behind the best beloved of our heart. That majestic, that holy city which is most fittingly entitled 'eternal', for it seems indeed to possess some of the attributes of eternity, no less than those of time,—and invested with a humanism, a personality which appeals to all; where the lover of beauty in nature and in art, may find treasures undreamed of, forever open to him; where the artist who wishes to transfer those treasures to marble or to canvass, may find in them, ample inspiration for his chisel or his brush. The historian, the antiquarian, will there find an inexhaustible mine awaiting his research,—a treasury of worthy human effort since the very dawn of civilization itself. The lover of pomp and power and pageantry, may there witness magnificent ceremonials compared to which those of the royal houses of Britain and Castile are commonplace and tawdry. There the devout may kneel at the shrines of the Apostles and Martyrs; may linger amid the sacred cloisters where the Saints of God have lived and labored and died.

All this I was leaving behind—perhaps forever—and so I gazed long and sadly on that venerable pile of buildings, that great citadel of Christianity, and wondered when I should look again upon its more than earthly beauty,—when I should hear again the music of that matchless choir . . . . . When I come again to Rome, I hope it may be at the sunset hour, and in the hamlets along the way, the maidens will be sauntering arm in arm down the narrow lanes singing the stornelli and the ripetti; and perhaps casting shy glances at the groups of contadini, resting after their labors with the olive and the vine; and in the suburbs I shall pass the gay villas like great flowers in their green beds; and then I shall see the vast dome of San Pietro rising in a golden glory above all its surroundings like an outpost of the Heavenly Country; and so at last, I shall come into my beloved city. I shall hear the Vesper bell ringing from the Trinità answered by a hundred others from belfry and from tower; and I shall try to picture to myself that first fluttering of angel wings, when the Celestial Messenger bearing the mandate of the Most High, paused before Mary in her little loggia, praying in the twilight of dawn,—'Ave gratia plena, Dominus tecum'—, and she, the Lily of Israel, abashed and almost affrighted at the splendor of the heavenly visitant and the mystery of his strange words, made answer, 'Ecce ancilla Domini: fiat mihi.' Then took place that Divine miracle too sacred for human tongue to

speak or hand to set down . . . . . And next morning I shall go up to greet Our Lady of the Snows and thank her for my return. . . . . .

O Roma beata et benedicta! Didst thou not promise at the tryst of the Trevi Fountain to call me back to thee?

Meanwhile and always

Faithfully yours

M. A. O'R.

THE RIVIERA

THE RIVIERA

Letter to V. C. M.

Nice, February 1st.

Dear V.——

You cannot know how much I appreciate your many courtesies during my stay, and your kindness in coming to the station—you have followed that hospitable injunction to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." Do you recall that pleasant young Englishwoman who came into the compartment?—she occupied the other berth, and we discovered that we had met at the Hotel in Rome. The dinner on the train might have been better, but the great difficulty was to keep the food and the dishes on the table, (instead of in our laps,) and keep ourselves in our seats—in a word we were all 'Rough Riders' on that train. In the 'cold, grey, dawn' the porter brought a cup of black coffee and a package of little biscuit. About ten we reached the frontier at Ventimiglia where baggage was taken off and examined; mine was the very last, and the customs officer was saying, "Your train is going to start—you'll be late"—and I was answering, "If I do, it will be your fault." Then with the porter, rushed along the platform, but not fast enough to escape the 'facchino' who had to be 'tipped' for dragging my trunk out to be subjected to such indignities, and back to the train somewhat 'the worse of the wear.'

It was some compensation as we wound along the Riviera, to find that it was summer in France; there was some one with a parasol; there a group dressed in white; on a court, a lively game of tennis was going on. About noon we reached Nice, and as we alighted from the train, the porter from the 'O'Connore,' as you call it (with the accent on the *'ore'*) bustled up, placed my luggage in the autobus, asked for the receipt to get my trunk; I began to think my fears about my reservation were unfounded but—, this was all a 'bluff', for I soon found there was 'no room,' (hotel-keepers think nothing of breaking their word)—but 'one reserved at a similar hotel.' This was as gloomy as the Mamertine Prison—behind frowning stone walls, no sunshine at any time of the day, and no view except that of cisterns and discarded wine-bottles! Determined to find a more cheerful room if possible, I made the round of hotels 'too numerous to mention', during the remainder of the day. Our good friend, Mrs. G., whom I 'phoned at the Atlantic, proved 'a tower of strength'; in the evening she came up to the 'dungeon', (which I engaged for the night), with a box of chocolates and a new book to console me.

Next morning we went 'hunting' again, and at last found a delightful place—all that the most fastidious could have wished—with broad French windows looking out on the park, Jardin Albert I;

just beyond, the famous Promenade des Anglais and the shore of the blue Mediterranean. We basked in the sunshine on the boulevard and in the evening, celebrated our success by dining together at the 'Belle Meunière', a bright, cheerful little restaurant, with delightful music and an air of good-fellowship that was refreshing. At the close, we returned to the Atlantic for the 'demi-tasse' which was served by a picturesque adjunct of the Hotel, an Arabian in native costume, and complexion that harmonized with the coffee,—then back to our new, but already homelike resting-place.

To-day we attended Mass at the Cathedral of Nôtre-Dame and there was such a densely packed congregation, that I could get only just inside the door where I soon found it impossible to remain. I asked a lady beside me, "Est-ce que c'est un jour de fête, madame?" —"Is it a feast-day, madam?" She looked at me a moment, then with an air of finality answered, "C'est Dimanche"—"T'is Sunday." It seemed as if there must be something special going on, so putting practically the same question to a pretty young girl who stood near by, she added, "C'est toujours comme ça," "It's always like that". In France, that is said to be so irreverent—so self-sufficient—so atheistic, that the pessimistic ones thought was slipping away! There was another Epiphany—another 'Manifestation of Faith!'— and I walked back to the Hotel singing

"God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world!"

Our good friend, Mrs. G. called up to invite me to lunch at the Atlantic to-day, but the crush at Nôtre Dame and the long walk home proved rather strenuous, so she came over instead to give me a portion of her last day in the Riviera, for she leaves for Paris at five. She has been such a comfort in this problem—indeed she has made it her own, and helped to solve it with entire success. To-day being somewhat cloudy and threatening to rain, it was a 'day of salvation' in which to remain indoors and 'catch up' with my writing. Had a 'petit dejeuner' in my room, (I'm afraid I've contracted that lazy Latin habit)—(they have the 'biggest' cups and the best coffee I've found on this side of the Atlantic) and this evening the kind landlady came in to ask if she could do anything to make me well and happy.

This is indeed a lovely land, and I do not wonder that the Riviera is called the 'play-ground of Europe' and it might be added, 'of America' also. Just opposite is the Casino, which is supposed to be a copy of St. Sophia's in Constantinople, but I imagine rather an imperfect one, for that celebrated mosque we know, is one of the most vast and splendid religious edifices in the world. We look out upon the thousands of pleasure-seekers along the 'Promenade' in a perpetual 'style-show', where nothing is too elaborate, too bizarre, too 'outre' to wear even in the morning. One may see the most gorgeous wraps of white broadcloth, satin, or velvet with costly white

fur, that at home would be worn only to the opera, or perhaps to a ball or wedding, out on the Promenade before noon!

There is an air of frivolity, of 'froth' everywhere, as if nothing on earth mattered but 'having a good time.' The ladies, (that is, the fashionable ones), are all wearing canes and dogs; there is some freedom of choice allowed in regard to the cane, but the dog must absolutely match the costume, or form just the correct note of contrast. Yesterday we saw an 'outfit' of black and white, the dog, of course, en suite, and it might well be supposed that the same tailor had fashioned the coats of doggy and his mistress; then there was an ensemble of reddish brown, all in perfect harmony. We wonder if one should have a dog to match each costume, or is the canine adjunct sometimes left at home, or perhaps exchanged with some friend for one of the correct shade! To-day on the Promenade, there was a lady tripping along with her parrot (!) keeping her company; Madame was all in black, save the accessories of dress,—shoes, earrings, necklace etc. which were in that vivid green that Miss Poll Parrot nearly always affects,—and there sat Miss Poll Parrot herself on milady's finger, eyeing everybody with an air of disdain as much as to say, 'You humans bore me to death!'

But the ladies haven't all the vanity on their side, for the men of fashion have hour-glass figures which only tightly-laced corsets (!) could give, and their clothes are 'fearfully and wonderfully made'. Though they are not artists, you can see that they paint; nor yet soldiers, but they show their familiarity with powder. To-day we passed a group of these 'apologies' for men, and the mélange of perfumes proved that they had used the scent-bottle "not wisely but too well,"—scents without sense, as it were.

Even the children are not in frocks of linen, cotton, or gingham befitting their years (or lack of them), but are 'togged' out in silks or satins, their hair waved or curled, but not by the hand of Nature. A little girl was heard to say when repeating her evening prayers, "God bless father and mother," and then much more fervently, "and *please,* God, make me very stylish!" This must have been such a child as one sees on the Promenade des Anglais.

Nobody wonders any more to see women of all ages and classes smoking everywhere that men smoke, (and where they do not.) One day in the English Tea Room, we felt sympathy for a man who was not smoking himself, but was enveloped in a thick and odorous cloud of it, by 'mother and the girls.'

The Promenade des Anglais stretches along the waterfront, spacious and imposing. It was built about a century ago to give work to the unemployed, and Sir Frederick Treves adds wittily, that "to judge from the crowd that frequents it, it is still the 'Promenade of the Unemployed.' It is along this main avenue that pass the gay and picturesque processions of the Carnival and Battle of Flowers. Tourists to Nice generally who find life along the Promenade so diverting, often forget or ignore the fact that the Nice of history is quite apart from that gay and giddy thoroughfare. The old Nice

was divided into the High Town and the Low Town. The Old Town was so often in the throes of a siege, that it was finally given up to fortifications and to the dwellings of humble folk, sailors, artisans etc.

The early history of this portion of the Mediterranean coast is necessarily fragmentary and uncertain. We know merely that it was inhabited by the semi-savage Ligurians, Phocians, or Carthaginians; that they were, in time subdued by the all-conquering Romans who built the monument we see on the crest of La Turbie to commemorate their victory over these lawless tribes. If the Romans brought subjection to these uncivilized hordes, they brought also culture and peace. But these blessings disappeared with the fall of the Roman Empire, and the whole countryside was left at the mercy of the Goths and Vandals, Lombards, and finally the Saracens, the worst of all, who spread terror that was well justified, and laid waste the lands wherever they passed.

Soon they had Eze, La Turbie, and Sant' Agnese under their sway, and not long afterward, most of the sea-coast towns all the way from Arles to Mentone. Nearly two hundred years had elapsed, when finally the Ligurians united in an effort to drive out these usurpers who had so long harassed them, and with William of Marseilles, first Count of Provence, as their leader they were successful. One of his most trusted and distinguished lieutenants was a Genoese soldier, Ghibbelino Grimaldi, the first of the name in these parts, whose descendants yet rule at Monaco. As soon as the common enemy had been disposed of, as so often happens in other countries and later times, the victors started a new series of quarrels among themselves; and moreover this, one of the most beautiful portions of all Europe, was in the direct pathway of the destructive wars between the Guelphs and Ghibbelines.

The siege of Nice by the French in 1549 ended these petty conflicts in which that city had figured with varying fortunes as victor or vanquished, for about five hundred years. 'During this period', says Sir Frederick Treves, ... 'the South of France . . . was the battle-ground for bands of mediæval soldiers, burly, daredevil men carrying fantastic arms and dressed in the most picturesque costumes the world has ever seen. It was a period of romance, and, indeed—from a scenic point of view—of romance in its most alluring aspect. Here were all the folk and the incidents made famous by the writers of a hundred tales—the longbowman in his leather jerkin, the man in the slashed doublet sloping a halberd, the gay musketeer, the knight in armor and plumes, as well as the little walled town, the parley before the gate, the fight for the drawbridge and the dash up the narrow street.

It was a period when there were cavalcades on the road, glittering with steel, with pennons and with banners, when there were ambushes and frenzied flights, carousing of the Falstaffian type at inns, and dreadful things done in dungeons. It was a time of noisy banquets in vaulted halls with dogs and straw on the floor; a time

of desperate rescues, of tragic escapes, of fights on prison roofs, and of a general and brilliant disorder. It was a delusive epoch, too, with a pretty terminology, when the common hack was a palfrey, the footman a varlet, and the young woman a damosel.

The men in these brawling times were, in general terms, swashbucklers and thieves; but they had some of the traits of crude gentlemen, some rudiments of honour, some chivalry of an emotional type, and an unreliable reverence for the pretty woman. It was a time to read about rather than to live in; a period that owes its chief charm to a safe distance and to the distortion of an artificial mirage."

Times have, indeed, changed, and now these very roads are lined with luxurious hotels, casinos, and other joy-dispensing institutions; the unromantic but comfortable motor-car dashes along the streets, and just at the square beyond, you can see a merry party making ready to fly to Corsica.

At length in 1860, Nice was, with Savoy, annexed to France. The Old Town presents many interesting reminders of the past; here and there in a dirty and disreputable street, may be seen a finely arched doorway or window, or an imposing stone staircase, even in its own decay, still lording it over its more dilapidated neighbors. Such is the palace of the great Lascaris family, its founder Theodore Lascaris, being driven from his Byzantine throne in the 13th century, and making his home in Nice.

In the Rue de la Préfecture, (Old Nice) is the house in which the renowned violinist Paganini died in 1840, whence his dead body started on its long and amazing journey in search of a grave. On account of his religious opinions too freely expressed, and his hostility to the Church and its dogma, he had not received the last Sacraments, and his body was refused burial in consecrated ground. On the day following that of his death, the coffin was placed in the cellar of a neighbor who had been friendly with the family. Next it seems to have been removed to a room in a hospital in Nice. The artist's son brought suit against the Bishop for refusing burial in the cemetery controlled by the Church, but lost the case. He appealed against the decision of the clergy, and the controversy was then referred to the Papal Court at Rome.

While awaiting judgment by this last tribunal, the coffin was taken to Villefranche and placed in a lazzaretto there. After about a month, it seemed necessary to make another move, for the unpleasant odor emitted by the corpse was complained of, so for sanitary reasons, it was taken to the beach and left there at the water's edge.

The friends of the dead violinist were especially distressed at this last disposal of the remains, so five of the most interested of them took the coffin one night, and carried it by the light of their flickering torches around the curve of the shore to the point of Cap St. Hospice, buried it near the old round tower that may still be seen, and then placed above the grave a stone slab. All these removals

took place within the year of the artist's death. In the following year (1841), the son decided to bury the body in Genoa where his gifted father was born, and where, it was hoped, he could at last find a permanent resting-place. A ship was obtained and the coffin placed aboard, but on reaching Genoa, the party was not allowed to land, because the cholera was raging in Marseilles, the port whence the vessel had come.

The ship with its dead then turned toward Cannes, but there also permission was refused to land a coffin already suspected. To those in charge of the body the case seemed hopeless; but near Cannes are the Lerin Islands, and on one of them, Sainte Ferred, mostly a barren rock, the coffin was once more buried and covered with a stone. In this lonely grave the poor corpse remained for four years with only the sea birds to bear him company. But it seemed to the son of the great Paganini a pitiful thing, to leave the body of him whose music had charmed the world, in such a forlorn and lonely spot, and that he should be buried in his native Italy. The family owned some property in Parma, so there in 1845, the wandering musician was taken and laid in his own land.

For some reason not expained, it was decided in 1853 to re-embalm the body, so again it was dug up, this ceremony performed, and re-buried. But not yet was the unfortunate allowed to rest, for in 1876 came permission from the Papal Court, that the body might be buried within the Church's walls, so the remains were exhumed and buried with solemn rites in the Church of the Madonna della Staccata in Parma. But it seems that not even there could he find peace, for as recently as 1893, a Hungarian violinist suggested that this body was not that of the great master, so his son permitted an investigation, and the poor corpse was once again disturbed. Those who saw it, recognized all that was left of the gifted maestro, whose magic tones had held the musical world spellbound,—the tattered coat, the gaunt figure and thin face, the long hair that fell over the neck, and the white bones of the fleshless shoulders of the dead . . . . . Requiescat in pace.

* * *

One of the historical objects of Nice which always attracts attention, is the Croix de Marbre, the Marble Cross, in the Rue de France, erected to commemorate the Treaty of Peace held in 1538 by Pope Paul III, François I, and Emperor Charles V.

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All is bustle and excitement in preparation for the Carnival; the hotels are so crowded that it is doubtful if they can squeeze in another individual. The chambermaid tells us that they have put beds in the bath rooms, and to-day we saw a portion of the salon screened off and a bed behind the screens—and scenes. There are advantages in sleeping in a bath tub,—one couldn't fall out of bed during the excitement of a too vivid dream. If one should feel thirsty during

The Carnival at Nice, France—Procession.

the night, with the tap so convenient, not even a drinking cup would be absolutely necessary. Not the least advantage would be that you could write home with the proud boast that you had a room 'with bath', and that at the Carnival season!—all of which recalls a wise lady who used to say that 'there's no great loss but there's some small gain.'

The Carnival season opened with a grand procession, the heralds of the King in mediæval costumes, riding richly caparisoned chargers—the decorated floats, each in some distinctive design. In the evening, another cavalcade with beautiful and intricate electrical effects, the main avenues of the city being similarly illuminated. The evening was clear and starry and everywhere one could see groups of Pierrots and Columbines, in all the colors of the rainbow, rollicking along the streets, sometimes eight abreast, sometimes masked, and again showing faces cleverly 'made up', apparently having 'the time of their lives.'

Two days later there was another Carnival day, and everybody seemed to have gotten into the spirit of the occasion, even the old folks. There passed by my window a couple long past middle age each wearing a scarlet 'Mother Hubbard',—and there again was a young mother, who evidently had no one to tend the baby, so she donned her costume of brilliant cerise, 'decked out' the baby in a miniature to match, and took it along in her arms. There seems to be a freedom and license that would not be tolerated at other times, and I believe it would be a really serious demeanor that would receive the attention of the police. There were (apparently) tons of confetti thrown about, and miles of serpentine tangled up in the crowd. A touching incident of the Fête was the line of war-wounded veterans in wheel-chairs drawn up at a point of vantage, where they were pelted with flowers by every passing vehicle.

'The King is dead! Long live the King!' "A short life and a merry one" was his motto, for only thirteen days ago this King Carnival, the forty-sixth of his line, came into being in the fair city of Nice, the 'Gem of the Côte d'Azur';—and last night the debonaire monarch whose reign was passed in bringing joy and freedom from care, was burned on the funeral pyre—his buoyant spirit 'went up in smoke' toward the stars, accompanied by the mocking smile of the moon,—for yesterday was Mardi-Gras, and to-day is Lent, and the duties of everyday life come clamoring for attention. As a traveller leaning against the rail of a great ocean steamer, gazes with sadness on the land he is leaving behind, so the faithful subjects of good King Carnival feel a pang of melancholy when Mardi-Gras arrives;—ended is the merry gambol in the street—gone the joy of 'dressing up' which survives even grey hairs.

With Mardi-Gras, Carnival fêtes are not entirely over, for there are yet to be two more Battles of Flowers and a White Ball, but it is the last day when one may sing, dance, play 'Ring around a Rosy' in the street behind the Floats, when one may do battle energetically with confetti and 'plaster pills', when one may play the fool if he

likes (and looks) it. This is the third and last Corso for to-day is Lent, that marks the return from the gay world of fancy to the sober one of fact; one must be serious, reasonable, proper,—think of the future, pay one's taxes, and perform all the other irksome tasks of daily life.

A happy and noisy crowd assisted at the last rites of the Sovereign who, even in the flames, preserved his engaging smile. His passing, even by his subjects who loved him, was greeted with cheers—, and tears—but they were tears of golden fire, rained down by gigantic fuses set off from the rocky coast of the Bay of Angels. King Carnival is a magician as well as a monarch, for he can come in whatever guise may suit his royal fancy. This year he came as the Sultan of Bab-Azouck, pretending to arrive direct from Bagdad. In this he was 'aided and abetted' by Dame Nature herself, for Nice, with her sapphire sky, her sea eternally blue, her palms and exotic plants, might easily be metamorphosed into a city of Turkey, Persia, or Ceylon, the marvellous island where was said to be the earthly Paradise.

Though King Carnival changes in character from year to year, in one respect he is happily always the same,—that is, in his ample figure and jolly, rubicund face. On his head he wore a rich turban, and his costume of silk glistened with jewels. With a fanfare of trumpets and a beating of drums he made his triumphal entry into his Kingdom of Nice. His Majesty was mounted on a hippogriffe, a fantastic creature with the body of a goat of heroic size, the beak of an eagle and horns of gold; its fore feet were those of a lion, and the hind ones of a gazelle; as for its tail, it was that of a wild donkey; two rose-colored wings completed the means of locomotion of this apocalyptic beast, on the back of which was seated the beautiful Sheherazade, who showered the people with the loveliest roses gathered in the enchanted gardens of Ispahan.

At the base of the chariot figured the heroic personages of Oriental tales: Aladdin (in a boiler of clothes) and Sinbad the Sailor in his nutshell; in the rear, the terrible Ali-Baba surrounded by his companions the Forty Thieves, we hope long since repented and reformed. Following the monarch and his suite, came the other cars of the procession: The Change of Proprietor, a complete portable restaurant; La Fontaine and his Fables; The Renaissance, a group of bugler-knights mounted on fine horses; The Childhood of Gargantua, the fantastic tale of Rabelais,—The Fisher of Syrens, an audacious sportsman having at the end of his line a beautiful creature, half fish, half woman,—The Lancers of the Moon, a comical group with full Luna-tic faces,—The Dry Régime, picturing a 'dry' reformer who coming from a conference to 'put down' alcohol (ism), has not himself disdained to 'look upon the wine when it was red'—an ironical caricature of those who wish to have American Prohibition copied in France. Leda and the Swan, the mythological tale in which Jupiter, determined to win the fair Queen of Sparta, took the form of a swan. One jolly group who had won

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The Carnival at Nice, France—Procession.

no prize banner, made the best of their disappointment by displaying a sign which read, "Yes, we have no ban(an)ner".

Many other Floats and groups on foot in quaint make-up, drew the cheers, the smiles, and the confetti of those in the stands and streets,—and woe to him who had not worn a cache-poussière, a foolscap, and a mask, for the little white pellets have a way of getting under the closest fitting garments,—almost under the skin. It was nightfall when His Majesty and suite sought repose, but the Pierrots and Columbines still thronged the streets, stopping at the restaurants for a 'snack', for time was too precious to spend much of it in the prosaic task of eating—, dancing under the wonderful electrical illuminations that transformed the avenues and squares into Fairyland. The strains of the Carnival Song, "Nisskiri", were still heard when Old Sol was ushering in another day:

"Peuples en délire chantons Carnaval,
C'est le Roi du rire,—Le fou sans rival,—
Admirons sa trogne,—Son double mentone, —
Rions sans vergogne sautons et chantons—
Qui nous met l'âme en fête,
Et fait perdre la tête—
C'est le Roi très buffon, Moitié plâtre et carbon,
Ah! Ah! le joyeux Sire, Ah! Ah! qu'il aime à rire!
Vive bacchanal, et Vive Carnaval!
Et Vive Carnaval!"

The Battle of Flowers drew forth more enthusiasm if possible, than the Corso, and it would seem as if all the languages on earth resounded in exclamations of praise. As each flower-decked car advanced, the battle was renewed between the occupants, the masqueraders on foot and the spectators, until the showers of blossoms fairly obscured the light of the sun. The contest continued until those awarded prizes had passed, floating their victorious banners. They were escorted by the Senegalese Sharpshooters and the Sapper's Band.

Among the most attractive cars were the Troika or sledge which glides over the snows of Holland; it was drawn by a pair of handsome white horses, and was covered as if with a garment of white carnations, lilies etc., its occupants costumed in immaculate white with touches of Delft blue. A Sabot of Normandy made entirely of carnations and almond flowers attracted much attention; Aurora Borealis, an immense fan of carnations and marguerites; the Basket of Violets, a dainty cart of the purple blooms drawn by a white pony with groom dressed in white; an Easter Bell of yellow marguerites hanging above the occupants of the car, Duke and Duchess I., Narcissus, the Hindoo Garden, and hundreds of others. Liberal prizes were awarded to the drivers of public carriages (fiacres) who made a fine showing.

Flowers rained even from the skies on the moving Corso of flow-

ered cars, and many were the attempts to catch the blossoms dropped by the Pilot Aviator A. Maiçon from his plane. It required the traditional salvo from the cannon's mouth announcing the close of the festivities, to induce the contestants to leave the battle-field, and then it was only to gather at some favorite haunt to discuss the day's doings, and finish with a lively dance. In his short reign of a mere fortnight, King Carnival accomplished more than some rulers in many years; he made his subjects supremely happy; he levelled all ranks, the prince and the pauper were equal, and despite diverse races, customs, and tongues, good-fellowship prevailed as among gamins in the same school.

Though the relentless flames have devoured the good King Carnival, like the Phoenix he will arise from his own ashes, and more favored than the fabled bird, he will live again in a new, and perhaps an even more alluring form. Carnival XLVI is dead! Long live Carnival XLVI!

* * *

One would no more leave the Riviera without seeing the Corniche Road, than he would leave Paris without seeing Notre Dame; as a matter of fact, he could not do so, and get anywhere, for that road is awaiting him whithersoever he may turn. Aptly called the Corniche Road, from cornice, a ledge, or shelf, it rounds a dangerous curve, it climbs an apparently insurmountable hill, it dips under an overhanging crag, it winds around the mountain side, over many a deep and treacherous ravine; looking down upon it from a more lofty viewpoint, it turns back and forth upon itself (in the distance like a mere thread) climbing to a dizzy height which, it would seem, only an aeroplane or a mountain eagle could ever reach. It was not made for the motor-cars or char-a-bancs that transport the modern tourists to the historic and picturesque villages of the Maritime Alps. It follows in part the old Roman road, and was built by the French under Napoleon I in 1806, to carry the sinews of war into that sunny land, and in most of its length it looks well adapted to its grim purpose.

Yesterday we joined a party making a motor-trip to the Gorges du Loup, two thousand feet high, following the river Var to Cagnes, an ancient stronghold of the Grimaldi; traversed fine plantations of olives, vines, and roses, arriving at the quaint old town of Vence, (Ventium of the Romans); then to Tourettes over an immense bed of lava, for this region was once volcanic.

At the Pont du Loup we spent an hour and a half (including lunch), then wound gradually up the mountain-side to Gourdon, whence there is a magnificent view of the valley below and of Cap Ferrat in the distance. On the return we stopped at the picturesque town of Grasse, visiting the perfume factory which supplies a great portion of the world with sweet scents. Four million pounds of jasmine and three million pounds of roses are used in a single year! We would have preferred to see the old 12th century church, the

fortifications, and other landmarks, but alas! the majority of the party wished rather to see orange blossoms boiling in vats, violets crushed to death between immense presses, and soaps and oils by the ton,—so we must wait for another time to see the quaint old town and its treasures of art and history.

This must inevitably be the experience with a large party by char-a-banc; the object is to cover as much ground and see as many places as possible, even though imperfectly; but it whets the appetite for a more leisurely trip, without which, of course the 'rapid transit' method is 'better than nothing'.

Cagnes is a picturesque little old town, quiet but not restful, for there is no sense of harmony or agreement between any two buildings; each seems to have been raised with no concern for its surroundings, and set quite askew apparently with the idea of being as different as possible from its neighbors. Here is a portion of a rampart wall separated from all the rest; there an old gate that leads nowhere; again a covered passage boring its way under a church. It gives the impression of a puzzle that has never been put together properly,—that was given up as too bothersome and left in disorder. The most comspicuous landmark is the Castle of the lords of the town, the Grimaldi family. It dates from mediæval times, and is a fine example of that period, but it has been 'modernized' greatly to its detriment, and 'dressed up' with cheap lace curtains; huge plate glass windows cut in its massive walls have still further disfigured its stern simplicity. One writer says, "This superb old castle, in its present plight, can only be compared to the figure of a sun-tanned and scarred veteran with a helmet on his grey head and a halberd in his hand, and on his breast, in the place of the steel cuirass, a parlour-maid's pinafore trimmed with lace."

Walking through the deserted streets of Cagnes, it is difficult to realize that there was a time (in 1678) when life was so gay and the youth of the town so given over to the passion for dancing, as to call forth the vigorous denunciation of the Bishop of Vence, who furthermore condemned the low-necked costumes of the young women, whom he stated had even come to church "with bare throats and chests, without even a kerchief or scarf to veil them." (We wonder what he would say to the fashions of the present day!) They danced in the streets, the Bishop charged, but as all the streets run up and down hill, it was probably in the square known as the Place Grimaldi that this exhibition of 'total depravity' took place. Yes indeed, His Lordship of Vence gave those giddy young people 'a good setting up' for what he called their "indelicate postures and embraces", so it seems likely they had been indulging in some sort of mediæval 'tango'.

St. Paul du Var is one of the towns least changed by the passing of the years and the disastrous effects of 'modern improvements' that had penetrated to little Cagnes in those bygone days. The fortifications are still complete and strong enough to withstand the

machine guns, the battering rams and other destructive forces of modern warfare. St. Paul was a favorite of the nobles, and the dwellings still show many quaint and well preserved armorial insignia of former times. The Church is set on the hill, its massive bell tower close by, keeping company with that belonging to the town, all dating from the 13th or 14th century. The Church has beauties and treasures that have made it notable among the shrines of France, particularly the Chapel of St. Clement the Martyr (1680), and a finely carved bust of St. Claire, with her sweet and spirituelle face. The Sacristy contains crucifixes and candlesticks wonderfully wrought in silver, and in a strangely shaped reliquary, a shoulder-bone of St. George.

To-day we made a trip by auto to Peira Cava one of the mountain towns, again passing by Vence and Gourdain, the road winding and looping along the cliff, sometimes perilously near the edge, which makes one thank his stars for the good and solidly-built car and driver, neither of which has ever figured in an accident.

Looking up, the mountain appeared inaccessible (more than 5000 ft.) but on we went serenely 'looping the loops' until we arrived at the summit where we remained for three hours. The snow lay deep on the ground, though we had just left summer weather at Nice in the valley below, and flower gardens in a riot of bloom.

There is much to say and to see about old Vence. It was occupied by the Phoecians, the Phoenicians, and the Gauls; sacked by the Lombards and Saracens, and taken by the Romans who made of it an imperial dominion, and naturally established therein Paganism with all its gruesome ceremonies; but of the temples to Cybele and Mars which we know existed, there remains not a stone upon a stone. Happily Christianity was early introduced into Vence by St. Trophime whose bones rest in the Cathedral at Arles which bears his name, and which stands not far from the ancient ruins of his little cell deep in the rock. Of the successors of St. Trophime, were St. Veran and St. Lambert to whose memory have been erected chapels. One of the most famous of the spiritual rulers of Vence was Bishop Godeau, renowned for his learning as well as his piety, one of the founders of the French Academy and highly honored by Pope and King.

"The epitaph of Bishop Godeau", writes Hare, "commemorates the favorite of Richelieu who obtained his good graces by dedicating to that great churchman a paraphrase of the Psalms which begins with the words 'Benedicite omnia opera Domini', on receiving which the powerful Cardinal said, "Monsieur l'Abbé, vous me donnez Benedicite, et moi, je vous donne Grasse." (grâce) The Pope afterward allowed Bishop Godeau to hold the bishopric of Grasse together with that of Vence.

The death of this good Bishop was, in a way, a tragic one, and yet such as he might have chosen could he have done so. In the year 1672 he was officiating at the Tenebræ in his Cathedral of Vence. (The Tenebræ is a beautiful and solemn ceremony of Holy

Week. At the beginning of the service a candlestick containing lighted candles is placed on the altar, representing Christ and His disciples. At the conclusion of each Psalm, one of the candles is extinguished to express the desertion of Our Saviour by His followers; finally only the last candle remains; this is then taken and placed behind the altar, signifying the burial of Our Lord.) As the holy Bishop finished the last Psalm and the last candle was being removed, he fell dead upon the altar steps.

Although Vence had long been a stronghold of the Faith, dissenters in the form of Huguenots found their way thither, and gradually the feud between these and the Catholics grew in strength and in bitterness. Families, friends, and relatives who had been united from childhood, now found themselves viewing each other with suspicion and enmity. At length the Huguenots marched upon the faithful town, but before war could be actually declared, a more formidable enemy, namely the plague, known as the 'Black Death' laid low the town and its people. It might have been supposed that this common affliction would have worked out for peace, but it had the opposite effect, each side blaming the other for this visitation from God. The proudest title of Vence was 'Defender of the Faith', and during those turbulent days, it showed itself worthy.

The Huguenot forces were led by a doughty warrior named Lesdiguières, young and brave who had never known defeat. He surrounded Vence with troops and cannon—the fighting was long and fierce, but Vence stood firm and the town was saved, the authority of the Church upheld, many of the Huguenot leaders rejoining the Faith. Old families and friends were reunited and Lesdiguières came back to the Church, though he was forty years in doing so, for he could not forget the great and bitter failure of his life, the humiliation he suffered before the little town of Vence, the Defender of the Faith.

The town gives the impression of extreme and decrepit old age; the streets narrow, dark, crooked, the backs of the houses on the outer limit forming the city wall. The Church is nearly hidden by other buildings which encroach upon it, so that the only part of it visible is the door surmounted by a statue of the blessed Virgin. The present Church as it now stands, dates from the 12th to the 15th century, but it is known that the first Bishop was St. Eusebius who held office in 374.

The Lords of Vence, the Villeneuves, are buried beside the altar, which is of carved marble, but the finest feature of the old Church is the stalls which are said to be the work of forty years. The town seems almost deserted, for many houses are closed and you may pass through an entire street without meeting anyone. The glories of Vence are of the past, and the remnants of its former splendor cling pathetically to its ancient walls; here a fine lancet window, there a carved doorway or a pointed arch; but above all there remains to it the honourable title of 'Defender of the Faith'.

Between Villefranche and Beaulieu a point of land juts out into

the sea, and near the end, separates into two parts, Cap Ferrat and Cap St. Hospice. Although the whole peninsula is often referred to as Cap Ferrat, it is to Cap St. Hospice that the greatest interest clings. They are like a pair of sisters bound together by family ties, but having nothing else in common; as sometimes with children of the same parentage, the dissimilarity is the striking feature; one is selfish, showy, pushing and eager to appear the important member of the twain—that is Cap Ferrat with its fine hotels, its spick and span villas, its air of prosperity. Its sister strip of land has nothing to attract the average tourist who will see only a little village of fishermen and their families, a lonely church, a massive and ancient tower. St. Hospice is shy and retiring, modest, humble, seeking not the flattery or even the notice of others, but dwells serene and content in the happy and holy memories of the past,—a maiden smiling to herself, secure in the possession of a more permanent and honorable fame.

Paganism flourished along these coasts in the wake of the Romans, until in the year 560 an humble and learned monk, St. Hospice or Auspicius planted the first seeds of Christianity in this barren and unpromising soil; the seed took root and a flourishing settlement of devout and honest folk surrounded St. Hospice and his monastery. When he foresaw the coming of the Lombards, he bade his followers seek safety in flight or in places well guarded and strong, and the Saint himself took refuge in an old tower on the Cape. "When the barbarians arrived", says Treves, "they were convinced that the tower, which was so closely shut, must be the hiding place of treasure. One of the robbers at once climbed to the top of the stronghold and peeped over. He found it roofless and, looking down into the depth, saw not coffers filled with silver and gold but a solitary man, emaciated and in rags, sitting on bare stones. They assumed him to be a miser who had vast wealth buried beneath the flags on which he crouched. With violent hammer blows they broke down the doors and effected an entry.

The captain of the gang pushed through the opening, and confronting the silent figure on the ground, demanded who he was and where his hoard was concealed. To this the supposed man of wealth replied, "I am a murderer. There is no crime that I am not guilty of, and with each misdeed I have crucified anew the Son of God." This was a dark saying very hard to understand. The Lombard, although a practised murderer, felt that he was in the presence of a criminal of unusual virulence, of a malefactor whose wickedness was even riper than his own. His moral sense was shocked by this revolting creature crouching on the earth, and moved by an impulse of justice he proceeded to kill him. This was in accord with the routine procedure adopted by Lombards in all cases of doubt. 'He raised his weapon to strike a deadly blow on the criminal's head, but, to the horror of all present, his arm remained dry and stiff in the air and the weapon fell heavily to the ground.'

This terrible occurrence filled those who had crowded into the

tower with shivering dread. They feared that they too might be punished in this mysterious and abrupt manner. They felt their limbs all over to see if they were still sound, looked at the placid figure on the floor with awe and finally fell down upon their knees and implored mercy and forgiveness. St. Hospice now arose, touched the withered arm, made over it the sign of the Cross and uttered some fervent words. At once the limb became whole again. So vivid was the impression made upon these rude men that two officers and many of the company expressed a desire to be baptised then and there. They never dreamt that the expedition would end in this way. They had come to plunder and burn, not to be baptised. Those outside the tower who had not seen the demonstration accomplished by the supposed criminal promptly retreated."

St. Hospice lived in the old tower, thenceforth called the Tower of the Withered Arm, until his death in 580, and was buried beside it, where a chapel was erected to his memory. It was rebuilt by Charles Emmanuel II, Duke of Savoy, about 1640, but nothing of it now remains. A modern church only about a century old perpetuates the memory of the holy man. A tower and a statue of the Blessed Virgin are near by.

Upon a grim and bare grey cliff nearly a thousand feet high and rising abruptly out of the sea, sets the ancient town of Eze. Let no unfeeling punster proceed to practise his questionable skill on this poor little unfortunate and long-suffering town of Provence, whose name so ill accords with its history. Notwithstanding its apparently impregnable position, it seems to have been unable to protect itself from every kind of violence that man and nature could inflict. It looks like a fortress, and that very appearance of strength, for it contains little else of value, has alone made it desired of others, and has therefore contributed more to its undoing than any other circumstance, making it the prey of every marauding horde and ambitious lordling of the Mediterranean coast and beyond.

It has been pillaged and sacked, burned and starved by Lombards and Saracens; it has been bought and sold like a pile of old junk. Tradition tells us that there has been a settlement on that grey pinnacle of rock since prehistoric times and this primitive people being driven off by the Phoenicians, the latter added to the fortifications so well begun by Nature. We know with more certitude that the Romans gained control of the town and made a harbor at the sea-level below.

When the Romans had no further use for Eze, the Lombards took their turn at it, appearing in 578. These held possession for about 200 years when, as had been the case throughout its entire history, things went from bad to worse in Eze, for now came the Saracens compared with whom all the preceding occupants were peaceful and courteous visitors. They enslaved the inhabitants, as many as had survived from a decimated population, and proceeded to institute an era of 'frightfulness' which up to that time, had never been known. The Saracens held Eze for more than 200 years,

longer even than the Lombards; Guelphs and Ghibilines then warred within it for possession. The House of Anjou, the Counts of Provence, Monaco, Naples, Savoy, were all in turn owners of Eze until finally in 1860 it was ceded to France.

Even plague and fever were known to its wretched people; the heavens punished it with terrible storms and the earth beneath it yawned and quaked. Is it surprising that the little town became embittered and was itself for a time a terror to its neighbors? Looking upon it to-day battered, grim, sullen, almost deserted, strange it is to realize that there was a time during the 13th century, when the Lords of Eze were patrons of letters, and the little town was reputed as a seat of learning where scholars pored over musty tomes, and poets dreamed and sang of love and life!

In 1543 it was betrayed by two of its own faithless sons into the hands of the pirate Barbarossa who, with the Turks, were assisting the French. The people were massacred and the town razed. It was struck by lightning in 1887 and practically ruined; it never recovered from this latest misfortune, and at last its cup of sorrow seemed full to overflowing.

* * *

I've seen two funny men: at the Bridge of St. Louis on the frontier where France and Italy meet, at one of the most beautiful and picturesque points in the Maritime Alps, was the first 'funny man', with a round, good-natured, weather-beaten face, in an old-fashioned, grey linen 'duster' topped by a black tall hat,—the combination was ludicrous. He played a guitar singing snatches of Italian Opera in a tuneful voice, meanwhile dancing up and down in the middle of the road, sometimes taking a sidestep with one foot in Italy and the other in France. He would clear his throat effusively, (this was part of the performance) and proceed to give an imitation of Caruso,—then in a high soprano, a French ballad—then a musical whistle; it was altogether a diverting exhibition, and he gathered in many a franc and lira in his battered silk hat.

The other 'funny man', so called by a little American girl, would probably be surprised, as well as offended to be designated as such, for he certainly takes himself and his duties seriously enough. He is the functionary who precedes the priest when taking up the collection at Notre Dame in Nice. He wears red trousers with a stripe down the outside of very wide gold braid; a long 'swallow-tailed' coat of dark blue, likewise lavishly trimmed with the galloon; over his right shoulder an additional garment larger and longer than a priest's maniple, nearly covered with the same ornamentation; his hat is the shape of Napoleon's with a cockade, and he carries a long shining halberd such as those of the Swiss Guard at the Vatican. He walks with stately tread a little in advance of the priest, drops his halberd silently, and stands immovable as one of the statues of the saints in the niches; he is grave and white-haired and doubtless deserving of this honorable service. Then comes the

clergyman with his silver plate followed by two 'miniature cardinals' in red cassocks and white lace surplices,—a picturesque procession. . . . . To-day quite by accident we came upon such a happy discovery—, at the end of a little retired by-way just off one of the principal streets, on a door were the words, "Sanctuaire du Sacré Coeur". We walked on and came to a second door wide open to a beautiful palm-garden, quiet and restful in the midst of this pleasure-loving and frivolous city,—restful to body and soul. To the right was the entrance flung wide to a lovely little Church of the Sacred Heart,—it was like meeting a beloved friend in a crowd of strangers. There is a shrine to Our Lady of Lourdes with the beautiful familiar statue, one to Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, and an especially fine altar-piece representing the Sacred Heart. . . . .

Do you remember Mr. and Mrs. P. of San Francisco whom we met and liked so much in Rome? It was good to see them again here in Nice—they seem to bring with them the wholesome and friendly spirit of the West; we have made some interesting trips together and I shall be sorry to leave them. One of these excursions was to Monte Carlo. The tourist who arrives at this far-famed town expecting to see a near suburb of the infernal regions, where crime is rampant, vice condoned, and virtue actually nil, will be greatly disappointed. No more orderly, wholesome, proper sort of town exists anywhere,—it is the sensational novel that is largely responsible for its evil reputation. Towns or communities are like people, and have reputations to maintain; but closely as they guard their municipal morals, sometimes they become besmirched through the unreliable or vicious reports of the fiction writers. Monte Carlo is a place that has evidently so suffered. It has a police system that is earnest and efficient, and it is undoubtedly safer for a young lady to go from the Opera alone to her hotel at a late hour, than it would be in Paris, London, or New York. Our own opinion had been formed according to these misleading reports, but we were forced to modify it.

There were no drunkards reeling through the streets night and day; no scantily-dressed women haunting the hotel corridors; no pistol shots of ruined gamblers broke the quiet of the still small hours. To be sure there is the gambling, but it is the 'industry' of the town like soap or shoe making, and carried on in a strictly businesss-like manner, though certainly in a much less prosaic routine.

It is useless and impossible to attempt a defence of gambling, or to excuse or condone it as indulged in by the masses; gambling should be indulged in, if ever, only by those to whom loss or gain makes no difference; but alas! it is not by such it is often done, but by those who can least afford the diversion. These two classes form the greater number of the company which gathers around the green tables, together with those who say they do it, 'just for fun', but their chagrin when they lose appears to have none of the elements of 'fun', while the genuine gambler pockets his winnings or his disappointment with equanimity.

The New York Tribune asks, "Why do men and women gamble?" and answers the question thus: "Because of its fascinating hazards. The oldest derelict of baccara still believes that he may yet win a fortune and not have to lose it again. This belief, once it eats into the gambler's soul, has more disastrous potentialities for him than any other known vice.

A perverted imagination visualizes something gained from nothing, and defies the axiom that "out of nothing nothing comes." The consequence is that games of chance have produced the maximum of misery and the minimum of profit. Nevertheless, their milder forms are borne with tolerance by many reputable people, despite the fact that their grosser forms constitute an almost worse evil than drunkenness."

Unfortunately there is another pastime at Monte Carlo that cannot be too severely condemned, that is the contemptible sport known as trap shooting of pigeons. On the green lawn between the Casino and the sea are set rows of traps; into each of these a pigeon already half dead of fright, is stuffed. When the 'game' is in progress, the trap door is opened,—the pigeon seeing freedom and the blue sky above, flies upward on rumpled wings, only to drop the next instant either wounded or dead; if wounded, it falls into the sea where boatmen wait to pick it up.

No true sportsman would take part in such a mean performance in which the unfortunate birds have little or no chance. Those who take pleasure in it, would probably tremble at the mere thought of facing even a wildcat in its native haunt.

Monaco, with its snug and safe little harbor at the base of the great cliff, was the prize for which fierce battles were fought between the Mediterranean powers and the great family of the Grimaldi in which the latter were the victors, and through their descendants rule the principality at the present day. In the 12th century it belonged to Genoa who built a fort on the site of the palace. Between Monaco and Monte Carlo is a deep gorge, and in the bottom, a little babbling stream overshadowed by bushes. A great railway bridge spans the entrance to the chasm, and framed by one of its massive arches, stands the chapel of St. Dévote, the patron saint of the town, a substantial proof of its respectability.

The legend of St. Dévote as generally accepted in Monaco, is related in "Monaco et ses Princes", par Henri Mètivier, 1862.

In the reign of the Emperor Diocletian there lived in Corsica a Christian maiden whose name was Dévote. She was bitterly persecuted for her religion; but found a friend in Euticius, a senator, who concealed her in his house. Her hiding place was discovered by the Roman prefect who was engaged in the hunting down of Christians. Euticius was killed by poison. Dévote was dragged forth into the street, was mutilated with the utmost brutality and finally expired while undergoing the torture of the "chavalet." She died praying for the soul of her friend and protector, the noble Euticius.

During the night the body of the martyr was carried down secretly to the seashore by her fellow Christians and placed, with solemn reverence, on board a ship. As the day dawned the ship set sail for the coast of Africa; but, after a while, a storm burst upon it and drove it helpless and hopeless, before a fierce wind towards the shores of Gaul.

The captain—one Gratien—felt that the ship was lost. His strength was spent and he gave way to utter despair. As he clung wearily to the helm, dazed and exhausted, a vision of the dead maiden appeared before him as a small, white figure against a curtain of black cloud. She opened her mouth to speak.

"Up! Gratien," she said, "the tempest is passing away; your ship will sail safely into the blue. Watch by me and when you see a dove fly forth from my mouth, follow it with a good heart. It will take you to a quiet haven called in the Greek, Monaco, and in the Latin, Singulare. There you will find peace and there by the beach, bury my body."

'Her words came true', adds Treves. The wind ceased; the savage waves dropped into a rippled calm and under an azure sky, made glorious by the sun, the battered boat—bearing the wan maiden on its deck—sailed, like a radiant thing, into a harbor of enchantment. At the mouth of the glen, where the rosemary grew and by the side of the laughing stream the body of the little maid was buried.'

Every year on the feast of St. Dévote, a long and picturesque procession winds round the cliff to the chapel to do honor to her memory.

The palace is similar to the average royal apartments. An imposing gateway admits to a Cour d'Honneur and a small, simple chapel is seen at the end of this court. On the opposite side of the square is the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, almost too large and ornate for its simple surroundings. Beside the Cathedral is the Rue des Carmes, so called because in the old days it contained a figure of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and M. Bosio in "Le Vieux Monaco" says, "On the eve of the Feast of Notre Dame du Mont-Carmel the old Monegasques surrounded the hallowed figure with flowers and lighted candles and sang hymns before it." The place where this honored figure used to stand and receive the homage of the devout people, is now shown by a painting of the Madonna on the wall of an adjacent house.

On the Rue des Briques is the well known Giardinetto or Little Garden connected with the house of Charlotte de Grammont, wife of Prince Louis I, who left the Court of France, taking up her residence in Monaco in order to be near her daughter who had become a Religious at the Convent of the Visitation near by. She founded this Convent in the 17th century, and there her heart is buried. The beautiful gardens of St. Martin occupy the eastern portion of the Rock. They are composed of winding walks, shady and sheltered, and a varied and interesting vegetation of plants and flowers from many lands. At the end of the garden is the old fort

where, instead of thundering guns, one now hears whispering lovers.

* * *

On the top of the grey cliff which hovers above Monte Carlo, stands the old Roman Posting town of La Turbie, more than 1500 feet high. The town sets solidly against its cliff background, but two single objects stand out conspicuously; the Roman memorial of Augustus Cæsar to mark his victory here some 1900 years ago; the other a flimsy hotel so modern that it might have received but yesterday the finishing touch in the form of a coat of pink paint. One can imagine the incongruity of these two neighbors. The old Roman highway called the Aurelian Way starts from the Forum (in Rome), and on its highest point is the town of La Turbie. It was a place of importance in olden days as the frontier between Italy and Gaul, through which passed wayfarers of every description.

It has had the same stormy past as most of the Riviera towns and as great a variety of rulers. The most interesting and by far the most important object in the old hill town is the Roman trophy built in 6 B. C. Its outer stone surface was originally coated with white marble, its colornades crowned with statues, and its inscription in letters of gold; but now, after the assaults of 2000 years by the elements and the more destructive agents employed by enemy forces, after being stripped of all its ornament, it is battered and ruined, but still it stands firm, apparently indestructible. "This is the feature about it", says Sir Frederick Treves, "that inspires the greatest wonder, this feature of determined immortality; for it would seem that so long as the world endures the pillar of victory will crown the everlasting hill."

Is it any wonder that so venerable a landmark should have become during the progress of centuries, invested by the popular mind with marvellous occult powers which under proper conditions, it displayed to human visitors in need? Its ruined colonnade was the abode of spirits, and deep in its shadowy recesses dwelt a god which had an intimate knowledge of its mortal neighbors and their doings. It spoke in the language of the time and place, and became an oracle frequently consulted by wives and husbands in regard to the conduct of their respective mates.

It might be supposed that the information stored up for ages by the speaking statue would have been that pertaining to violence, tumult, war, disaster and death, but strange to say, such was not the case; its specialty was the subject which has been of supreme interest in all ages and climes since the world began—human love. As to the method employed in these seances, we are somewhat in the dark. However M. Durandy in his book 'Mon Pays', etc., tells us that one Raymond Feraud, a troubadour, in the 13th century wrote some verses on this very theme. He says that one Count Aymes of Narbonne was a jealous husband, and therefore probably very trying to his wife, a light-hearted and sociable lady called Tiburge. He was somewhat doubtful as to her devotion, and one day

made the rather startling announcement that he intended to take her to the god of the tower, and there put some pertinent questions regarding her behaviour. This was throwing a monkey-wrench into the works of the princely household.

Tiburge was frightened (perhaps she had reason to be), and worried lest spiteful neighbors might have 'said things'— she wondered how much that old stone god knew, anyway! Being resourceful, Tiburge thought of St. Honorat, and before the dread day of the 'hearing', made a pilgrimage to the Lerin Islands. Just how much of her troubles the lady told to the Saint, the troubadour does not state, but most likely she showed true penitence for St. Honorat absolved and cheered her, telling her she need have no fear and to still further comfort her, gave her the lappet of his hood telling her to wear it at the forthcoming trial. Fortified with this precious souvenir, Tiburge was so happy that she could scarcely restrain herself from giggling as she journeyed with her scowling husband up the hill to La Turbie.

The Count put some questions to the 'idole' that might have proved very embarrassing to Tiburge, were she not protected with the brown lappet of the holy man's cowl. Needless to say the answers were most reassuring to the doubting husband who felt rather crest-fallen however, after the 'idole' had condemned him for casting suspicions on 'une dame de grande merite', who was even permitted to wear part of the vesture of the holy St. Honorat. Such a wife must indeed be of irreproachable character! Anyhow Tiburge went home exonerated and her jealous husband humbled. We may imagine however, that on the way he ventured to say to her, "I'd throw that old brown thing on your head in the rag-bag if I were you,"—and Tiburge, with a knowing smile, answered "Never mind, I mean to keep it—it may be useful some other time."

In the valley not far from La Turbie stands the monastery of Our Lady of Laghet whose statue crowns its lofty dome. The entrance is over a bridge which crosses a little mountain torrent. Its walls are a soft tint of fawn-colored stucco with the usual tiled roof. There is an old fountain in the wall, erected in 1706 and above it, a statue of the Blessed Virgin who seems to be looking down upon the flowing water. The inscription upon the stone is thus translated:

"Pilgrim, you find here two streams; one descends from Heaven, the other from the top of the mountains. The first is a treasure which the Virgin distributes to the piety of the faithful; the second has been brought here by the people of Nice; drink of both if you thirst for both." A very old chapel once stood on the site of the present one, and in 1652 miracles were first noted. Four years later the new church was built. People from all the surrounding country, and even distant lands have come to Laghet to be cured of illness and escape calamity, among them Charles Emmanuel II, Victor Amédée and his wife Anne of Orleans.

On the great feast of Laghet, Trinity Sunday, the roads leading

to the monastery are crowded with pilgrims coming to ask the intercession of Our Lady or to return thanks for past favors. The walls of the cloister are nearly covered with illustrations of the many cases of illness and accident from which persons have been delivered. Most of the ex voto pictures are very old and crude, some going back to the year 1793.

GENOVA LA SUPERBA

Here I am in this lovely old city by the sea—Genova la Superba—Genoa the Proud. There was an elderly couple in the compartment, so comfortable and happy together that it was a pleasure to travel with them,—always watching for a chance to do some little kindness for each other—and for me. The train was late, arriving about eleven, but the auto-bus was in waiting and in a twinkling we were at the Miramare, an especially fine hotel on a far hill with an entrancing view of the harbor, the mountains, and the distant sea. Next morning we made a circuit of a goodly portion of the city. There were the ancient palaces of a proud and prosperous race, and the new ones still more beautiful, of soft buff stucco with terra cotta tiled roofs, surrounded with palms and foliage of richest green.

It matters not in what corner of the earth the traveller may have first seen the light of day, to come again to Italy is like coming home. Arriving late at night as I did, when the life of the city is hushed, when only a glimmer of light here and there shines dimly among the great white palaces set over against the hills; when all about the busy quay is silent, and the shipping rests securely on the breast of the blue waters, the stranger has little or no idea of the loveliness, the splendor, the surprise, and the joy that await him on the morrow, in this fair city of Genova la Superba, Genoa the Proud, the beautiful gate that opens the way to Italy.

Janua the gate, is the derivation whence comes her name, and there in the Duomo we may read an ancient inscription which tells us that the city was founded by Janus, a Trojan prince, who, in search of a desirable site, by chance sailed into its port, where there was already a little settlement occupied by another Janus, King of Italy, great-grandson of Noah.

But there were those who believed so noble a place of nothing less than Divine origin, and that it was the old Pagan god Janus who guided the beginning of all good things, that laid the foundations of the proud city of Genoa. It was by him the year was opened and still it bears his name; he was the presiding genius of all gates, and a ship was his sign.

Whoever looks upon Genoa the Proud, resting thus securely in the shelter of the mountains towering like gigantic sentinels at her back, the blue waters bathing the white sands at her feet and the sunshine flooding all with a mist of gold, where *even the sky* bends down to meet the white foam of her waves—for never have I felt

elsewhere this sense of nearness, as if one might sail out a short league or two from shore, reach up his hand—*and touch the sky!* Whoever looks upon her thus in her strength and beauty, will not wonder that she has ever been a power to reckon with on the seas, for her port is the greatest on all the Mediterranean shores, and her history is largely bound up with those who have gone "down to the sea in ships". If the wanderer who comes to her be from far-off America, he will feel the tightening of an invisible bond which draws him to this sunny land, so different from his own,—for was it not here that was bred that intrepid mariner, who sailed the then uncharted seas into the El Dorado which we now call Home? We can imagine the boy Columbus sitting on that very quay, watching the ships come and go, their white sails swelling in the breeze, envying the sailors at their tasks, *and dreaming strange dreams.*

During the horrors and cruelties of Nero's reign, St. Nazarus and St. Celsus fled, and came to the neighborhood of Genoa, near to Albaro, where the ruins of an ancient church occupied the place of a Pagan temple, as so often happens all through Italy. From its earliest history Genoa was intensely devout; the ancient Church of St. Sisto stands on the very spot where, in the year 260, a church was raised to the memory of that Pope, Saint and Martyr. When this venerable Pontiff came to Genoa, with him came St. Lawrence, and tradition says that very soon afterward there was erected in *his* honor also, a church on the site of the present Duomo of St. Lorenzo.

We are so accustomed to reading of the Lombards burning and pillaging cities and coasts and murdering and enslaving their inhabtants, it is good to know of their doing a noble deed in the cause of religion. Early in the 6th century the sacred ashes of St. Augustine had been removed from Africa to Calgary to save them from the Vandals. For centuries they remained at Calgary, until the Saracens came with all their usual ruthlessness and cruelty, when Luitprand, King of the Lombards ransomed the sacred dust, and in 725, had it brought to Genoa, where, by order of the King, who came himself to receive it, it was placed in a silver urn and venerated by the people.

During the 10th century Genoa herself was a victim of the Saracens, but later resisted them successfully and even seized Corsica. However it is with the Crusades that the name and fame of Genoa, her riches and her power, is most intimately connected. History accuses her of a mercenary motive in joining this holy cause—save possibly in the first—for she had set her heart on the things of this world; booty, rather than the capture of the Holy City, it is claimed, was her primary object, and with that, the spirit of adventure, which always appealed to her strongly.

However, Godfrey de Bouillon sailed from her port in 1905 going as a pilgrim to Jerusalem, with a host comprising all kinds and conditions of men. Some say he was flouted at the very door of the Holy Sepulchre; anyhow he returned bent on urging the Pope, Urban II, to take action. The Pope, already influenced by Peter the Hermit, proclaimed the First Crusade, in answer to that rallying

cry of the people "Dieu le veult," "God wills it," which led on countless hosts to disaster and death.

Again from Genoa they sailed in 1097 with Godfrey at their head; but only to Antioch went the Genoese, laid siege to that city, captured it, and on the way back, always on the lookout for spoil, no matter whence derived, took possession of a Greek monastery from which they carried off the remains of St. John the Baptist to their own city, generously (!) bestowing them on the Duomo, where they rest to the present day.

In 1099 Genoa sent a larger contingent to Judea under her great warrior Embriaco, and it was the cunning of the Genoese soldiers that finally brought success to the Christian arms. It was then that the throne of Palestine was offered to Godfrey de Bouillon, but "he refused to wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn one of thorns," so "he was given the title of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. The Genoese returned home, as usual laden with spoil, their leader Embriaco claiming for his share the Catino, that is the Cup of the Last Supper, fashioned as was believed, *from a single emerald.* Perhaps you may see it in the Treasury of San Lorenzo and you may be told that it was broken by the French, that Napoleon carried it off to Paris and returned a cup of green glass instead of the original, but who knows? Surely the Genoese were too clever, too wise, to give up their largess for *a piece of green glass!* This was a prize indeed, the Holy Grail which Arthur and his knights sought far and wide, the Cup in which Nicodemus, with trembling fingers, caught up the very *Life-blood of the Son of God!* The sacred Chalice that Christ Himself held in His Divine Hand, at the Last Supper, when He said, *"This is my Blood which shall be shed for many."*

In the second and third Crusade the Genoese took no part in the fighting, but made themselves commissariat and masters of shipping, in which business venture, they amassed enormous riches. But shortly Genoa had fighting to do nearer home, for Pisa, jealous of her growing power, took up arms against her and was crushed, the Genoese further humiliating her by bringing home the chains of her Porto to hang on her own Palazzo di'San Giorgio, where, according to Mr. Hutton, they hung almost to our own day. Then came war with the Moors, the Venetians, and the seemingly everlasting wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines; they tried a foreign Podestà and had Doges of their own choosing; then the tyranny of her own nobles kept her in a state of continual turmoil; she was sold to the French, retaken by the Visconti, alternately under the rule of the nobles, the Doria, the Fieschi, the Adorni, of the French, and of the Spanish. In the 16th century the great Admiral Doria by his victory over the rival faction of the Fieschi brought final peace to his city. In 1860 she became part of the Kingdom of Italy.

It was during those troublous times toward the end of the 15th century, that Columbus now grown to man's estate, saw afar *the vision of a new world.* But his native city turned a deaf ear to his story, and he had recourse to Salamanca and the Dominicans, sailing

away from Cadiz. It was like a judgment on Genoa, that she lost the opportunity to acquire foreign dominions and great wealth, the two things dearest to her on earth,—and Spain was the gainer—Spain, whose domination was yet a humiliating memory to the haughty Genoese. With the charity and loyalty usual to great men who are so often without honor in their own country, Columbus forgave his people their lack of sympathy, their coldness, their scorn, and kept in his heart the love of his native land. His letter to the Bank of St. George expresses those noble sentiments which alone should make his name beloved as it is renowned: "Although my body is here, my heart is always with you," he writes; "God has been more bountiful to me than to anyone since David's time. The success of my enterprise is already clear, and would be still *more* clear, if the Government did not cover it with a veil. I sail again for the Indies in the name of the Most Holy Trinity, and I return at once; but as I know I am but mortal, I charge my son Don Diego to pay you yearly and forever the tenth part of all my revenue, in order to lighten the toll on wine and corn. If this tenth part is large, you are welcome to it; if small, believe in my good wish. May the Most Holy Trinity guard your noble persons and increase the lustre of your distinguished office."

Genoa reminds us at every turn, of her glorious past, while at the same time she is living the intense full life of the present; her crooked, narrow, streets are filled with movement, with trade, with merchandise, as it was of old; a city of merchants busy with their wares, of sailors with their ships; and of little children playing in the sun.

The Bank of St. George which was founded, it is said, for the safety of Genoa, was formerly a palace and is now a ruin; over the door is to be seen the remains of the seal which Pope Innocent VII brought as a gift to his native city,—a griffin, the emblem of Genoa strangling the fox and the imperial eagle of the hated Pisa, and beneath, the Latin motto "Griphus ut has agit, sic hostes Genoa frangit."

The Strada degli Orefici, the Street of the Jewellers is filled with little shops where bright trinkets especially of silver filigree are displayed. Near by is the Madonna of the Street Corner, and St. Lo the patron of smiths. The Cathedral of St. Lorenzo is all of black and white marble; the walls are of the 12th century, the façade of the 14th, and the tower and choir two centuries later. The most notable and interesting portion of it is the chapel of St. John the Baptist, into which no woman may enter because of the sin of one of her sex, Salome the daughter of Herodias, who brought to her King on a silver platter, the very Head of their beloved Saint, because he had dared to scorn her charms! The building of the Cathedral went on slowly for many years, until in 1174 a law was made, by which the people were obliged to pay to the fund, a tenth part of all testamentary legacies, and the Canons half their decimal tithes; but the strangest part of the decree was that the Jews resident in

Genoa must supply at their own expense, and keep burning, the lights on the altar of St. Lorenzo! The Treasury contains a piece of the True Cross set in a golden casket encrusted with precious stones, captured from the Venetians in the fourth Crusade.

In the Piazza Umberto Primo is the Palazzo Ducale the ancient Palace of the Doges. The church of San Mateo in black and white marble, is the burial place of the celebrated Doria family, among them the tomb of the great Admiral Andrea Doria:

"Questo è quel Doria, che fa dai Pirati
Sicuro il vostro mar per tutti i lati."*

The Via Nuova is a great street of palaces the homes of the nobles. In the Palazzo Municipale are frescoes of the Doge Grimaldi, and another treasure, the violin of the renowned virtuoso Paganini, on which Señor Sarasate once had the privilege of playing.

Both Rubens and Vandyck painted in Genoa, and some of their masterpieces are still to be found here and there in the old palaces; a Christ and His Apostles in the Palazzo Bianco, and in the Palazzo Durazzo-Pallavicini, two fine Rubens—Philip IVth of Spain, and Silenus with the Bacchantes. In the Piazza Acqua Verde is the statue of Columbus, dwarfed by the railroad station, as is that other in far-away Boston, by the massive walls of the Cathedral. Near by to the left is the Palazzo Doria, that is, what remains of it, the most splendid of them all; John Evelyn visited it in its palmy days, and thus describes its splendors; "One of the greatest palaces here for circuit is that of the Prince d'Orias," he writes, "which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less gloriously furnished within, having whole tables and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with achates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquizes, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace supported by pillars of marble; there is a fountaine of eagles, and one of Neptune, with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basine of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sr. Fra. Bacon describes in his *Sermones Fidelium* or Essays, wherein grow trees of more than two foote diameter, besides cypresse, myrtils, lintiscs, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and pearch all sorts of birds, who have an ayre and place enough under their ayrie canopy, supported with huge iron worke stupendious for its fabrick and the charge. The other two gardens are full of orange trees, citrons, and pomegranates; fountaines, grotts, and statues; one of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is a sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family receiv'd of the K. of Spayne 500

*This is that Doria who made your sea safe from the Pirates on every side.

Memorial to Christopher Columbus—Genoa.

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crownes a yeare during the life of the faithful animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it."

The Church of the Santissima Annunziata is very rich and beautiful and not far away is St. Geronimo de 'Pre' with its Lombard tower; here is preserved the remains of St. Hugh.

Sunday morning looking from our window we could see people hurrying along to the sound of church bells ringing, we concluded they were going to Mass, and followed; but we seemed to have gotten into a maze of narrow, paved alleys winding in one direction for a time, only to turn directly opposite, crossing, turning, up steps, then down others, and so on—finally we asked a passer-by where the church was and it was pointed out on the tip top of the hill; but why had one to come *down* when the church was *up?* Chi lo sa? Who knows? We gave up the search, and as we questioned a woman about the way back, a gentleman stopped on learning our wish, saying that 'if the Signora would walk a very short distance to the tram, it would be 'un gran' piacere 'to show her the church'; the Signora was willing, her guide sitting respectfully on the opposite side of the car, reading his paper; on reaching the church, he presented his card, saying that if he could serve in any way, to command him; the card showed him to be the President of the National Association of Chemists. This spontaneous and simple courtesy of the Latin races has often excited our admiration. There was the church of Nostra Signora delle Vigne, Our Lady of the Vines, so-called because when built, it was in the centre of a great vineyard.

On All Souls' Day multitudes of the devout Genoese may be seen flocking to the Cemetery, Il Campo di Staglieno, where many acres, half on the level, half on the hillside, are given up to this city of the dead. The tombs are embellished with works of modern sculptors in dazzling white Carrara marble. Some of the figures are lovely and artistic, but many are crude and ugly, and still others even humorous, decked out as they are, in the absurd fashions of bygone years. Can you imagine anything more funny or less graceful than a white marble old woman standing on a pedestal, her shrunken features fixed in a cynical stare, her spreading skirt much too short in front (for the remainder of it); her apron is trimmed with home-made lace, a short, loose sacque encloses her ample figure and a little fringed shawl covers her shoulders; she wears long pendant earrings, and in her hands she holds a Rosary of enormous beads partly entwined with what may be a skein of yarn or a chain of sausages! It is nothing less than cruel to expose the foibles and frailties of our nature to future generations in a manner so grotesque. Of old the laws were written on tables of stone, but here in our own time, are fashion plates sculptured in marble!

The Genoese have been looked upon with distrust and, at least in the old days, as freebooters and even as pirates—but if you would see the other side of the shield, go down some evening to the square by the quay, and see the little groups of sailors gathered before the

shrine of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, taking leave of their families and saying a last prayer together before setting out for the long months' voyage to the coral reefs of Sardinia, or the more distant coast of 'Darkest Africa.'

O Genova la Superba, Genoa the Proud, who is there that can question thy claim to the title? To what chosen land on earth was given a birthright such as thine?—Thy safe and beautiful place between the mountains and the Bay, like a great opalescent jewel, crowned with a circlet of emerald hills, set in the rim of a sapphire sea! Thou who gavest to history many of its brightest pages illumined with deeds of valor and glory; to the world an able and fearless navigator, to the Church a Pope, to God, a Saint. In whose midst rests the ashes of him who cried in the wilderness:

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord—make straight His paths"! Whose pavements were pressed by the feet of Martyrs; whose sons fought and died beside the tomb of Christ! Thou who hast dedicated thy beauty to the Virgin Mother of God; who holdest among thy treasures the very *Cup of the Precious Blood!*

Yet not because of these, and *more* than these, is that proud spirit that clings to thee like a garment, but *with* them, the full, virile, life of to-day; of brave men, fair and virtuous women, and of little laughing children, sweet flowers from the Garden of God.

* * *

On the train to Florence our compartment was filled with a very cosmopolitan group of travellers: a Swiss couple, a German couple, two Italian girls, a French woman, and this unworthy representative of America. All became good friends, and separated with warm handclasps and real regret. When nearing Rome and the great dome of St. Peter's loomed up in the distance, there were exclamations of joyful recognition of that stupendous landmark of the whole world. I would have liked to take my satchel and hurry away to the friends and places I love in Rome, and let the train go on without me to that strange city of Florence, with all its art and beauty, and people that I do not know and may not like—

With love and all good wishes, dear Virginia, believe me

Always faithfully yours,

M. A. O'R.

* * *

FIRENZE LA BELLA

FIRENZE, LA BELLA.

Letter to F. G. F.

Firenze, Italia.

Dear F.——

The blue waters of the Porto, the gay villas on the hill, the green wall of mountains beyond, were all shrouded in a grey mist, and so it was not so hard to leave behind the charms of Genoa, as if she were smiling and beckoning and calling out of the sunshine;—to bid her 'A rivederla', and journey on in the morning toward the Promised Land of Firenze la Bella, Florence, the beautiful City of Flowers.

It seemed a happy omen that our visit should begin on the lovely feast of the Annunciation. We had heard the joy-bells ringing and on inquiring where was the nearest church, were told 'directly opposite', so we hurried across the street to the church of Santa Maria Novella. There was an old woman at the gateway selling little colored prints of the Mystery of the Annunciation, and buying one, we received with it her blessing. Within, a white-robed Dominican monk led the way to an altar where Mass was being said. This was the first of many visits to this far-famed shrine of Our Lady which has been called 'the fair bride of Michelangelo.' It is not only one of the most perfect buildings of the 15th century, but it has also one of the most beautiful façades in the world. There is a great cloister, like so many others suppressed, now a military gymnasium, and a lovely pointed campanile. The nave is divided into two parts; the one a step higher, is used by the friars, the other by the people. There is a large and lifelike Crucifix over the great door attributed to Giotto; a fresco of the Holy Trinity with the Madonna and St. John by Masaccio, 'that rare strong master who died at 27'.

In the south transept, the Rucellai Chapel has a beautiful and mysterious Madonna, the chief treasure of the church, painted by Cimabue (some say by Duccio of Siena) so beloved by the people that "it was carried in solemn procession with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church,—he himself being highly rewarded and honored for it"; while, as Vasari tells us, when Cimabue was painting it in a garden not far from San Pietro, King Charles of Sicily, brother of St. Louis, saw the picture and praised it so highly that "all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, rejoicing in this occurrence, ever after called that place Borgo Allegri,"—the name it still bears. The ancient and treasured Rucellai Madonna is happily still in her own Chapel, where she may hear the prayers of the poor, and look with pity on the tears of the afflicted. Behind the altar are frescoes by Ghir-

landajo portraying everyday life and its commonplace duties as they existed at the time shown in the 'Birth of the Virgin', and in the faces of St. Anne and the others present, are seen those of Vanna Tornabuoni, Clarice di Medici, and other belles of the time. In the Spanish Chapel where Eleanor of Toledo, wife of Grand Duke Cosimo, used to hear Mass, are paintings which have formed the subject of some of Ruskin's pages.

To-day we visited the Palazzo Riccardi, the ancient palace of the Medici, later owned by the Riccardi family. The chapel, very small, an afterthought it seems, has beautiful carved stalls and walls quite covered with frescoes by Gozzoli representing the 'Journey of the Three Kings.'

The first of the 'Three Kings' Cosimo (di Medici) called the 'father of his country' 'Pater Patriae' riding on a richly-caparisoned horse, and attended by a black slave; the second Piero, his son, and lastly Lorenzo the Magnificent then a golden-haired youth. In the hall below is a lovely 'Madonna Adoring Her Son' by Fra Lippo Lippi. The guard graciously gave me permission to linger in the court-yard where the ornamental paving is still in the walks, and the fountain still playing where Clarice di Medici used to sit with her friends sipping tea and gossiping about the tournaments and other events of the day.

In this great palace popes, princes, kings and emperors have been lodged, for Cosimo had given carte blanche to Michelozzo, and he had built it commodious and well. In one of the halls are four wonderful tapestries representing the Seasons, with colors as fresh as if finished only yesterday instead of five centuries ago. In the courtyard around the David of Donatello, Lorenzo the Magnificnt used to entertain thousands of guests; for their diversion mimic battles were fought, forts built and taken by assault after the manner of the time, and in the evenings there were dances and song. There took place the wedding of Lorenzo with Clarice de Orsinis. "The marriage festa", says Hutton, "was celebrated in Palazzo Riccardi with great magnificence. Clarice, who was tall, slender, and shapely, with long delicate hands and auburn hair, but without great beauty of feature, dressed in white and gold, was borne on horseback through the garlanded way, in a procession of girls and matrons, trumpeters and pipers, all Florence following after to the Palace. There in the loggia above the garden she dined with the newly-married ladies of the city."

The name of Medici is associated with the period of the Renaissance, for at this time more than at any other, art and literature received their strongest impetus, and seemed to take on a new and virile life. Cosimo I filled his palace with beautiful statues, had his rooms decorated by the greatest artists of the day, imported Greek books, and everything took on an air of unwonted prosperity.

An inscription exhorts him who enters, to reverence with gratitude the ancient mansion of the Medici, in which not merely so many

illustrious men, but Wisdom herself abode—a house which was the nurse of revived learning.

The Uffizi Gallery is the 'Palace of Delight 'in which I passed this rainy day. It contains, together with the Pitti Gallery, the finest collection of the Italian schools of painting in the world. In this Palace of the Medici the lords and dukes of the family began to gather pictures from various sources, from the ruins of Hadrian's Villa &c. Napoleon's generals carried off many priceless works, some of which they were forced to return. Among the almost innumerable treasures of this gallery are the beautiful tabernacles and altar-pieces by Don Lorenzo Monaco,—Virgin and St. John,—Adoration of the Magi-Coronation of Our Lady surrounded by a company of angels. This artist was perhaps the teacher of Fra Angelico who has two works here,—the great Tabernacle and Coronation of Our Lady.

It fills one with sadness to see these lovely pieces torn from their rightful places in the churches, convents, and monasteries, and set up for the cold, critical stare of the tourist, and often his ignorant prejudice against the religion which they were intended to glorify. What has Our Lady to do with the majority of these people? She would wish rather to be in the chapels of the Faithful listening to the hymns of little children and the prayers of the people. Wherever you go in Italy, there you may see despoiled churches, ruined abbeys, desecrated cloisters which once resounded with the chanting of the pious monks, given over to the use of the state, the brethren banished or turned into the street; here a military gymnasium—there a secular school—here again are barracks, that the soldiers may have the places of the monks. Everything that does not glorify the present dynasty, seems to be of secondary importance; it is so in Rome. and the great, ugly, Victor Emmanuel Memorial is founded on ruined cloisters and the demolished homes of the poor.

The hope has been fondly (I trust not vainly) cherished that Signor Mussolini might gather up the frayed edges torn apart, of the royal garment of unity,—but there is so much to be forgiven that it is another 'Labor of Hercules'. Still "to err is human, to forgive divine", and we know the Church is Divine—so perhaps that which now seems far away, if at all possible, may come to pass some day."*

Fra Filippo is represented by the beautiful Madonna and Child. The Annunciation by Verrochio is one of the treasures of the gallery, as also a Holy Family by Michelangelo. Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, may all be found here, also Flemish, Dutch, German, and French pictures, and the magic names of Rubens, Raphæl, and Van-Dyke. The Birth of Venus by Botticelli is one of the most celebrated pictures in this gallery.

The Pitti Gallery, connected by wings with the Uffizi, was once

*Since the above lines were written, the 'Roman question' has been amicably settled between Church and State.

the residence of Luca Pitti who had tried to gain the ascendancy in Florence against the powerful sway of Cosimo di Medici. The great Palace, still unfinished, fell into the possession of Cosimo, and he made it his Grand-Ducal residence,—to-day it is the Florentine Palace of the King of Italy. As in the Uffizi Gallery, it is impossible to name more than a few of the most precious works in this collection. There are two pictures of the 'Annunciation' by Andrea del Sarto, also the 'Disputa,' and 'Madonna with Saints.' Fra Bartolomeo has six great canvasses—the 'Deposition' the finest. The works of Raphæl and Titian are among the great treasures of the Pitti Gallery. Titian's best known pictures here are the 'Magdalen' and the 'Head of Christ'. Two great works of Perugino, Madonna and Child, and Entombment. There is the lovely 'Madonna Granduca,' which the Grand Duke of Tuscany loved so much that he carried it about with him wherever he went; and the familiar 'Madonna della Sedia,' said to have been painted on a wine cask.

Almost any day must be beautiful in the Boboli Gardens, going by the old-time Ponte Vecchio (old bridge), but to-day it was especially lovely—sweet and cool and silent, and on such a spring morning as you look down on the City of Flowers in a mist of rose and silver, you ask, "What has the earth to offer more fair?"

"I'mi trovai, fanciulle, un bel mattino
Di mezzo maggio in un verde giardino."

There are avenues of ilex and fountains and roses in a garden of hills—everywhere hills—there are winding walks that lead you to sylvan glades among the cypress trees where you may rest and dream and look up to San Miniato beyond the grey olives.

* * *

The Piazza del Duomo is the centre toward which nearly every visitor to Florence first makes his way. The marvellous group of buildings which beautify and sanctify the place, forms the very core of the city itself, the very hearthstone of the whole Florentine family. There they have set up their altars, the shrines of their beloved saints; thither they have brought their treasure to make fair the house of God, and here they bring their joys and sorrows, their prayers and tears. The group belongs in a special manner to the people, and nothing may ever be done to any member of it, unless it be their will.

There is The Baptistry, that is the Church of St. John the Baptist, where Dante was baptized, where every Florentine child may still be baptized, where Donatello has left in abundance the fruit of his genius, which Michelangelo has loved. It is the oldest of all old things in Florence, built of the very stones of the Temple of Mars (6th or 7th century), and on the spot it occupied. Its octagonal shape was brought by the Lombards into Italy. Formerly (until the 12th century) it was open to the sunshine and the rain like the

Pantheon. Its greatest treasures are the wonderful bronze doors of Andrea Pisano and Ghiberti—carved in twenty bronze panels telling the story of St. John the Baptist and the Theological Virtues, and around them an exquisite pattern of birds, flowers, and leaves. On the north side there is the gospel story in ten beautiful panels, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with Pentecost; around them the four Evangelists and the Doctors of the Church. In the third door, which Michelangelo said was fit to be the Gate of Paradise, there is the story of the Creation,—Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, of Jacob and Esau, of Joseph, of Moses, of Joshua, of David before Goliath, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Within it seems bare and cold; there is not a wealth of frescoes or paintings on canvass, but there is the beautiful tomb with recumbent statue of (quondam) Pope John XXII by Donatello, also an ancient statue of St. John the Baptist. Outside the eastern door are two columns of porphyry given by Pisa because the Florentines defended their city from the Lucchesi. To the north of the church, is the column with the branch of olive in bronze upon it, to commemorate the miracle of St. Zenobio in 490; being borne to burial in St. Reparata's (on the site of the Duomo), a corner of the bier touched a dead olive tree on this spot, which immediately burst into bloom.

Across the street is the great Duomo, the Cathedral dedicated to St. Mary of the Flowers, all of rose, white, and green marble—one of the master buildings of the world. When Pope Pius IX first saw it he said, "It is not a church to think in like St. Peter's, but a place where one may pray."

Like the Baptistry, it has a fine mosaic floor, white, black, and brown. The beautiful unfinished Pietà by Michelangelo was intended for his own grave. Donatello has several statues there, St. John the Evangelist probably the finest. Above is the mighty dome, soaring to the sky, higher than St. Peter's, the despair of Michelangelo, one of the mysteries and glories of the world, which that great master said he "would not imitate and could not excel." Its builder did not live to see the ball and lantern in place, but it was consecrated by Pope Eugenius IV in 1434, and Brunellesco's name must ever be held in grateful memory by all who love and value Florentine art. The dome deserves the comparison of Hallam, "an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent rays to Heaven."

There are the terra cotta groups of Luca della Robbia full of life and movement. One of the beauties of the exterior and one of the loveliest things in all Italy, is the sculptured relief of Our Lady giving her girdle to St. Thomas who kneels before her,—called the Madonna of the Cintola.

The third of this marvellous group of buildings, the Campanile, stands on the site of the ancient church of St. Zenobio. Begun in

1334 by Giotto who died about the time the first five stories were finished, it is to his worthy successors Gaddi and Talenti that the remainder is due. Its fine reliefs by Andrea Pisano represent house-building, pottery, weaving, law-giving etc.; others are by Luca della Robbia. Mr. Hutton describes the Campanile as "Fair and slim as a lily . . . . . as airy and full of grace", yet lacking in stability, so that always he fears lest it may fall. The statues in the niches are by Pisano and della Robbia.

Reaching Via Proconsolo, the visitor must not forget to look back at the Duomo and especially at the Dome, which seems poised in air, upheld by a power more than of human contriving, the great Cathedral dominating the whole city.

* * *

As I look from my windows which give on the Via Dante, I realize what a historic neighborhood is this, for just a few steps away is the house once occupied by the greatest literary genius that Florence has produced, and one of the greatest of all time. One falls to wondering why he locked himself up in the bitterness of his own heart, scorning even this fair city in which he was born. Much of the building has been restored, but still there is the old brick court-yard which the feet of the Divine poet used to tread, a goodly portion of the original walls, and some of the furniture. The room which in Dante's time was used by the Guild of Silk, is now a school where boys learn the printers' trade in the evenings, and above, as if to inspire them, there is a bust of our own Ben Franklin, the printer par excellence.

The street, though bearing the immortal name of the poet, is so narrow that two small carts must go carefully to pass without a collision, and I can almost shake hands with the attractive young woman on the opposite side, where birds in cages are singing despite the cloudy sky. Every window is provided with shutters within and without, not so much to shut out the glare of the sun, as the "far more piercing ray of the neighbor's eye."

Stepping from the front door of the Hotel, one is in that narrow way, cool and shadowy and filled with memories of other days. the great days of the past. Here is the Borgo Albizzi, the oldest of all in Florence, whence Rinaldo must have often hurried along to the Bargello, then the Palace of the Podestà. There too, is the Palazzo Nonfinito and the Palazzo Pazzi just below at the Canto di Pazzi, which recalls that warrior who, in the Crusade of 1099 first planted the Cross on the walls of Jerusalem. As a reward for this act of heroism by a so-called 'madman', Godfrey de Bouillon gave him some stones from the Tomb of Christ which he brought back to his own city. They were kept in the Treasury of St. Reparata, the church formerly on the site of the Duomo, and the New Fire struck from them every Holy Saturday. This was carried to all the churches of the city in a grand procession of clergy, acolytes, and people. On account of the Pazzi having made the gift of the stones,

they have the privilege of furnishing the Guard of Honor, and the procession always halts for a time at their Canto (corner), with the fantastic carro, drawn by four white oxen.

How often here by her Palace must sighing lovers have sought the smiles of the beautiful Vanna degli Albizzi, she who bestowed them finally on Lorenzo Tornabuoni who gave her his name and his love, —she whose features have been made familiar to us by Verocchio and by Ghirlandajo in 'The Lady with the Nosegay'.

To-day we visited the Church of Santa Croce, of the Franciscans, begun in the 13th century. In the Piazza in front, there is a statue to Dante which, however, does not honor him. The façade is somewhat showy, built by the same architect as the Duomo, Arnolfo, then Giotto. The great space and light impresses one immediately. It is really the Pantheon of Florence, for there its heroes and the genius which made them memorable have found a resting-place, Michelangelo among them. There is a memorial to Dante (who is buried at Ravenna), Galileo, Rossini, Mazarin. A lovely 'Annunciation' by Donatello is one of the beauties of the Church. The pulpit is one of the most beautiful in all Italy, composed of five marble reliefs of the life of St. Francis; the Confirmation of the Order by the Pope,—the Test by Fire before the Sultan,—the Stigmata,—the Death of St. Francis,—the Persecution of the Order; and in the niches below, the sculptor has set five exquisite figures, Faith, Hope, Charity, Fortitude, and Justice.

But it is in the Sacristy that the greatest treasures of the Church are found—built by Michelozzo for Cosimo de Medici,—over the altar one of the loveliest works of the della Robbia school, a Madonna and Child among a group of Saints; a beautiful Tabernacle by Mino da Fiesole (15th century). The Peruzzi Chapel has the story of St. John the Baptist painted in fresco by Giotto, also that of St. John the Divine, which unfortunately has been badly damaged in the so-called restoration, but the hand of Giotto may nevertheless be seen.

In the choir is the ever touching story of the Cross painted by Agnolo Gaddi, showing how the Angel gives a branch of the Tree of Life from the Garden of Eden to Seth, who had been sent on this errand by Adam just before his death. When Seth returns, he finds Adam dead, and the branch is planted on his grave. In time it grows to a tree and is cut down; as the Queen of Sheba passes on her way to King Solomon, workers are trying to cut this wood for the Temple, but finally they reject it and it is thrown into the Pool of Bethesda. Finally, however, this discarded tree is used to make the Cross of Our Lord. Then after years pass, Queen Helena comes to seek that blessed wood, and finding three crosses, not knowing which is that of Our Saviour, she commands that the body of a youth whose funeral train passes by, be touched with each, and at the touch of the True Cross, the youth arises from his bier. So was the Blessed Cross of Our Lord saved to the faithful and borne into Jerusalem.

The beautiful cloisters, typical of the early Renaissance and one of Brunelesco's best works, are given over for barracks, and those peaceful corridors in which St. Bernardino of Siena used to walk, now echo with the noisy and unhallowed revelry of conscripts. The library is in another convent and thus is formed another museum, another "public monument of vandalism and rapacity."

* * *

It required two visits to the Bargello to see even fairly well its wealth of artistic treasures. It was begun in the 13th century, being in turn, Palace of the Podestà, then occupied by the Grand Dukes, later by the 'Bargello' or Captain of Justice, who made it into cells for his prisoners. Now it is a National Museum devoted to the Tuscan school of art. There are exquisitely carved ivory crosiers, masterpieces of the goldsmith's art in the shape of chalices, processional crosses set with gems, censors, crucifixes, etc. We asked ourselves why are not these things in their proper places, and who had the right to remove them?—but where is the answer to be found?

One room is devoted to Michelangelo and his works; there is a fine bronze bust of this super-man and super-artist by Donatello, and several works by the master himself including an unfinished Brutus. Donatello has there some of his best creations: St. John the Baptist, St. George. The Young David, and others. The Lucca della Robbia room is a delight, for most of us are children enough to enjoy color, rather than the bronze and marble beauties of the greatest of masters, and those blue and white Madonnas framed in flowers and fruits, are a joy to the eye as well as to the artistic sense. Among the most interesting works are the two panels representing the Sacrifice of Isaac, the productions of Ghiberti and Brunellesco in their contest for the gates of the Baptistry. Verocchio has there the most beautiful bust of the Renaissance, The Lady with the Nosegay (Vanna Tornabuoni). With the tragic figure of Michelangelo and those others of his time, Cellini the goldsmith, Giovanni da Bologna,—ended that great period of Tuscan art, the decadence of which has lasted to our own time.

Yesterday being gloriously sunny and cloudless, we thought it just the day to visit Fiesole; evidently hundreds of others had come to the same conclusion, for in the Piazza del Duomo, it was a difficult matter to find place in any car. Already we plan to go again, stopping at St. Domenico and at the Hostel of the Tre Pulzelle (or where it used to stand), and not be at the mercy of a noisy modern tram, 'out of drawing' with everything else in the picture. The road is a continual climb, but at last we were in the windy Piazza where the straw-plaiters were displaying their wares; we passed them by and went on to see first the best-preserved of all the Roman theatres, with the ruined baths just beyond, and the remains of a temple. But interesting as these all are, the eye will constantly wander to the purple mountains beyond, and the shadows falling across the

hills, making a picture far more beautiful than anything wrought by the hand of man. The Etruscan Museum has statues, and weapons and other memorials of that long-forgotten people, but they cannot hold your attention, while brown-eyed Beppino is piping so sweetly to his flock of goats, while a thousand flowers are rioting in color and sweetness at the edge of the olive grove, and the sunset clouds are building golden castles in the sky. The Duomo is a basilica in form, with a choir raised above a lofty crypt; it has two masterpieces of Mino da Fiesole—the tomb of Bishop Salutati and a marble Madonna.

Fiesole was an Etruscan city and hated of old by Florence, which was a Roman foundation, and the Florentines realized that they could never be sure of peace and safety while such a stronghold as Fiesole with its fortress towered above them. So by treachery they took the hill-town and razed the fortress, forcing the inhabitants to promise never to rebuild it, thus ensuring themselves from aggression.

All these flowery and beautiful ways are associated with the name of Boccacio, and he tells in the Decameron of the passing of the Seven Beautiful Ladies from Poggio Gherardo to the Villa Palmira. Not far away is Corbignano where the author himself lived in a little villa at the end of the street, and at Settignano lived Botticelli who painted Madonna, and caught with his brush a glimpse of the Heaven in her eyes.

St. Domenico, on the way, is really a little village by itself, where on one side of the road is the Dominican Convent where St. Antonino and Fra Angelico lived. Just across the way is the Villa Medici where Cosimo, 'Pater Patriæ' liked to retire for rest and quiet, and here with the monks, he loved to walk at the sunset hour, looking down on his beloved City of Flowers, with Arno flowing through it like a river of gold.

Fra Angelico beautified the Convent with many paintings, but it was suppressed in the 19th century, its frescoes despoiled, its treasury scattered. The 'Coronation of the Virgin' by this saintly artist was stolen by the French and now hangs in the Louvre. One happy event may be recorded—, the Dominicans are again in possession of their old home which they bought back in 1880.

It is in the Accademia above all other galleries that the strictly Florentine school of painting may best be seen and studied; the works of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Verrochio, Filippo Lippi, Botticelli. In the Sala dei Maestri Toscana, the Hall of the Tuscan Masters, are the lovely altar-pieces of Giotto, ruthlessly torn from the churches and convents of Tuscany—these holy things made for God with labor and with tears—now numbered as so many 'specimens'! There is the great Ancona from Santa Trinità, a Madonna from Ognisanti, an Entombment from Or St. Michele. One wonders what they would have in their Museums to-day if they had not robbed the churches and convents! An Adoration of the Shepherds by Ghirlandajo is one of the loveliest things here. Perugino has a wonder-

ful Crucifixion, a Pietà, an Agony in the Garden, an Assumption. The Primavera by Botticelli is one of the celebrated pictures of the world, including the oft quoted and copied 'The Three Graces.'

But it is in the room devoted to the works of Fra Angelico that you may find the greatest delight, for if you will walk with this inspired painter, he will lead you to the very Garden of Eden 'where God talked with Adam.' Or still following him, he will show you the splendor of Gabriel's wings when he fell on his knees before Mary where she was praying in the dawn, and far, far away hovers the Spirit of God. And on he will guide you over that stony way when Our Lady, mounted on a mule, set out in the evening from Nazareth on that long and weary journey into Egypt, her Divine Son in her arms, and St. Joseph following on foot, with a brazier to make a fire in the wilderness, a flask of wine lest they feel thirst, a stout stick over his shoulder to help him along the rough road, and a cloak to protect Our Lady from the cold of the night.

Or perhaps he bids us listen to the Hosannas when Christ rides triumphant into Jerusalem, and the people spread palm branches beneath His feet,—the people,—that fickle mob who so soon afterward cried out, 'Crucify Him'!' "That such things as these (paintings) could come out of the cloister", says Mr. Hutton, "is not so marvellous as that, since they grew there, we should have suppressed the convents and turned the friars away. For just as the lily of art towered first and broke into blossom on the grave of St. Francis, so here in the convent of S. Marco of the Dominicans was one who for the first time seems to have seen the world, the very byways and hills of Tuscany, and dreamed of them as Heaven."

* * *

I have seen but one thing 'American' freely advertised over here,—and it is the irony of fate that it is no longer American. In every hotel, in the most prominent places, for instance on the mirrors, (where men and women are sure to look) in attractive lettering is found the legend, "American Bar". America has made a reputation in one direction, anyway. Yesterday we passed a 'salone', and in the window was a sign on which was painted a goblet half filled with some reddish brown liquid, (with a high 'paper collar') and above it, the magic words, 'Vero Americano'—'real American.' Yes, you may find an American Bar nearly everywhere but in America. Funny, isn't it? Probably there are many Americans who would answer in the negative.

* * *

It has been a wonderful Holy Week; The first day, Wednesday, we heard the Tenebræ chanted at the Church of Santa Trinità, a solemn service, the music sad and sweet. The Santa Trinità is a very old and beautiful church. The Sassette Chapel has the story of St. Francis' life in fresco by Ghirlandajo; a beautiful altar by Benedetto da Rovezzano, and the lovely tomb of Bishop Federighi

of Fiesole by Luca della Robbia, who has there made the thought of death one almost of cheerfulness. Over the high altar is the Crucifix that bowed to St. Giovanni Gualberto when he spared the life of his brother's murderer.

Holy Thursday morning at the Santissima Annunziata there was a solemn high Mass with a grand procession of acolytes, clergy and people, with especially fine music. The Repository was the loveliest thing imaginable, with hundreds of lights and innumerable flowers. The entire top of the marble railing enclosing the chapel was covered with gardenias and roses of white, pink, and red,—bronze and silver, gilt and crystal electric hanging lamps,—draperies of crimson, gold-fringed,—the whole making a splendid shrine for Our Lord's resting place.

Passing along the Via di Servi, we come to the Piazza della Santissima Annunziata, where stands the beautiful church of that name, the Church of the Servites—I Servi di Maria—the Servants of Mary, with its two gracefully curving arcades decorated with della Robbia figures. As nearly everywhere else, the monks were banished, the arcade on the right of the Church occupied by families, the other as the Ospedale degli Innocenti, a refuge where is received any little waif who comes unwanted into the world. The SS. Annunziata is the fashionable church of Florence, and a committee of which the late Queen Margherita was patroness, "renders a programme of sacred music chiefly Masses from the ancient masters, admirably executed." (Certainly the Holy Week music deserved this high praise). "The subscribers have the right to a private seat in the choir, and the best society in Florence is to be met there."

There are frescoes by Rosselli and del Sarto. In the Ospedale we find the great altar-piece of Ghirlandajo, The Adoration of the Magi. The Ospedale, founded in 1421, is said to have been the first of its kind in Europe, and cares for more than a thousand infants every year.

Holy Thursday afternoon there was a most interesting ceremony at the Cathedral, known as the Lavanda, that is the washing of the feet of twelve poor old men by the Archbishop. They occupied a row of raised seats in front of the great octagonal choir, each dressed in a loose white coat with hood attached which had been given to him, together with new white stockings and new shoes. They were whispering and nudging each other, filled with suppressed excitement. Finally the Archbishop came in his mitre and gorgeous cope of cloth of gold, preceded by many attendants, one bearing a silver tray with ewers of water, another napkins etc. As the ceremony proceeded, the water was poured on each old man's foot, the Archbishop drying it with a napkin; then the new white stockings and the new shoes were put on by their owners, and from all appearances, they were twelve proud and happy old men,—and why should they not be, to represent the Apostles, and have their feet washed by an Archbishop! While my thoughts turned back to that original ceremony, when Our Lord Himself set this supreme example of

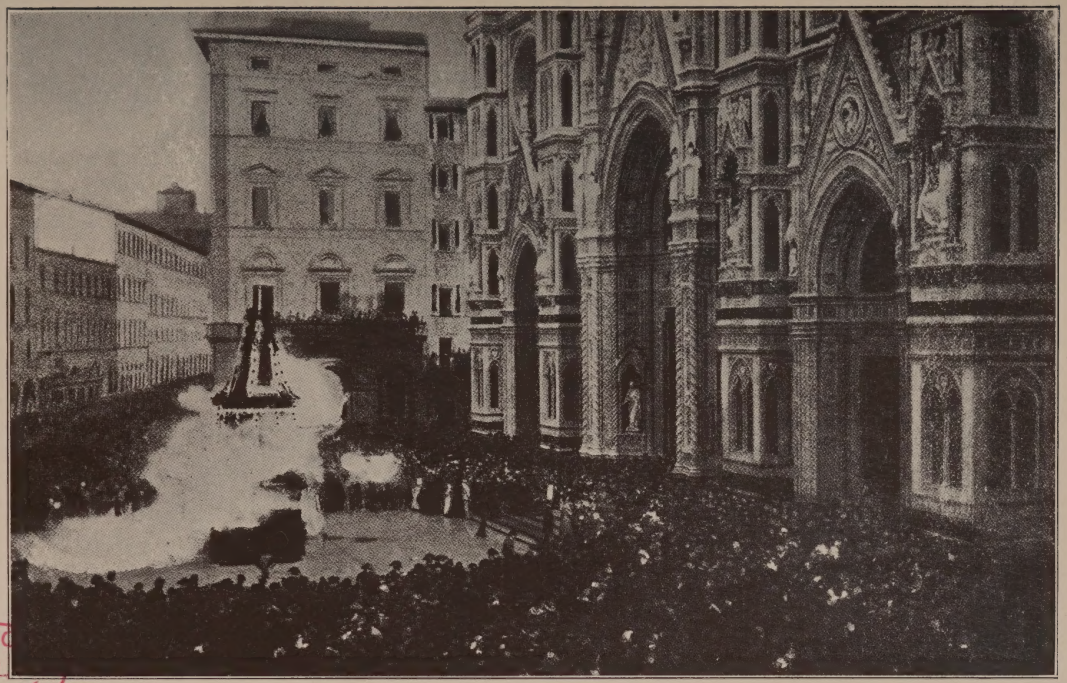
humility, Mrs. E. who is practical above all things, brought me back to the present by leaning over to whisper, "Let's hope they gave them a preliminary wash before they came!" Evidently many of the tourists forgot they were in a church, and conducted themselves as if they were attending a 'movie'.

Good Friday morning at the Santissima Annunziata, the ceremonies of the day were carried out with great solemnity, the chanting without accompaniment, most impressive.

To the right of the Monte alle Croce a steep narrow road winds up the hill to the Church of San Miniato, and here just beyond the gate is a fresco and inscription recalling the meeting between Gualberto and the murderer of his brother, which took place on this spot on the evening of Good Friday, 1003. Gualberto, aged eighteen, was the son of Gualberto, Lord of the Castle of Petroia in the Val di Pesa. Ugo, the elder brother of Giovanni Gualberto, and whom he dearly loved, had been foully murdered, and Giovanni vowed to avenge his death whenever he should find the assassin. One evening as he was riding up the hill with his servant, suddenly he saw his enemy coming toward him alone and unarmed. Gualberto drew his sword and rushed upon him, but the murderer fell upon his knees and implored pardon in the name of Christ Who had died that day for sinners. Moved by this appeal, Gualberto spared the life of his enemy and even embraced him. Passing on his way, he entered the Church of St. Miniato, and while praying before a crucifix, the Head of Christ bent toward him as if in approval. This miracle so affected Gualberto that he renounced the world, entered the Benedictine Monastery, and later founded the Order of Vallombrosa. H died in 1073 at the Abbey of Passignano and was canonized by Pope Celestine III in 1193.

The miraculous Crucifix is rarely shown to the public except on the afternoon of Good Friday when it is uncovered at 3.30 and exposed until after the Tenebræ. It was my privilege to venerate this precious relic, where a dense crowd surrounded the altar of San Paolo, sitting or kneeling rapt and silent. (One lady had thoughtfully brought her opera glasses and passed them to all about her.) The Crucifix is certainly very old; the deep, sad eyes follow your own, and as you look into their dark, inscrutable depths, you feel that there is something more in them than was limned by the painter's brush, and that 'something,' which strangely moves us, can never be destroyed by the hand of time.

Saturday morning the Blessing of the Font in the Baptistry was interesting and impressive—the Font at which Dante was baptized, at which every Florentine has the privilege of being baptized,—but the crowning ceremony was the Scoppio del Carro,—the Explosion of the Car. In the morning early the Holy Fire is struck from flint stones brought from the Holy Sepulchre, and now in the custody of the Church of the Holy Apostles. The Portafuoco, or carrier of fire, is an elaborate copper urn bearing the coat-of-arms of the Guelphs. Giovanni Villani in his delightful 'Chronicle' of Florence,



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Florence—The "Explosion of the Car"—Holy Saturday.

writes: "The said sacred fire is carried throughout the city in like manner as in Jerusalem, and into every house there goes one to light it, and from this solemn usage came to the House of Pazzi the dignity which they have enjoyed for close on 140 years, of the torch (facella) through an ancestor surnamed Pazzo, a mighty man and a tall, who carried a larger torch than any other, and was the first to carry the sacred fire." In the early accounts of the ceremony, no mention is made of any car, but later it became the principal feature of the long and picturesque procession,—priests, clerics, acolytes, escorted by Carabinieri, officers of the Commune, two pompieri, or firemen in red and white jerkins. Early in the morning the historic car, with its equipment of torches and fireworks, is drawn by four milk-white oxen with scarlet blankets, gilded horns, trappings of gold cloth and flower-decked harness, along its prescribed route until it reaches the Piazza del Duomo, where it stands before the Cathedral.

Ghinozzo de' Pazzi wrote the history of his family in the 16th century and mentions one member of it 'a famous warrior' who led the Tuscan troops in the Crusade of 1099, and was the first to raise a Christian banner on the walls of Jerusalem. For this act of heroism he was rewarded by his chief, Godfrey de Bouillon, with three pieces of flint from the Holy Sepulchre. Pazzo and his gift were received with great honor, and given the privilege of lighting his own taper first from the sacred fire.

As the hour of noon approaches, the Piazza is filled with a dense crowd of eager spectators. The oxen have been unharnessed and led away, the car is in its place, and wires have been stretched from the altar to the car; just before noon a mechanical contrivance in the shape of a dove slides along these wires bearing a slow fuse to set off the fireworks in the car. If the colombina (the dove) goes on its way and returns to the altar without halt or accident, it is a good omen for the year.

Meanwhile in the Duomo, the Archbishop at 11.30 begins the Solemn High Mass. As midday strikes, the choir chants the 'Gloria in excelsis', the great bell in the Campanile clangs out its Easter message, and all the other bells of the city (which have been silent since Thursday) join in the chorus; the fireworks go off with terrific force, one explosion following another until the last is spent. Finally the excitement subsides, the noise dies down, the dust settles somewhat, the crowd gradually disperses, the Carro is drawn to its storehouse in the Via del Prato, and the snow-white oxen, after the heyday of their glory, shed their fine raiment, and go back to the humble task of ploughing with 'the common herd' on the Municipal Farm at the Cascine, until next year when perhaps some 'hated rivals' may be chosen for the honor.

* * *

Easter Sunday Mass at the Annunziata was celebrated with elaborate ceremony, the music better than ever if possible, the choirs

augmented by a fine orchestra. The church was densely crowded, even in the aisles.

Easter Sunday afternoon we journeyed to Prato to see Our Lady's Girdle which she gave to St. Thomas just before her Assumption.

"Cosi cercando per quella pianura,
Trovammo Prato, che Bisenzio bagna,
Dove si mostra la Santa Cintura."

St. Thomas was to the end a doubter, for had he not said of his Divine Master after the Resurrection, "Unless I shall see the print of the nails and put my finger into the place of the nails, and my hand into His side, I will not believe." And Our Lord said, "Come hither and put thy finger into the place of the nails, and bring hither thy hand and put it into my side, and be not incredulous, but faithful." And Thomas, convinced at last, answered simply and adoringly, "My Lord and my God!"

And so when Our Lady also was come to die, and winter had fallen upon the earth, Thomas was not about, and so he would not believe that she had been borne to Heaven by cohorts of angels, of whom she was made their glorious Queen, so in pity for his sorrow and unbelief she sent him the girdle "wherewith her body was girt", therefore he understood that she was 'assumpt' into Heaven.

St. Thomas, on making a missionary pilgrimage into India, left the Girdle in charge of a "pious man with whom the Apostles were wont to lodge when they went up to Jerusalem." This man on dying left it to his children, and it remained in the possession of the same family for more than a thousand years. Then came Michele da Prato in the wake of the Crusaders of 1096. Walking at evening in Jerusalem, he met the little daughter of the high priest and loved her. Maria's mother favored the marriage but feared to tell the high priest, advising Michele to take Maria to his own land. She could give her daughter no dowry she said, but would give them instead, the precious relic, the Madonna's Girdle, which they bore with them in a wicker basket afar to their home in Prato. There Michele and Maria guarded their treasure, with lighted candles always burning before it. On his death bed Michele bequeathed it to the village church where it has ever since remained. The wicker basket has been exchanged for a golden casket. At first there were those who had doubts concerning the precious girdle but they were convinced by several miracles. The girdle is about a yard long, and about two inches in width, of camel or goat skin of a grey-green color and has gold threads running through it.

Built into a corner of the Church, is the beautiful pulpit of Donatello from which the Girdle was to be shown to the people five times each year: Christmas, Easter, May 1st, August 15th, and September 8th. The pulpit is circular in form and divided into seven panels

where, on a mosaic ground, happy little children dance and play and sing.

The golden casket containing the Girdle is kept just back of the bronze face of the altar in the beautiful chapel built and adorned for it. When the casket was taken out the priest incensed the altar, the acolytes held lighted candles, the choir sang and the people filed in one gateway of the sacristy, venerated the sacred relic, and passed out the other. Many distinguished visitors have come to Prato to see and venerate the Blessed Girdle, among them St. Francis of Assisi and the Emperor Frederic, also the fourteenth century poet Fazio degli Uberti whose lines we quote above. The frescoes in the chapel by Agnolo Gaddi represent scenes in the life of Madonna and the bringing of the Girdle to Prato.

* * *

To-day is a festa—there are many of them in the Italian year—being one of the birth-days of Italian freedom. We celebrated it by a visit to the Church of St. Michele. This was once the site of the city corn-market which was removed elsewhere in the 14th century, and the whole loggia given up to the shrine of Our Lady, as a wonderful and miraculous Madonna had hung in the corn-market from its very earliest day. It is the great popular church of Florence, built by the people for their own use,—that is, by the greater Guilds of the Party Guelpha. We know that in the Middle Ages the Guilds were large in numbers and very powerful. The great Guild of Wool is said to be responsible for the Cathedral, so the Guild of Silk was given charge of San Michele.

Each of the greater Guilds has set the statue of its saint in a niche in the outer wall: the Guild of Silk, St. John the Evangelist by Bacio da Montelupo; next is an empty niche of the Apothecaries and Doctors; here a Madonna and Child by Simone Ferucci once stood, but a rumor current in the 17th century was to the effect that Madonna used to move her eyes, and the crowd used to gather to see the miracle and stop traffic, so the statue was taken into the church. In the next niche, the Furriers set up a statue of St. James by Nanni di Banco, and beyond, the Guild of Linen set up St. Mark by Donatello. There on the east side, is St. Lo, patron of the Furriers. The Guild of Wool chose St. Stephen by Ghiberti. The Bankers placed St. Matthew as their saint, and St. George was the choice of the Armourers. The four statues in the next niche were set there by the Sculptors, Masons, Smiths and Bricklayers, all by Nanni di Banco. St. Philip by the Shoemakers and St. Peter by the Butchers,—on the east side St. Luke, placed there by the Notaries, the work of Giovanni da Bologna. The Magistrato della Mercanzia, the governor of all the guilds, has given the great bronze group of Christ and St. Thomas, and the Calimala, St. John the Baptist by Ghiberti, the first statue placed there in 1414.

Within is the wonderful shrine that Orcagna made for the picture of Madonna that had turned the corn-market into the Church of

the people. This tabernacle is the loveliest thing of its kind in all Italy, and probably the most beautiful example of the Italian Gothic style in existence. It is like a miniature chapel all white and splendid with marble in exquisite carvings representing the life, death, and Assumption of Our Lady. Between these panels the sculptor has set the Theological and Cardinal Virtues.

* * *

This morning we visited the church and cloister of San Lorenzo, and walked in the very paths trodden by one of the greatest saints of the Church. One of the Fathers showed us the Sacristy and its treasures, among which is the terra cotta bust of the Saint made by Donatello, and an excellent copy of the same. I had always supposed St. Lawrence must have been at least middle-aged to have borne with fortitude his terrible martyrdom (being roasted over a slow fire), but he was a mere youth; he looks up as anticipating some request and granting it before it is spoken.

There has been a church where San Lorenzo's stands since pagan times, but the present church was built in 1461, designed by Brunellesco at the command of Cosimo di Medici who lies before the high altar, and Donatello lies in the same vault with his great patron. In the Martelli Chapel there is a beautiful Annunciation by Lippo Lippi hung under a Crucifix by Cellini; but all the decorative work in the old Sacristy, is by Donatello. It is said that Cosimo di Medici took so much pleasure in the progress of the work, that while Brunellesco built the Sacristy, Donatello made the ornaments in stucco, the presence of the 'Father of his Country', as he was called, encouraging the artists and hastening the process. There is a pair of fine bronze doors, a marble Lavabo by Donatello, and a well by Brunellesco.

The Laurentian Library adjoining contains many literary treasures, among them the most ancient Virgil, Petrarch's Horace, and a Dante transcribed by Villani. In the Chapel of the Medici the several members of the family lie buried, so San Lorenzo's is really the tomb of this great family. Then there is the new Sacristy built in 1519 by Michelangelo where are the monuments to Lorenzo and Giuliano, immortalized in imperishable marble. The statues carved there are wondrously beautiful,—Night and Day seated on either side of the sarcophagus of Giuliano, and Twilight and Dawn watching over the dust of Lorenzo. They seem like an expression of some terrible sadness and regret which had overwhelmed the soul of that melancholy and immortal artist when he thought of Florence—that it should be content with things as they were—a mighty gesture of despair!

Outside, the Church is of rough stone, looking like an old fort, so that the visitor is unprepared for the beauty and splendor within.

In the Piazza di San Lorenzo, you seem to come into a brighter, if not a better world—there among the bookstalls, where Browning

found the little volume which told him the story of 'The Ring and the Book.'

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To-day we visited the Palazzo Strozzi; the two lower floors are leased to a company which has gathered a great number of beautiful things, objects of art for sale,—old furniture, plate, carvings, paintings, sculpture etc. but the old palace itself is more interesting than anything in it; the Duke reserves the floor above for his own use. Perhaps he recalls with longing the glories of his house in former days, but if he will look out on this, one of the gayest and most beautiful streets in the city, he will see it still full of flowers, and sunshine, and shadowy recesses, with happy and sad folk passing on their way as of old.

* * *

In the late afternoon, as you so wisely suggested, we journeyed up the hill to San Miniato, coming first to the great Belvedere overlooking the city, and in the centre, the heroic statue of David by Michelangelo; then up the winding road to S. Salvatore, the old mediæval church on the way to S. Miniato al Monte. Villani tells us that Florence was, at that time, (about 270), under the control of the Roman Emperors, who used to come there for a sojourn as to a villa, for Florence was then mostly in the country. Decius came and hearing of Miniato who, though the first-born son and heir of the King of Armenia, was living as a hermit there on the hill where his church now stands—, he was persecuted with other Christians, and finally beheaded. But, according to the chronicle of Villani, by a miracle, he himself picked up his head and set it again on his shoulders, walking then up the hill where there was a little Oratory to St. Peter, "and there gave up his soul to God." He was secretly buried by the Christians who venerated the place of his martyrdom, and later built a church in his honor. The old part of the present church was built in 1013 by command of Emperor Henry II of Bavaria and his wife Empress Gunegonda who richly endowed it and had the body of St. Miniato buried under the altar. There is the beautiful shrine built by Michelozzo at the order of Piero di Medici to hold the miraculous Crucifix, now at S. Trinità. In the left aisle is the lovely chapel and tomb (by Rosseliino) of the young Cardinal Jacopo of Portugal. There are in the vaulting some charming terra cottas by della Robbia, and over the tomb a Madonna and Child. The Sacristy has some exquisite carvings, frescoes, and paintings, all graciously shown us by the monks. Beside the Church is the quaint old cemetery, and in front a belvedere from which you may look down on the olive groves and gardens of the City of Flowers. We walked down the hill in silence, full of the thought of beauty and holiness there so strangely and sweetly mingled with the subject of death. A cup of tea out on the terrace overlooking Michelangelo's David, brought some little feeling of cheer, but little

conversation, for all were watching the sun sinking like a ball of golden fire over the hills and homes of Florence.

* * *

We spent this bright morning at the flower market which is held in a kind of open court bordered by busy streets. The stalls were tastefully arranged, and such a blaze of color,—such great mounds of blossoms,—some of them quite new to us, for instance a silver grey fleur-de lys with a suspicion of dark crimson at the base. Just outside the section devoted to flowers, were booths containing embroidered linens, laces, bags and hats. At one table was a great stack of Panamas, and it seemed a good opportunity to buy one. As I tried on several in order to get the right size and shape, the young saleswoman and myself soon found ourselves literally surrounded by no less than nine stalwart Florentine salesmen, intently watching the process, and attending strictly to *our* business, since there was none at their own stalls. It was somewhat embarrassing to be the centre of such an audience, but presently a motherly German-Swiss woman with a pleasant face, stepped over to say, "Don't you mind them, they're just like children watching some little game,—they don't mean anything by it." Soon they sensed our feeling and turned away rather sheepishly.

* * *

This was a day of mingled joy and sadness, passed in the Museum of St. Mark. There are the fading frescoes which tell the story of St. Antonino's life and good works as Bishop of Florence, and his holy death; there are the wonderful scenes painted by Fra Angelico, the best known, the Annunciation and Crucifixion. No artist has ever painted with such a light of heaven shining in the eyes of his saints and martyrs.

Was it the spirit hand of holy St. Luke that guided the brush of this inspired artist,—for so the legend tells us,—and certainly his art seems not wholly of this world. In every room and cell he has left glimpses of the heavenly country; every corridor is a roadway on which Our Lord may pass by, and from every window there shines the Light of the World; the gardens are glimpses of Paradise where God talked with His creatures. And so every wall in San Marco bears witness to the beauty of holiness or the tragedy of Divine Love. You cannot enter a room but Christ awaits you—but there He holds out His Hands to welcome you saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." Or in the refectory, at 'The Last Supper' He says, "Take ye and eat; this is My Body, which was given for you." Or again in the Chapel He dies on the Cross for love of sinners. It is the holy Rosary which the artist's brush has limned, the Joyful, the Sorrowful, the Glorious Mysteries of Our Lord's blessed Life and Death,—all are portrayed on these cloister walls.

The great library is filled with missals, breviaries, Mass books

Mussolini.

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with their exquisite illuminated pages, overlaid with pure gold; there is the cell, the chair, the death mask, and another face in clay of good and holy St. Antonino—there the bier on which his body was borne to the grave, and a relic in a gold reliquary of great value even intrinsically,—all 'labors of love' of the devoted monks, taken from them, and now the "Royal" Museum of St. Mark's "—and the government which committed the theft, charges you three lire to see their stolen goods!" Among the 'specimens' are the cell, desk, and chair of Savonarola, 'that mad pathetic figure' who met a fiery death in the Piazza della Signoria.

In the afternoon we returned to see the church which has many treasures, among them a beautiful recumbent statue of bronze representing St. Antonino. The ceiling is a great picture with the 'Resurrection' in the centre, in a massive gold frame.

* * *

To-day is a 'festa' for Mussolini is coming to the City of Flowers, and from nearly every window, is floating the bandiera of red, white and green. Sir Walter Becker, an Englishman residing in Italy for forty-five years, having every opportunity to know the country and its people, calls 'Fascismo'—'the greatest spiritual and social phenomenon of our time, and Mussolini the greatest man on the world's stage at present. He has been greatly maligned by the newspapers, and when they saw that he meant to be master, they turned against him. 'The Freemasons of Italy' . . . . . continues Mr. Becker, 'cultivate anti-Italian political tendencies through occult and insidious propaganda, just as the Socialist labor unions sought to control the voting power of the masses, and are pledged to place allegiance to Freemasonry before King and country (and doubtless before Church.) It is not true that Mussolini suppressed the legitimate liberty of the Press, but only when liberty uncontrolled degenerated into license.

Indiscriminate vituperation of the Church, the State, the Monarchy, tending to promote disorder and dissatisfaction with lawful authority and mislead the people, he placed on the footing of sedition and provided fitting punishment. He further incurred the enmity of the Freemasons by requiring that all secret societies come out into the open and disclose their aims, statutes, and members.

Many see in Mussolini only a successful party leader, but he is infinitely more than that,—that is only one facet of his many-sided personality. He is the leader of a most portentous social reform, in some respects comparable, by its ardor of faith and idealism, to the great religious movements of past centuries. Mussolini has upheld the prestige and spiritual influence of the Church which the Socialists antagonize on principle. He is dealing systematically with the component parts of the machinery of the State, and the vital organs of the social system of his country. He might be compared with an engineer overhauling his engine which has broken down in parts, and seems no longer safe or useful for active service;

he has kept what is still good, mended or replaced other parts, and his lubricating oil is the individual interest with which he has imbued each member of the community, so as to make it clear that it is to his own advantage to collaborate with the others.

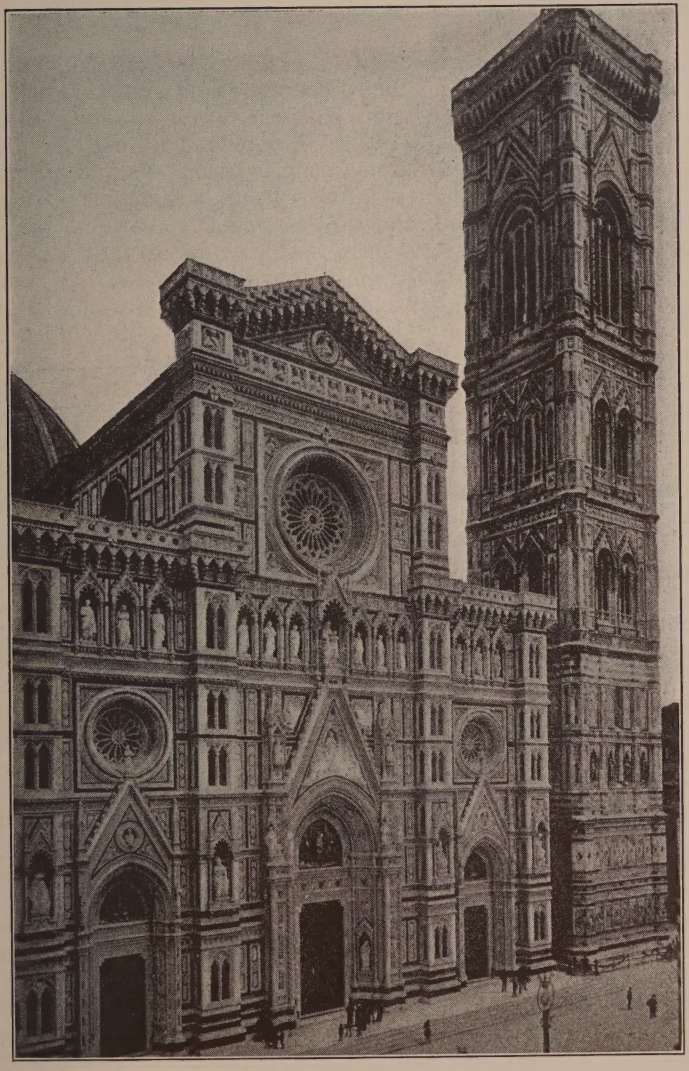
Mussolini is still reproached with the violence of his methods in the beginning of his campaign, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies. He found the country a prey to anarchy and he has restored it to its normal condition. Before and during the war, Italy was in a very unsettled state owing to Socialist agitation, and at the time of the Armistice, it was Italy which most resembled Bolshevik Russia in its methods and weapons, namely continual strikes and brutal terrorism. It was from such conditions that Fascism arose in 1919, broke the strike of 1922, and later in that year, marched on Rome. He has checked the demoralization caused after the Great War by the Bolshevist germ, and has brought about a state of sound national life. Rome had constantly recurring strikes in every department of public life, the striking railway men wearing very generally the Russian Soviet device, the hammer and scythe, characteristic of their methods. Some of the strikes were of a particularly pitiable character, as when hospital attendants left their patients ill and helpless; farm hands who left cattle and other live stock to die for want of water and food.

Mr. Becker relates that in a neighboring city there was a strike of grave-diggers! No one was safe in the streets, even uniformed officers and soldiers were attacked, their insignia torn from them. In the industrial towns the Reds had things mostly their own way; a deserter won in the elections over the veteran patriot Boselli, and a Prefect of Milan was forced to resign for raising the national flag over the prefecture! A 'Reign of Terror' existed in Milan similar to that in France at the time of the Revolution: a bomb was thrown in a theatre wounding and killing many persons, even women and children.

At first Mussolini gathered youths, inspired them with his own ardor and enthusiasm; although few in number, they started by breaking up Socialist meetings, tearing down Red flags and replacing them with their own emblems.

Although the Fascists were armed, their chief weapons were cudgels—and *castor oil*, paint for marking the national colors on the houses of noted Reds, and paste-pot for covering Socialist proclamations with Fascist propaganda. What could be more ridiculous than the contortions of some seditious orator spouting his doctrines of blood and fire, who had been given a generous dose of the soothing (?) liquid?

The success of the movement brought it many adherents, and the 'March on Rome' was popularly acclaimed. There were a few unavoidable casualties, but Mussolini's methods were the only ones that could have brought about the desired results. The Mattioti affair was the very worst thing that could have happened to the cause, yet Mussolini was accused of complicity in the matter. Mat-



Cathedral and Belfry—Florence, Italy.

tioti was a rabid Socialist and was kidnapped by some over zealous Fascists, who certainly did not mean to kill him; naturally he resisted, and in the heat of conflict they exceeded their rights, harming their own cause. All who took part were arrested and imprisoned.

Mussolini believes, contrary to Bolshevist doctrine, that the enlightened should rule, and not the ignorant masses—quality, not quantity. Fascism is a revolt against the tyranny of trades unions, so strikes in public service are absolutely forbidden. Syndicates are divided and sub-divided and labor troubles between employer and employed are amicably and reasonably settled. Not material results are sought, but spiritual; Arts and Crafts, literature, navigation, etc. A National Institute of Culture, recreational activities, 'dopo lavoro', after work. There is the tree-planting to improve the climate and beautify the surroundings. Fascism is planting reforms rooted in common sense.

Mussolini does not spare himself any more than he did in the war, when he enlisted as a private and received no less than forty wounds; was invalided home and was, as soon as able, fighting the Socialists and keeping up the courage of the Italians after their reverses at Caporetto. He instituted rigid economy and would not allow his small salary to be raised. His family lives modestly in Milan. He works a prodigious number of hours per day. His recreations are classical music, and he is a master violinist; he also enjoys a spin in his high powered motor car which he drives himself; he is a finished orator, an adept in the use of imagery and sarcasm, but keeps to the point. Morally and physically fearless, the several attempts on his life causes him not the slightest anxiety, but at each attack, not only is Italy alarmed, but the world as well, for Mussolini is one of the world's greatest citizens, and engaged in a great and important reform for his country and fellow beings.

Unfortunately such men, like Henry IV of France, Lincoln, Carnot, McKinley, are most frequently the victims of ill-directed zeal for erroneous and dangerous principles. Modest and unselfish, at the early age of forty-five, he had graven his name deeply in the history of his day, worthy to be placed with the great ones of all time, a hero of his age and race.'

* * *

As the Piazza del Duomo is the centre of the religious life of the city, so is the Piazza della Signoria the centre of its political life; where the history of the city has been made; which witnessed the rising of the Ciompi against the Ghibellines; where Christ was proclaimed King of the Florentines; where Savonarola met death in the flames. Near by is the fierce old fortress-like tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and the more quiet beauty of the Loggia di Lanzi. It is on the Ponte Vecchio, the oldest and most beautiful bridge over Arno, that the jewellers have their shops, and in the centre, they have set

a statue of Benvenuto Cellini, the greatest of all the silversmiths.

* * *

Entering the Duomo this morning from the sunlit Piazza, was like walking into the cool and leafy aisles of a grey old olive grove. The lights a-twinkle on the distant altars were the glimmering rays which penetrate the shadowy recesses of the wood. There is not too much man-made beauty, but it is the holy place where God and His children may hold converse together. The afternoon was made joyful by a visit to the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Viale Michelangelo. The winding roadway leads up and up the hill, and along the high walls are vines of purple wistaria covering the grey stones like a veil. From the Convent and gardens, there are beautiful views of the City of Flowers.

Ognissanti, the Church of All Saints, has not now much of interest within but a St. Augustine by Botticelli, a St. Jerome and two frescoes by Ghirlandajo. The refectory has become barracks and still has this artist's fresco of The Last Supper. It was here in the Borgo Ognissanti that once dwelt the order of the Humiliati, a brotherhood which had learned the craft of weaving wool. When later they took religious vows, they continued to teach laymen whom they employed and others, the best methods of weaving. "Wherever they went", Villari tells us, "the wool-weaving craft immediately made advance," but like all the others they were suppressed. "In the Piazza Manin" says Edward Hutton, "is the suppressed convent (now barracks) of the Humiliati, the democratic brotherhood wihch improved the manufacture of wool almost throughout Italy. What has the Venetian Jew, Daniel Manin, to do with them? Yet he is remembered by means of a bad statue, while the Humiliati and the Franciscans are forgotten: yet for sure they did more for Florence than he. But no doubt it would be difficult to remind oneself tactfully of those one has robbed, and a Venetian Jew looks more in place before a desecrated convent than S. Francis would do."

* * *

The beautiful tower of the Badia, built in 1328, is one of several I can see from my window. Here in this peaceful Abbey Church, as you step in from the busy Via del Proconsolo, you feel as if you had left behind the cares and confusion, the traffic and troubles of the world and had found a sanctuary among the holy and beautiful things of another and more blessed day. It was founded by the mother of Ugo of Tuscany in honor of S. Maria Assunta, and here you may see his tomb, beautifully executed by Mino da Fiesole. Every year on the anniversary of the death of the Great Prince, a Mass of Requiem is said for the repose of his soul, his helmet and breastplate laid upon the bier. "Even here," says the author quoted above, "we cannot escape destruction and forgetfulness. The monastery has been turned into communal schools and police courts;

the abbot has become a parish priest, and his abbey has been taken from him; there are but four monks left.

But in the steadfast unforgetful eyes of the Church which has already outlived a thousand dynasties, and beside which every Government in the world is but a thing of yesterday, the Abbot of S. Maria is Abbot still, and no parish priest at all."

One treasure left to it, is the masterpiece of Fillippino Lippi, 'The Madonna of St. Bernard,' so beautiful that it has been copied all over the world.

* * *

Not far from the Trinità you come to the very old church of the Santi Apostoli which, according to the inscription on its façade, was founded by Charlemagne. It is older than any church in the city save the Baptistry, and was in its earlier years, outside the walls. In the sacristy it treasures the stones brought from Jerusalem by a Pazzi Crusader, from which the 'new fire' is struck on Holy Saturday. In one of the chapels is a beautiful Tabernacle by della Robbia. It was here the powerful families of Amideii and Altoviti were established, and tombs of the latter may be seen in the church.

* * *

The Church of Santo Spirito on the other side of Arno is better lighted than many in which the idea of the 'dim religious light' is rather extreme in its conception. The nave is spacious, the color cheerful, and there is a sense of peace and serenity not always found even in Florentine churches. Some of its treasures are: a copy of Michelanglo's Pietà in St. Peter's, a Madonna by Fillippino Lippi, and a Madonna Enthroned by Lorenzo di Credi. The sacristy is especially fine, as is also the choir with an abundance of marble statues. In the cloisters Niccolo Niccoli, the great book-collector and humanist is buried. Here Martin Luther, not then forsworn, preached while passing on his way to Rome.

* * *

This rainy morning was passed in the Museum of the Opera del Duomo, so called because there are housed many of the works of art made for the Cathedral. One cannot help wondering why they are not *in* the Cathedral, so we put this question to an attendant who only shrugged his shoulders, saying, 'Ci sono troppo'—'There are too many'! There are the beautiful Cantorie of della Robbia and Donatello, organ lofts for choristers in a choir, their lovely child singers imprisoned in a museum!

There too, is that masterpiece of the silversmiths in the fourteenth century, the silver altar of the Baptistry, with its innumerable and exquisitely wrought figures and scenes; and there stands St. John the Baptist more lonely than he was in the Wilderness; more a prioner than in Herod's jail. Edward Hutton writing on this subject, says "Truly it is a shame in Italy that so many fair and lovely things have been torn out of their places to be catalogued in a

gallery . . . . . It is a vandalism only possible to the modern world, in which the machines have ground out every human feeling etc." One may look with more satisfaction on the plans presented by the different architects for the work of the Duomo; models in wood of the façade and dome, and all the implements and tools used on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone.

* * *

This afternoon we spent in the great park of the Cascine which is very beautiful and extensive; so almost boundless is it, that one could wish that some of its space and light were let into the narrow, dingy, sunless streets. There were comparatively few enjoying its spaciousness save groups of picturesque nursemaids and lively youngsters.

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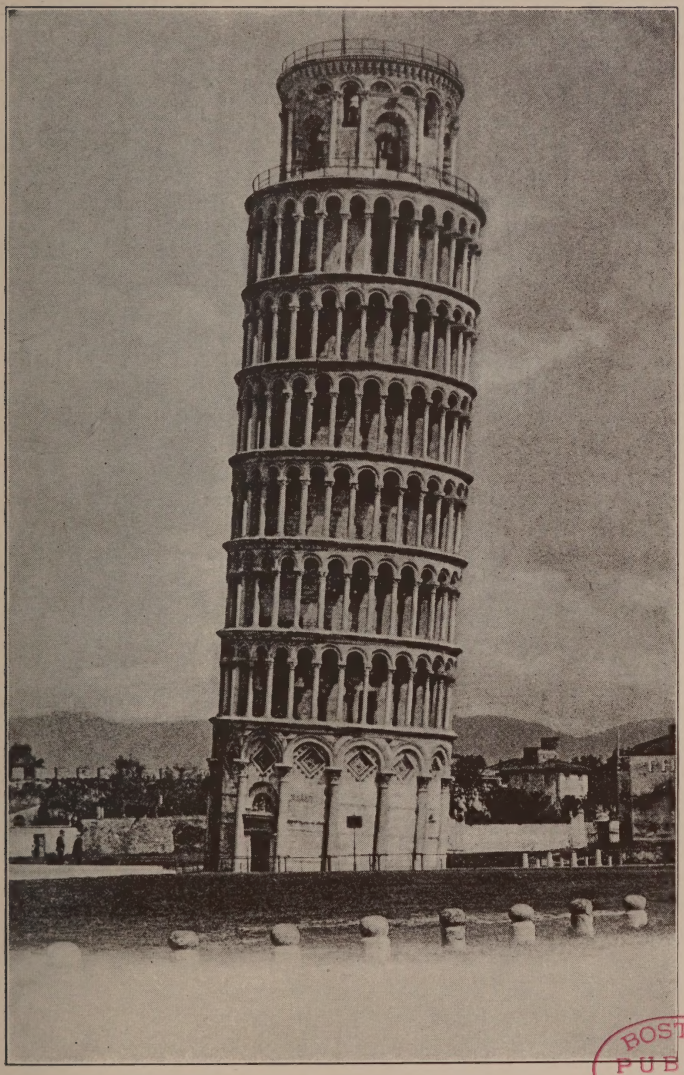
As you enter the ancient city of Pelops, you seem to be in such a busy place as might be found in many another Italian city; but as you pass over Arno, you mark the more subdued bustle of trade, which almost ceases as you make your way toward that world-renowned group of buildings which seems to enshrine the very soul of Pisa. Whether founded by King Pelops or no, her Grecian origin is unquestioned. In the year 225 B. C. she was an Etruscan city, and later became a Roman possession. Her history is one of incessant warfare, on Greek, on Saracen, on Arab, on Lombard and the Germans, as well as on enemies nearer home who were jealous of her prowess, of her power, of her success; Milan, Lucca, Genoa, Florence,—in Jerusalem in the first Crusade, in which she gained territory and other rights. We find her people always bearing hardship, famine, plague, death. heroically for the sake of their beloved city. Sardinia she won from the Arabs, and freed the Christian captives held by them in the Balearic Isles. From there her galleys brought home enormous booty, and the son of the Moorish King, whom they baptized in Pisa, and then *magnanimously* sent him back to his own people.

Although you are come to Pisa to see places and things of more grandeur and beauty, it will be worth while to pause at the church of St. Nicolò which was founded in the year 1000 by Ugo, Marquis of Tuscany (who built the Badia in Florence) as the result of a vision. Passing along the beautiful Via Santa Maria which winds its way into the Piazza del Duomo, you come suddenly upon that marvellous group, like carved ivory figures on some Titanic chessboard. "It was in 1063," says Hutton, "after the great victory at Palermo, that the ships of the Republic returning full of spoil, 'after much discourse made in the Senate', it was decided at last to build 'a most magnificent temple' to S. Maria Assunta, for it was about the time of her Festa, that is to say, the 15th of August, that the victory had been won. This having been decided on, the Republic sent ambassadors to Rome to the Pope and to King Henry of



The Leaning Tower—Pisa.

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Germany, and the Pope sent the church many privileges, and the King a royal dowry . . . . . and they brought marble from Africa, Egypt, Jerusalem, Sardinia, and other far places to adorn the church . . . . . The Cathedral was finished in about thirty years, and was consecrated by Pope Gelasius II in 1118."

The façade is especially splendid with seven rounded arches; in the centre of each alternate arch is a bronze door made by Giovanni da Bologna in 1602. Sixty-eight antique columns, the spoils of war, uphold the roof with a coffered ceiling. In the choir are four saints: Margaret, Catherine, Peter and John, by Andrea del Sarto. One of the objects of interest is the bronze lamp which is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. In the sanctuary is a fine bronze crucifix and some wonderfully carved stalls. There is plenty of light to see the beauties of the church, and one goes away feeling that he has seen it all.

Just across a grassy lawn is the Baptistry, 'like a casket of ivory and silver', begun in 1153. The work, however, made little progress until in 1164, 3400 families subject to taxes gave each a gold sequin, but even with this addition, the church was not completed until the 14th century. There is a marvellous echo, repeated and prolonged and passing sweet, so that the trilling of a choir-boy will seem to you like the voices of a legion of Cherubim and Seraphim chanting in Paradise. One of the lovely things here is the great octagonal font of various marbles, at which every Pisan child since 1157 has been baptized. Then there is the exquisite marble pulpit made for the church by Nicolo Pisano, with panels representing the Navtivity with Adoration of the Magi, Presentation, Crucifixion, Last Judgment.

Near by is the Campo Santo, a great Mausoleum with finely carved sarcophagi and fading frescoes old and beautiful. It is one of the triumphs of life that one has learned to look upon death with equanimity; with resignation with hope, with trust in Him 'Who hath given and taken away.' Here in this cool and silent retreat, it is not of the horror of death one thinks, but of its infinite peace.

No roof obstructs the mellow afternoon sun which enters softly into this quiet city of the dead, lighting up the frescoed figures to a new life that seems almost gay. There is pictured the happy days of the vintage, when men and maids bring in great baskets of purple grapes to the wine-press, and again are seen dancing among the vines. The painter in these frescoes, has brought to the subject of death, the joy of life; with the consideration of eternity, he has mingled the sweetness of earthly days; the darkness and silence of the grave he has made you forget, in the delight of the sunshine, the songs of the birds, the beauty and perfume of the flowers.

The Campanile, the famous Leaning Tower, is the wonder of the ages—a miracle of carved ivory, though once it was pure white marble, for it has been caressed by the suns of nearly a thousand years, which have imparted to it some of their own color and warmth. At the top is the chime of bells which ring out the hours and the

Angelus The 'leaning' of the Tower is, according to some authorities, the result of the marshy character of the ground on which it rests, but Mr. Hutton thinks that "it is due to some terrible accident which befell it after the third gallery had been built". It was not intended to lean, and is thus imperfect, with all its beauty.

The journey homeward through the vineyards at the end of the day, the prosperous farmsteads, the shadowy country side, the blue mountains in the distance against the rose and gold of the sunset, was like a dream, so lovely and peaceful was it all—. The vines are not like those we cultivate in America, but are little dwarf trees, bare and black, save at the top, where they break out into vigorous green shoots, like the gnarled and twisted body of an old man with the youthful face of a boy. These long green tendrils are festooned between the parent vines forming miles of this fresh greenery very lovely to see. 'Twas evening when we came again to the city of Firenze la Bella; the wayside shrines of Madonna of the Street Corners were aglow with lights and fragrant with little fading flowers, the offerings of the poor; the moon was a fairy boat over the battlements of the Palazzo Vecchio, and Arno, like a stream of silver, was hurrying away to the sea.

* * *

To-day all the way to Siena the train sped along through these extensive vineyards, with here and there at long intervals, a factory or farmhouse. The fields in the first fresh green of spring, were dotted with scarlet poppies, growing luxuriantly between the railway tracks. One could see entire fields of brilliant crimson, others of bright yellow like 'the field of the cloth of gold', and again of purple. The air was mild and balmy, the sunshine a caress. I tried to read something of this storied land toward which I was speeding, but the call of the fields drew me as near as I could go to them, that is, the open window of a moving train.

The Piazza del Campo and the Palazzo Publico form the very centre of the city of Siena, where the people have in times past, always assembled for pleasure or the more serious business of holding a council of war. Now, however, it is quiet, almost deserted, though one of its uses still remains to it,—on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, the Palio, (the National Sienese games and races) are run there over the smooth bricks of the great pavement. Here Boccacio tells us, "Dante lay with his breast on a bench, reading an ancient book, and heard nothing of the great tournament that was begun and carried on there, as now with a mighty din . . . . . and dances of fair ladies and sundry sports of youth." There St. Bernardino preached to forty thousand persons.

St. Bernardino of Siena, "the St. Francis, of the fifteenth century," was born at Massa Marrittima in the Senese in 1380, of the noble family of Albizzescho. When he was but three years old, he lost his mother, and before he was seven, he was orphaned, for his father, the chief magistrate of Massa, was

carried off by the plague. He was brought up then by his aunt Diana, who loved him, as her own son, and educated him piously, so that he was modest, humble, and devout, and even as a child took delight in visiting churches, serving at Mass, and, above all, in hearing sermons, in the art of preaching, of which he was to become so great a master.

Beside the love of eloquence which we find so early in him, there was also a great compassion for the poor, which, not less than his preaching, was to mark him out from his fellows. One day, when he was still but a child, seeing his aunt send away a poor person from their door without an alms, for indeed, there was but one loaf in the house, he exclaimed, "For God's sake let us give something to this poor man; otherwise I will not dine nor sup this day." And so this great saint grew in age and holiness so that his mere presence was sufficient to preserve dignity and propriety in any company. When he had progressed far in his studies at the age of seventeen, he joined the Confraternity of Our Lady, and with a group of his friends, served the sick in the great plague of 1400 when twenty persons died every day in the hospital alone. When at last the pestilence was ended, he returned home worn and ill, but recovered and took up again his works of charity. Taking the Rule of St. Francis, he lived among the Fathers of the Observance, wearing a threadbare short habit when he went out in the street, drawing the contempt and the stones of the vagabonds of Siena.

He fought continuously and valiantly against the many evils of his day, and preached incessantly the love of our Lord, which to him, was so clear, so simple, so full of delight. The Perugian who made playing cards for the gamblers, he induced to make rather, little boards on which was the sacred name of Jesus inscribed in letters of gold, as a memorial of His love for men. The Bishoprics of Siena and Ferrara were offered to him but he declined all worldly honors. He rebuked the haughty Visconti, made peace between warring cities, and in 1433 accompanied the Emperor Sigismond to Rome. Returning to Siena, he took up again his labors as General of the Order of the Observance which he founded, later preaching through Italy. It was while thus engaged he set out for the Abruzzi, and worn and weak with age and fever, he died at Aquila on May 20, 1444, in his sixty-fourth year.

Here in the Piazza del Campo during the Guelph and Ghibelline quarrels, unfortunate wretches were burned or hanged (or both). There is a beautiful marble fountain and opposite, the Palazzo with its great bell-tower soaring aloft so confidently. Over the door is the black and white shield of Siena, the arms, here as everywhere else, of Cosimo di Medici, and over all, the beautiful monogram of Christ placed there by St. Bernardino. On the left is a portico-chapel built by the Commune in fulfilment of a vow when Siena was delivered from the Black Death in 1348. Within the Palace is the Gallery which contains some fine old frescoes, notably the Coronation of the Virgin by Pietro di Sano and one of St. Bernardino by

the same master. The finest work of Vecchietto in Siena is here, the Madonna of Mercy guarding with her cloak her beloved people of Siena who kneel about her feet. Martini's huge fresco of the Virgin and Child enthroned under a splendid canopy upheld by Saints Peter and Paul, and the two Saints John in the midst of a choir of angels and saints; before Madonna, kneels her own people in the persons of Siena's patron saints; the whole fresco is bordered with medallions bearing the arms of the Commune and the people.

Lorenzetti's famous frescoes of Good and Bad Government, what remains of them, are interesting and illuminating. Those in the Chapel are four scenes in the life of the Blessed Virgin by Taddeo Bartoli painted in 1407. On the top floor is a fresco of the Blessed Virgin and Child by Neroccio; but if we look out of the window, there is a scene finer than anything painted by the most gifted of artists—the vast Contado of Siena itself, hill and valley and desert stretching away to where Mont 'Amiato rises into the clouds on the borders of Umbria and the way to Rome.

Many visits would be necessary to do justice to the Cathedral group comprising the Duomo, the Baptistry of San Giovanni, the Campanile, and the Opera del Duomo. The Cathedral, which stands on the highest point of the triple hill which is Siena, overlooks and dominates the whole city. It is more than any other in the whole world, the votive shrine of its guardian and liege lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary, for long ago on the eve of the battle of Montaperto, the Syndic, Buonaguida, so great was the fear for Siena, knowing the power and ambition of the Florentines, went bareheaded and bare-footed, "stripped to the shirt" says the chronicle, and "with a rope around his neck", prayed devoutly to the Blessed Virgin, dedicated and presented to her most solemnly the city of Siena. There before the Madonna del Voto, the city was made over to the Queen of Heaven, saying: "Gracious Virgin, Queen of Heaven, Mother of Sinners, to thee I, a miserable sinner, give, grant, and recommend this city and the contado of Siena. And I pray thee, Mother of Heaven, that thou wilt be pleased to accept it, although to one so powerful as thou art it is but a little gift. And likewise I pray and supplicate thee to guard, free, and defend our city from the hands of our enemies the Florentines, and from whosoever may desire to injure us or to bring upon us anguish and destruction." All the people marched to the Cathedral with their leader, fasted, prayed, gave alms, went to the sacraments, and their confidence and humility were rewarded; they won a glorious victory at Montaperto, and on three later occasions of like danger, they won equal success.

Is it any wonder the Sienese love their Madonna del Voto? Today it was uncovered and we attended Mass before the miraculous picture in the Chapel built for it by Alexander VII, Fabio Chigi, a Sienese Pope. The façade is over decorated for which it is generally criticised, but it seems as if the devoted people loved their Madonna so much, that they thought it could not be beautiful enough, and so

covered nearly every inch of it with some sort of decoration. It is of white marble marked off with black and rose. The pavement within "stretches like a rich carpet down the length of the nave"—, it is an extraordinary mosaic, unequalled in all Italy, for which the greatest artists in the country made their best designs, and took about 300 years to complete. The Cathedral was begun in 1245, and still on the Baptistry is seen the staging, and work going on at times.

The high altar is enriched by the splendid bronze tabernacle of Vecchietta with Stefano's Angels kneeling before it, and below them, the lovelier statues of di Giorgio, and the decorative work of Beccafumi. The Sacristy has two panels of the beloved local saint, Bernardino. But more beautiful than anything else in the great Cathedral is the marble pulpit by Nicholo Pisano; octagonal in form with bas-reliefs, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Last Judgment and others. There is the Chapel of St. Ansano who converted Siena, and of San Giovanni with a fine statue of the Saint by Donatello; in this chapel is a reliquary containing an arm of the Baptist. Close by is the Library built by Pope Pius III to hold the precious manuscripts left him by his uncle, Pius II. Frescoes illustrating the life of Pius II are by Pinturicchio. The Campanile is in Romanesque style (14th century) and towers aloft in every view of the city.

In the Museum of the Opera del Duomo are many fragments of the pavement and sculptures, but its chief treasure is Duccio's incomparable Madonna 'Majestas'. Duccio was the true founder of the Sienese school. The marvellous Madonna, as we now see it, is incomplete in its surrounding glories, for, when the great master laid aside his brush, the 'Madonna enthroned with Angels and Saints' was surrounded by forty-four gradini, or small panels, illustrating the life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother, of which only thirty-five now remain to it, the others being scattered in Berlin, London, and in private ownership. No one who sees this great canvass can fail to regret that it is not housed in a place more worthy of such a precious work of art. On the day the great picture was finished and carried in triumph to the Duomo, "the shops were shut and the Bishop bade that a goodly company of priests and friars should go in solemn procession accompanied by the Signori Nove and all the officers of the Commune and all the people; all the most worthy followed close upon the picture, according to their degree, with lights burning in their hands; and then behind them came the women and children with great devotion. And they accompanied the said picture so far as the Duomo, making procession round the Campo as is the use, all the bells sounding joyously for the devotion of so noble a picture as this. And all that day they offered up prayers, with great alms to the poor, praying God and His Mother, who is our advocate, that He may defend us in His infinite mercy from all adversity and all evil, and that He may keep us from the hands of traitors and

enemies of Siena. "The picture is," according to Andrea Dei, "the greatest ever seen or made."

On the footstool of the six-sided throne are these words:

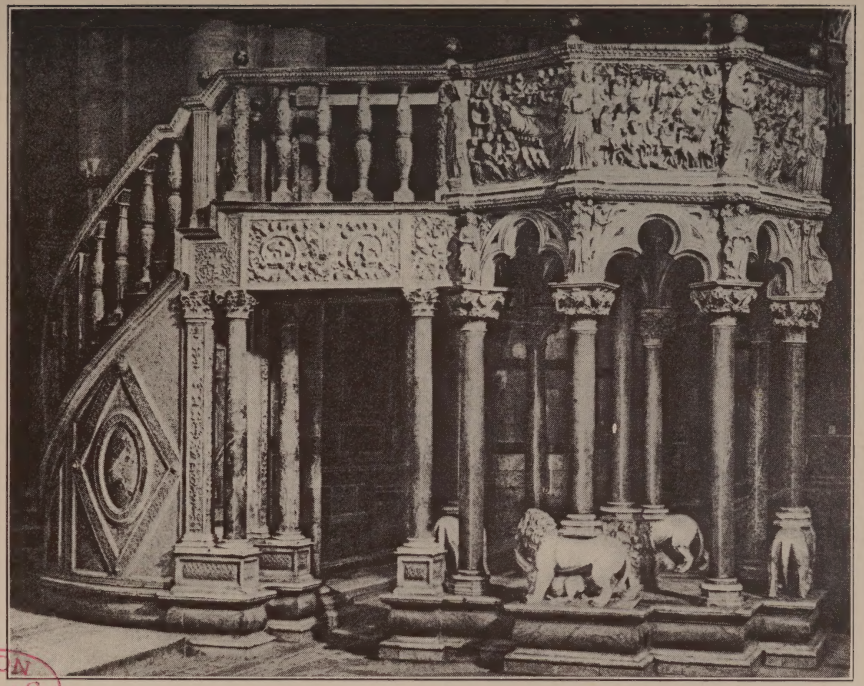
MATER SANCTA DEI SIS CAUSSA SENIS REQUIEI SIS DUCCIO VITA TE QUIA DEPINXIT ITA.

"Holy Mother of God, be thou the cause of rest to Siena, and to Duccio life, because he has painted thee thus."

Descending to the Baptistry in the Piazza di San Giovanni, one is first attracted to the great font in the centre by della Quercia with its bronze reliefs by the masters of that day. Around the font are marble panels representing scenes from the life of our Lord and John the Baptist, with the Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity. There is a statue of the Baptist and on the walls, frescoes by Vecchietta. Opposite the Duomo is the Hospital of Santa Maria della Scala. Here St. Catherine ministered to the poor, and St. Bernardino preached and assisted the plague-stricken in the pestilence of 1400.

To-day we visited the Church of San Francesco; it has been a Franciscan settlement since 1236. There is not now much of interest, most of its treasures having been removed,—some frescoes by the Lorenzetti, and by Ambrosio, and a fine panel of the Madonna and our Lord. St. Domenico's, the vast church of the Dominicans, has among its numerous attractions, the frescoes of St. Catherine by Sodoma, the Nativity by di Giorgio, a Pietá, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Barbara, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and a Madonna Enthroned, by Benvenuto di Giovanni. One should examine the frescoes first, and then look out from a window in the sacristy on the City of our Lady, the fairest view of all.

It is here under the shadow of St. Domenico that the great saint of Tuscany, Saint Catherine, was born on the Feast of the Annunciation in 1347. To-day we walked down the steep and narrow street called Benincasa, from her surname, to the Fontebranda, the great fountains which were surrounded by housewives washing their linens; at the old gate of the city we turned and walked up the hill to the house in which St. Catherine lived all her youthful days until she became a Dominican nun. We read of her as a child of five, stopping on every stair to salute the Blessed Virgin. Two years after this age of babyhood, walking down this very street with her brother, she looked up and saw our Lord, enthroned on the tower of San Domenico's,—He smiled on her and blessed her, and the legend says, "she knew not where she was or what she did." It was then she determined to live for God alone, and dreamed of entering San Domenico's disguised as a boy! She met with constant opposition from her family who begged the assistance of her confessor, a Dominican friar. He failed to thwart her purpose, and her family put upon her childish shoulders all the hard work of the household, so that she should have little or no time for what they considered her foolish notions. But "she made herself, in her



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Pulpit in the Cathedral—Siena, Italy.

mind," says Gardner, "by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, a secret cell that could not be taken from her, and this she never left. She firmly pictured to herself that her father represented our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, her mother the most Glorious Mother of God, and that her brothers and the rest figured the holy apostles and disciples, and because of this imagination she served them all with such great gladness and diligence that every one marvelled."

Convinced at last of her vocation, her family no longer opposed her and she took the habit of the Sisters of Penance, spending her time in prayer, discipline, and meditation. She was assailed by the most horrible temptations, and though she poured out her very soul in prayer, God seemed to have deserted her. Darkness, fear, loneliness overwhelmed her—she cried out in her anguish—but finally the bitter trial was over—God loved her and delivered her from evil. Giving up for a time her solitary life, she served the sick and the poor with jealous care, though all she received in return was abuse and calumny. Italy had fallen upon evil days; Perugia had risen against the Pope, who had fled to Avignon, and Florence was ready to follow. Catherine realized that it was a time, not only for prayer, but for action; overcoming her love of silence, of seclusion, of the contemplative life, she determined to deliver her people from the misfortunes they were bringing upon themselves. She persuaded Siena and Arezzo not to give ear to the Florentines, but to be calm and to listen to reason, which they did, thanks to the faith and eloquence of this great Saint. At last even the rebellious Florentines called her, and she came to them; then setting out alone for Avignon, where she arrived June 28th, 1376, her words of wisdom as well as her fearless attitude, won first the attention, then the consent of the Pope to return to his rightful place in Rome. He had said to her, "I place the matter wholly in your hands, only I recommend to you the honour of the Church." This mission accomplished, she hastened to Florence, and often at the risk of her life, brought peace to the warring factions there, after which she returned to her cell in Siena. She resumed with more fervor, if that were possible, her contemplative life; she rejoiced in humiliations, and calumnies, and fasted beyond what seemed humanly possible.

On one occasion, Christ offered her two crowns, one of gold, the other of thorns, and bade her choose between them; she replied, "I desire, O Lord, to live always conformed to Thy Passion, and to find pain and suffering my repose, my delight." Then, taking the crown of thorns, pressed it down on her fair brow.

Her last years were saddened by the Great Schism, which called forth those masterly letters to the rulers of Church and State. Perhaps no saint ever combined in a higher degree the salient features of the mystical and practical life. She died at the age of thirty-three, on April 29th, 1380, still young, though having accomplished so much for her fellow creatures, for her country, for the Church, for God.

The rooms of her home have been changed into chapels, the walls

of which contain frescoes illustrating her holy life, and the crucifix before which she received the Stigmata. There is her little cell, and it is with a feeling of awe that one sets foot into such a holy place,—where she rested, with the bare ground for a bed and an iron grating, slightly raised, for a pillow,—there is her little lantern which she carried when ministering to the poor at night; the staff to aid her weary feet along the way; pieces of her veils, grey, brown, black etc. "No one looked upon her," we read, "without becoming better." What need to add to such a eulogy?

* * *

To-day there passed by, the double funeral of two brave boys who went out to help bring peace to Siena and the world,—and shortly their bodies were found 'over there'. It was a most impressive sight—the biers massed with flowers and followed by the 'misericordia' who, as their name signifies, are constantly performing works of mercy,—they aid the poor, nurse the sick, bury the dead, and may be called upon at any hour of the day or night. They present a strange appearance, with black hood covering head and face, leaving only the eyes visible through two holes in the covering. The reason for this unusual device is that they wish to perform their good works unknown to others. There were the Carabinieri, (military police) in their handsome uniforms, the Bersalieri (Alpine Sharpshooters) with their waving iridescent plumes, the Fascisti in olive drab, the venerable pastor in surplice, cassock, and stole; the acolytes and flag-bearers carrying beautiful silk banners, and for each dead soldier, a youth in flowing wig and gaily-colored costume, the traditional representative of the 'contado' or province to which the dead belonged. They marched in silence, with slow and measured tread, to the church, thence to the cemetery.

* * *

This morning we joined a motor-party to the quaint old mediæval town of San Gimignano, (delle belle Torri), of the beautiful towers. The long road winds back and forth upon itseslf until at last the thirteen towers of the old town rise into view. You climb hill after hill among the vines and olives—on every side the well-tilled fields, where the laborers are seen at work with their slow, but faithful helpers, the milk-white oxen of Val d'Arno. The valiant little town of San Gimignano now so lonely and silent among her towers, had known poiltical and religious strife, had fostered intellectual and artistic achievement well nigh a thousand years ago. Foremost in the feuds of Guelph and Ghibelline which ravaged all Tuscany for centuries, she struggled against the ambition and cupidity of Florence, she changed from one party to another, but it seemed her misfortune to be always on the losing side.

It was on a fine May morning in 1300, that an embassy from the Allied League of the Guelphs rode up the long hill to San Gimignano, and when the warder opened the gates of the city, there,

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Home of St. Catherine—Siena.

at the head of his company was Dante Allighieri, with heralds and trumpeters in scarlet, silver and gold. In the (then) new Palace of the Commune he delivered his message to the townsmen of San Gimignano that they were invited to send deputies to the League. Now this 'Sala Dante' is still used by the Town Council.

In those eventful days, there were "wars and rumors of wars" in the old Piazza of San Gimignano, but to-day there is the pitiful silence of desertion and decay; she now has peace, the peace of shadows and silence, broken only by the hurrying feet of tourists through her quiet ways, to look, perhaps not always with appreciation, on the remnants of her former glory.

There are many fine old frescoes, the most interesting those portraying the story of the lovely little golden-haired Saint Fina de'Ciardi, her virtues and miracles.

Little Fina was born in the year 1238 in San Gimignano of poor but noble parents. Until she was ten, she was the joy of the household, simple and sweet as a little flower. Suddenly she was attacked by one of the most horrible and dreaded diseases of the Middle Ages. Thinking to appease the anger of God against the wickedness of the time, she offered herself in immolation for evils she knew not of. Tempted, tormented, and terrified by the devil, who appeared under his favorite disguise as a serpent, she was comforted by the promise of St. Gregory, that she should join him on his coming feast-day, in Paradise. So on St. Gregory's feast, little Fina's soul took its flight to join the angels. For five years she had lain on an oaken plank refusing every comfort, even that of rising from her rude couch. When, at last, death came to release her, it was found that her body had died long since, that it was already in decay and partly consumed. "Scarcely had she gone, when the devils, fearing doubtless her advocacy in heaven, 'filled the air with whirlwinds; but against them, moved by angel hands, the bells of S. Gimignano rang out in sweet confidence, so that the whirlwinds were calmed and the storm stilled. And when the people came to the house of S. Fina they found it full of the most sweet fragrance as of Paradise itself, and lo, the room where the holy body lay was filled with flowers; and marvelling at this, they presently went their way."

In the old Church of the Collegiata, built in the 11th century, is found the shrine of this beloved saint. On the walls of the chapel where she rests, Benedetto da Maiano has told in fresco the story of her sacrifice. The Baptistry has a fine fresco of the Annunciation, and a font of Sienese marble, made in the 14th century.

The Church of S. Agostino contains the marble shrine of S. Bartolo who gave his life for lepers in the year 1300. There are also, Madonnas and a Pietà, and S. Gimignano blessing the magistrates of his own town. In the choir, is the story of S. Agostino. We see this great Saint first as a boy, leaving home for school, and there being punished for some misdemeanor; entering the University of Carthage at the age of nineteen, where he kept company with the

worldlings of the day and perhaps thinking now and then of the emptiness of it all, but unwilling to give it up, and praying, "O God, make me chaste,—but not yet."

Meantime his mother, S. Monica, was storming heaven in his behalf; at last he starts for Italy, teaching at Rome, and finally comes to Milan where he meets S. Ambrose. His devoted mother follows him and tells her fears to that great Saint and Bishop. One day while reading in a garden, S. Augustine listens to the words of S. Ambrose, and is baptized. Then we hear that sacred antiphon, 'Te Deum Laudamus', which the two Saints together composed in thanksgiving. Later we find Augustine teaching, and in a vision, seeing a child pouring the sea into a hole; the death of his mother S. Monica, and we can imagine her repeating the words of Simeon, "Now let thy servant depart in peace"—her prayers had been granted, her son saved. Above is the end of the appealing story of S. Augustine,—his ordination, refutation of the heretics and vision of S. Jerome, the death of the Saint, and his glorious entry into Paradise. These lovely old frescoes, the quiet Piazza, the deserted streets of S. Gimignano, her troubled but honorable past, her patience and humility, and her gracious hospitality, leave you saddened as you turn away, but loving her the more because she is sad; her busy life is over, her glory is departed, but she does not forget, nor can *you* forget *her*,—S. Gimignano delle Belle Torri, of the Beautiful Towers.

* * *

It was a case of 'love at first sight' when we arrived to-day at Perugia. The journey had proved a most interesting one in the company of our charming English neighbor, who had travelled much and observed proportionately the things worth while. There in the near distance, was the lovely Lake Trasimeno with its blue waters glistening in the sun; there were fields of scarlet poppies, as if sown in rows among the wheat, and the fresh green of the new spring grass,—and there at last, was Perugia, set high on the hill like a grey and grim old fortress, and indeed it has its citadel, the Rocca Paolina, built by Antonio da Sangallo by order of Pope Paul III.

Nature and Art vie with each other in making Perugia beautiful and famous, for Nature has given her a superb setting, framed in a chain of the Appenines, with the fertile valleys below; Art, as developed by the Umbrian School of Painting, has made her name world-famous through the genius of her native son, Perugino, as well as that of Pinturicchio, Betti, Lo Spagno, Gentile da Fabriano, Bonfigli, and many others.

The municipal picture gallery or Pinacoteca Vanucci has a collection formed since 1863, from suppressed churches and monasteries which have been turned into government schools and barracks. This is the same wicked and pitiful condition all over Italy, which saddens the visitor to these despoiled altars and cloisters. But—they

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Assisi.

are described as "of great value to the student of Umbrian art." Some of the finest amonog these 'stolen goods' are a Crucifixion by Lorenzetti, Bonfigli's great frescoes of the Burial of St. Louis,—the Martyrdom of St. Herculanus,—carved choir-stalls, manuscripts, choir-books, miniatures,—etc. A large altar-piece by Fra Angelico including Madonna with Angels and Saints, an Annunciation and others. Many of the best works of Perugino are here, made with infinite care for the shrines he loved.

There are few places of consequence in Italy, in which an altar has not been raised to the honor of S. Lawrence. Before you enter the Cathedral of San Lorenzo here in the Piazza of that name, you will admire at the right of the entrance, a fine Gothic pulpit, and opposite, a massive bronze statue of Julius III. One of the precious things here, is the Betrothal Ring of the Blessed Virgin, in a beautiful chapel built for it, Cappella del Sant' Anello, the Chapel of the Holy Ring, which also contained the celebrated 'Sposalizio' (Espousal) by Perugino, until it was carried off by Napoleon. The exquisite Tabernaculum, a masterpiece of the goldsmith's art, which holds this treasure, is curtained in crimson brocade, and guarded by angels of white marble. The choir-stalls of the Chapel in inlaid woods of different colors, known as intarsia are especially fine. The Chapel of St. Bernardino has a beautiful and moving masterpiece by Baroccio, the Descent from the Cross.

ASSISI AND ST. FRANCIS

To-day, with three friends, we set out early for Assisi, where the whole country side is associated with the life, the labors, and blessed death of the holy St. Francis (Il Poverello). Across the way from the station, is the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli on the site of the original Church of St. Francis. It contains the little Oratory which was the real cradle of the Franciscan Order, beautified with his own hands.

Near by is the cell in which he died, with frescoes by Lo Spagno, and a terracotta statue of the Saint by della Robbia. In the Chapel of St. Joseph there are frescoes, also by della Robbia, representing St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. A monk will show you everything of interest, including the rose garden in which the roses have been thornless since the Saint threw himself naked among them, as an act of penance, one wintry night, and the leaves have since been spotted as if with blood.

The Monastery of St. Francis is a massive structure on the brow of the hill. The two churches, one above the other, were begun in 1228 and completed about thirty years later. In the Lower Church is a series of fine frescoes by Cimabue, Martini, and Giotto, depicting the life of Christ. Scenes from the life of St. Francis by Giotto cover the entire walls of the Upper Church. The stalls are exquisite examples of intarsia work, no two alike, representing Saints and Doctors of the Church. The Temple of Minerva, perhaps of

the Augustan period, stands no longer for the worship of the Goddess of Wisdom, but to the honor of Mary, the Mother of Christians, Santa Maria della Minerva. The Cathedral of St. Rufino, named in honor of its first bishop, contains a fine marble statue of St. Francis, the last work of Giovanni Dupré,—a Madonna with Saints by Foligno, and beautiful choir-stalls by San Severino.

The Church of Santa Chiara is Gothic, erected in 1257. Beneath the high altar are the remains of the Saint, who, inspired with enthusiasm for St. Francis, embraced the monastic life, and founded the Order of Clarissines. Clare (or Clara), a member of the noble house of Sciffi, at eighteen, had decided to devote her life entirely to the service of God. It was arranged that, despite the opposition of her family, she should leave her home on Palm Sunday, and so on that evening she came . . . . arrayed in her most beautiful robes and her most valuable jewels, decked with Palm branches, to make her vows before Francis, and dedicate herself to God. A few days later her sister Agnes, fourteen years of age, joined her at the Benedictine Convent, but this the sisters left when Francis obtained for them the little church of St. Damian, and they called themselves the 'Poor Ladies', later the 'Poor Clares'. Manual labor together with the contemplative life, was the Rule given them by St. Francis, and followed with love and zeal. Notwithstanding the anger and cruelty of their parents, the sisters remained together at St. Damian's. Francis had promised Clare that the friars would always supply the materials for their work for the poor churches, and so he and his brethren used to go about, taking turns in soliciting aid for the Poor Ladies, and distributing their work, which consisted of altar linen and other necessaries, among the churches in need. In the little Convent garden, the beautiful Saint Clare was accustomed to take the air with her nuns. Here may be seen the cell where the youthful Abbess was lying ill, when the news came that a company of Saracens were advancing on Assisi. Soon they were scaling the walls, and Clare, gifted with the high courage of her noble race, appeared at a window holding aloft a chalice containing the Blessed Sacrament which she was privileged to keep in a little Chapel near her cell. At the sight of the holy and beautiful vision, the soldiers dropped to the ground and fled.

No matter where you turn in Assisi, you find the place reminiscent of the gentle Saint whose life and labors took place within its narrow boundaries. His spirit is the spirit of Assisi, and he who fled from worldly honors, has brought fame to this his birthplace which shall be to its everlasting glory. After the natural beauty which God has bestowed upon it, as upon nearly all Italy, Assisi owes its renown to St. Francis. Although it might always hold pleasant memories for the traveller to the picturesque hill towns of the country, it would never have become a hallowed shrine for the homage of pilgrims from all parts of the world. The year 1926 marked the 700th anniversary of the death of the Saint, and travellers in great numbers visited the little Umbrian town to do honor to his memory.

Saint Francis was born the son of Pietro Bernardone, a prosperous merchant, and his wife Pica, who belonged to a noble family. He was educated by the priests at San Giorgio, and later his father endeavored to initiate him into the ways of a business life, but higher things were in store for him. Francis was endowed by Nature with a love of gaiety, brilliant, generous, with a keen intellect and a noble heart. In addition, he possessed the qualities of leadership, and his wealth and taste for adventure, made him a favorite everywhere, the young nobles calling him the 'King of Youth'. The little towns of Italy, eager for their own independence, were constantly warring with one another; the strife between Assisi and Perugia was among the most disastrous of these conflicts. Francis was one of the first to volunteer for service; the Assisian troops were driven back, and he was one of many prisoners taken by Perugia. He bore the hardships of prison life with patience and kept up the courage of his companions. His release was followed by a long illness, and it was during this period that a great change took place in him. The life he had hitherto led, he looked upon as frivolous and useless, and the pleasures to which he had been so devoted, had lost all their charm for him.

He acquired ever more and more, a taste for prayer and solitude. His companions who still sought his company as their leader, remarking his changed manner, questioned him, saying, "Whereon wast thou thinking, that thou camest not after us? Perchance thou wast thinking of taking a wife!"—to which he replied in a loud voice,—"Truly have ye spoken, for that I thought of taking unto me a bride nobler, richer, and fairer than ye have ever seen!" and they mocked at him—"but this," adds the legend, "he said not of himself, but inspired by God, for the 'bride' herself was true Religion whom he took unto himself, nobler, richer, and fairer than others in her poverty." Soon he became himself poor for, instead of using his means for pleasure, he bestowed it on the needy, and began tending the lepers, although hitherto, he had regarded with horror all those afflicted with that loathsome disease.

One day as he was praying in the Church of St. Damian, a voice came from the crucifix saying: "Francis, seest thou not that My house is being destroyed? Go therefore, and repair it for Me." Trembling with astonishment he answered, "Gladly will I do it, O Lord!" Taking the command as referring to St. Damian's which was sadly in need of repair, Francis then took a bale of cloth to Foligno to sell there, returning the money thus obtained to the priest at St. Damian's, for the work.

Bernardone was incensed at this for he could not understand such conduct, and continued to persecute his son. Finally Francis found refuge in a cave where he was given one scanty meal each day by a friend who knew of his retreat. Returning to his father's house, he was stoned by the vagabonds in the streets, who thought him demented. On arrival, he was imprisoned in a narrow, dark room, but was finally released by his mother, who loved and pitied him.

On complaint of his father, he was called before the Commune, but failed to appear, saying he was now a servant of God; then they brought him to the Bishop who advised him to give back what money he had had from his father, but Francis, generous as holy, insisted upon giving back his clothes also; the Bishop, seeing his sincerity and humility, embraced him and wrapped him in his own cloak. At Gubbio a friend gave him a habit such as is worn by monks, but this, after consulting the Scriptures, he counted of too much value, and so made a coarse tunic for himself, laying aside his shoes and staff. Before this and every act he did, he consulted the Scriptures by opening the holy book three times in the name of the Most Holy Trinity.

Now St. Francis was no longer a hermit, but an Apostle, going forth to preach the Gospel for which he was well equipped, having a powerful and sonorous voice, kindly but penetrating, which at times rose to a fiery and passionate eloquence. Soon the piety and fervor of the holy man attracted others who wished to join him and share his apostolic life. The first of these was Bernard da Quintevalle, a rich man who, on the advice of Francis, disposed of all his wealth for the benefit of the poor. Pietro, who also wished to join, did likewise, and this simple Rule of Poverty, became the first Foundation of the Franciscan Order. About this time in a vision, God revealed to Francis the future of his Order, the great numbers who would join them under the guidance of himself as head of the Fraternity which later took the name of the Order of Friars Minor. For clerics and laymen in the world who could not renounce all the cares of their state, he formed the Third Order. The Friars, who had by this time become a dozen in number, were not wholly contemplative, for during the day they went into the country assisting the farmers and workmen, in the evening returning to their prayers.

Francis, with his companions now set out for Rome to gain approbation for his Order. The Pope, Innocent III, was at first inclined to refuse, for such a life of preaching and begging seemed beyond the endurance of men, but finally gave his consent—Francis promising obedience to the Pope, and the other friars, to their holy Superior. This was the first profession in the Order, and took place in 1209 or 1210. The friars returned to their missions through the towns of Italy, and it was about this time we learn of the 'Preaching to the Birds. In the words of Thomas of Celano, his first biographer, "When St. Francis was journeying through the Valley of Spoleto, he came to a spot near Bevagna where a great number of birds of different sorts were gathered together. On seeing this, St. Francis left his companions and ran eagerly toward the birds. When he was come close to them, and saw that they were awaiting him, he was filled with joy, and humbly begged them to hear the Word of God, and after saying many things to them, he added: 'My brother birds, much ought ye to praise your Creator and ever to love Him who has given you feathers for clothing, wings for flight, and all that ye have need of. God hath made you noble among His

creatures for He has given you a habitation in the purity of the air, and whereas He Himself doth still protect you and govern you without any care of your own' On this (as he used to say himself) those little birds rejoicing in wondrous fashion, after their nature, began to stretch out their necks, to spread their wings, to open their beaks, and gaze on him. And there he went to and fro amongst them, touching their heads and bodies with his tunic. At length he blessed them, and having made the sign of the Cross, gave them leave to fly away!"

Francis loved everything that had life as creatures of God, and they in turn, had perfect confidence in him—,

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

"The blessed Francis, returning from beyond the sea, was travelling through the marches of Venice and heard a vast multitude of birds singing among the bushes. And when he saw them he said to his companions, 'Our sisters, the birds, are praising their Maker. Let us go into their midst and sing to the Lord the Canonical Hours.' And when they had gone into their midst the birds moved not from the place; but on account of their chirping an twittering the brethren were not able to hear each other, the holy man turned to the birds and said—'Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered our bounden praise to God.' And they at once were silent, and when the praises were finished resumed their song."

Once when the Saint was preaching in Alvia, the birds were flitting and singing so joyfully about him that they threatened to interfere with his human audience; turning gently toward them he said,—"My sisters, it is now time that I should speak. Since you have had your say, listen now in turn to the word of God, and be silent till the sermon is finished." He was instantly obeyed.

One day a leveret was brought to him as he was travelling through the village of Gubbio. When he saw the timid little creature he spoke to it gently saying "Little brother leveret why hast thou let thyself be taken? Come to me!" The trembling animal at once fled to the holy man, hiding itself in the folds of his gown.

"The Saint was once seated in a boat on the lake of Reiti, near a certain port, when a fisherman taking a large fish, which is commonly called a tench, in his devotion brought it to him. And he taking it kindly and cheerfully, began to call it by the name of brother, and putting it in the water, began devoutly to bless the name of God; and while he continued in prayer, the fish, playing in the water near the boat, departed not until the prayer being finished, the Saint gave him leave to go. For thus the glorious Father Francis, walking in the way of

obedience and perfect subjection to the Divine will, obtained great honour from God in the obedience of His creatures."

Meeting a poor man ragged and cold, Francis said to his companion, "My brother, I must give my mantle to this poor man, for it belongs to him. I had it but as a loan until I should meet one who had more need of it than I. This man's misery covers us with confusion; for we have chosen poverty as a great treasure, and lo! he is poorer than any one of us."

The holy man could not bear to send anyone away without help. On being told that there was a poor woman begging at the gate, but that there was absolutely nothing in the house to give her, the messenger thought of their one single piece of property,—the New Testament from which the brethren read the daily lessons. "Very well," said Francis, "give it to our mother; for I believe firmly that we shall be more agreeable to God by giving this book to a poor woman than reserving it for our own reading." Perhaps it dawned upon the dear Saint that to a hungry and unlearned beggar, a book was rather a useless gift, for he added, "She can sell it for her necessities."

During the season of Pentecost in 1219, it seemed to Francis that there was need among the leaders of his flock to take counsel together, and so he called what was known as 'the Chapter Storearum' (the assembly of the straw huts), for there was no shelter to offer to the more than five thousand of his followers (according to the Fioretti, 'Little Flowers of St. Francis,) who came from all parts of Italy. These little tents were made of straw thatch rudely propped up on posts. They were arranged in orderly rows occupied by groups according to their nationality. Besides the great multitudes of Franciscans in their coarse, brown habits and bare feet, we are assured that there was present the powerful and learned Cardinal Ugolino with the splendid retinue of his princely house; there were glittering group of nobles with their attendant trains who came perhaps partly out of curiosity, to see the wonderful sight; there, too, was St. Dominic watching intently how this *other* Order managed such things, and finding it passing strange that Francis should have invited such a vast concourse of people, with absolutely no provision for their needs. But Francis, on his part, welcomed them cheerfully without even a crust to give them, after their toilsome journey afoot over the rough country roads and under the burning Umbrian sun.

When all were gathered together the Saint spoke briefly, "not caring," says the Fioretti, "to make a sermon.." "My children," he said, "we have promised great things to God, and greater things still have we promised to ourselves from God; let us observe those which we have promised to Him, and certainly expect those which are promised to us." Then he told them that they must give no thought to what they shall eat or drink, but only to the praise of God. The Fioretti continues—

"St. Domenico, who was present at this Chapter, was much amazed by the command of St. Francesco, and considered it indiscreet, not being able to imagine how so great a multitude could be provided for without having any care or solicitude for the things necessary for the body; but the Chief Shepherd, the blessed Christ wishing to show how He cared for His sheep, and His singular love for His poor, immediately inspired the people of Perugia, Spoleto, Foligno, Assisi, and the surrounding country, who brought supplies of provisions to the holy congregation; and behold there suddenly appeared from the beforesaid towns, men with horses and carts, laden with bread, wine, beans, and game, and other good things according as the poor of Christ had need. And along with this they brought table-cloths, glasses, everything that was necessary for the table; and he was considered happy who could carry most things, and could serve most humbly; and even the knights and barons, and other noblemen who had come to look on, with great humility began to serve also. St. Dominico seeing all this, and recognizing truly that the Divine Providence was to be seen in it, humbly acknowledged that he had falsely judged St. Francesco, and going to him on his knees, humbly confessed his sins, and added, 'Truly God has a special care of this poor family, and I knew it not.' " Cardinal Ugolino exclaimed, "Truly this is the camp and army of the knights of God."

One of the important works of Francis during his missionary labours was the foundation of the Third Order which came into being in 1221. On one occasion the preaching of the Saint was so effectual that the whole population of the little town rose up as if with one overpowering impulse to follow him. But he knew that the world and its work must go on, and he calmed the excited people with the promise to find a way for them to serve God acceptably in their own homes. This Order of Tertiaries grew into a large and powerful branch of Francis' disciples, including in its membership nobles and even rulers of the very highest rank.

It was at Bevagna that he cured a child of blindness. The holy season of Lent in the year 1211, Francis passed on an island in Lake Trasimeno, returning to preach in Cortona, Arezzo, Florence, and Pisa. In all these towns he was received with acclamation, and his labors were rewarded with many converts, after which he returned to Assisi. At times Francis was troubled by doubt as to his call to the monastic life, and had recourse more than ever to prayer and contemplation. It was revealed to him that his Order should lead a 'mixed' life, that is, divided between prayer and active labor. Many missions were undertaken, to Syria, to Spain, and to the Moors and Germans.

He preached even to the Moslems, without a thought of fear of those savage hordes, and was dragged before the Sultan who was so touched by the sincerity and zeal of the Saint, that he gave the hated 'Christian' safe conduct back to his camp. Innovations and abuses crept into the Order which grieved its beloved founder, and

under hardships borne long and patiently, with fasting and preaching, his health began to fail, but he labored on as actively as ever. In the Third Order a great social reform was brought about, and peace in communities and in families was promoted, by forbidding the use of firearms, law suits etc. Five of the followers of St. Francis were sent into Spain and preached to the Moors, finally falling into the hands of the Moslems who put them to a cruel death. These were the first Franciscan martyrs.

At Whitsuntide a General Council was held, the last over which Il Poverello presided, for the 'Poor Little Man of Assisi' was growing weaker day by day, but anxious to see England converted, he sent Brother Agnellus of Pisa and some companions to England in September 1224; proceeding to Canterbury, London, and Oxford, these were the first foundations of the Franciscans in Britain. It was in the same year that St. Francis, having imitated so closely in his life that of his Divine Master, was given that miraculous token of predilection, the Stigmata, that is, the marks in imitation of Christ's Passion. "For his hands and his feet" says St. Bonaventura, "seemed to be pierced through in the midst with nails . . . . . the right side was, moreover—as if it had been pierced with a lance—seamed with a ruddy scar wherein ofttimes welled the blood, staining his habit." Having repaired to his beloved retreat on Mont'Averna, for a period of contemplation, St. Francis spent forty days in the mountain solitude, in prayer and thanksgiving for so great a mark of favor, and then returned to Assisi where, despite his efforts at concealment, some of the monks saw and touched the miraculous wounds. Although suffering intense pain, and when through blindness, the beauty of the universe was hidden from his eyes, it was about this time that he composed his 'Praises of the Creatures' or Canticle of the Sun, and into this sublime composition is condensed "all the wealth of the Saint's imagination and all the boldness of his genius:"—

"Most High, omnipotent, good Lord,
Praise, glory, and honour and benediction, all are Thine.
To Thee alone do they belong, most High,
And there is no man fit to mention Thee.

* * *

Praise to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Especially to my worshipful Brother Sun.
The which lights up the day, and through him dost Thou brightness give
Of Thee, most High, signification gives.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Moon and for the Stars,
In heaven Thou hast formed them, clear and precious and fair.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Wind
And for the Air and Clouds, and fair and every kind of Weather,
By the which Thou givest to Thy creatures nourishment.

Praised be my Lord for Sister Water
The which is greatly helpful and humble and precious and pure.

Praised be my Lord for Brother Fire
By the which Thou lightest up the dark
And fair is he and gay, and mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our Sister, Mother Earth,
The which sustains and keeps us,
And brings forth diverse fruits with grass and flowers bright.

* * *

Praised be my Lord for those who for Thy love forgive
And weakness bear and tribulation.
Blessed those who shall in peace endure
For by Thee, Lord, shall they be crowned.

Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and give Him thanks
And be subject unto Him with great humility."

When St. Francis was no longer able to walk on account of the wounds in his feet, he used to ride a little donkey on his missionary journeys; but soon he was too weak even to ride, and a little hut was built for him near St. Damian's, and according to his wishes, the friars used to go out through the country preaching and singing his canticle, The Praises of the Creatures. At the end the preacher would say, "We are the Troubadours of the Lord; our pay will be to see you embrace penance." The Saint was greatly troubled because of the innovations that some officials were attempting to introduce into the Order, but one day he received assurance directly from Heaven that God Himself would take care of his Order, so he then became more cheerful. Later he was passing a short time in Cortona, but feeling death coming near, he desired to be brought at once to Portiuncula. On the way he caused the bearers to pause, and in silence and tears, they beheld the holy man look back with love and blessing on his native city, saying,

"Benedetta sia tu da Dio, città santa, imperocchè per te, molte anime si salveranno, e in te molti servi di Dio abiteranno; e di te molti ne seranno stetti al reame di vita eterna."

Be thou blest by God, O holy city, because through thee, many souls shall be saved, and in thee many servants of God shall dwell; and through thee, many shall attain to the kingdom of eternal life.

Having reached his beloved little church, the friars gathered about his cot and received his blessing, not only those present, but those to come, through the ages. During the few days remaining to him,

he added a strophe to his Canticle of the Sun in honor of Sister Death:

> "Praised be my Lord for our Sister, the Bodily Death,
> From the which no living man can flee.
> Woe to them who die in mortal sin;
> Blesesd those who shall find themselves in Thy most holy will,
> For the second death shall do them no ill."

He frequently repeated the Canticle with his friars, and feeling the approach of death, himself intoned the psalm, "Voce mea", "so," as the chronicle says, "he met death singing." In order to carry out to the letter his vow of poverty, he divested himself of his tunic and caused himself to be covered with a borrowed cloth, and laid on the bare ground. He requested one of the friars to read the Passion from the Gospel of St. John, and during the reading the Saint gave up his soul to God. "At the hour of the passing of the Holy Man," says St. Bonaventure, "the larks, birds that love the light and dread the shades of twilight, flocked in great numbers to the roof of the house, albeit the shades of evening were falling and wheeling round it for a long time with songs even gladder than their wont, offered their witness alike gracious and manifest unto the glory of the Saint who had been wont to call them unto the divine praises." St. Francis was canonized in 1228 by Pope Gregory IX who, as Cardinal Ugolino, had been his constant friend and the Protector of his Order. Poverty, love, and service, might be said to have embraced the whole creed of St. Francis,—love of God, of man, and of every living creature,—service to his fellow man, both carried out in the strictest poverty.

Again and again you will wish to climb the narrow ways of Assisi, to cross the sunlit Piazza di San Francesco, framed in its double row of arcades, to enter that storied temple, to walk with Giotto through the scenes of Francis' holy life. There you may attend that mystic marriage of Francis with Lady Poverty, whom he so dearly loved,—she whom Dante says was "slighted and obscure, thousand and hundred years and more without a single suitor, till he came." Christ Himself gives the bride in marriage, and the holy angels rejoice.

The road to the Carceri on the slopes of Mount Subasio, is a pilgrimage in the very steps of St. Francis, for thither he went when he felt the need of solitude, in weariness of body and depression of spirit. Here is the rock-hewn shelf which served as his bed. The little monastery is still occupied by a few monks who treasure the tradition of the past, and the place is filled with the precious memories of the 'Poor Little Man of Assisi' who "shines as the sun in the high places of God."

* * *

Back in Perugia and to-day, (Sunday) at the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, heard the exquisite music given (as always in Italy) by a

choir of men and boys. In the afternoon we visited the churches of San Domenico and San Pietro di Cassinensi. San Domenico's is a Gothic edifice built in 1304, but entirely re-erected by Maderna in 1614. This church contains the largest stained glass window of its kind in Italy (218 sq. yds.) by Fra Bartolomeo of Perugia. The church of San Pietro di Cassinensi, erected about the year 1000 has a richly gilded ceiling and fine columns of marble. There are treasures of art after Tintoretto and Perugino and two Saints by Sassoferata; beautiful choir-stalls carved and inlaid, miniatures, reliefs, and many more fine works of the old masters.

One of the most interesting shrines of Perugia is the Oratory of San Bernardino. It has an early Renaissance façade by Duccio, (that great creator of Siena's treasured 'Majestas',) a beautiful polychrome work in terra cotta and colored marbles, sculptured Saints in Glory, six Franciscan Virtues, angelic musicians, in all a wonderful work of art. In the crypt of the old Church of San Francesco adjoining, are some fairly well preserved frescoes by Giotto. The restored part of the building is now used by the Academia dei Belle Arti and a technical school.

Later we journeyed to San Severo, formerly occupied by the monks of the Camaldoli. In this Convent Raphæl painted his first independent fresco (having left Perugino's school) which is considered the forerunner of his famous 'Disputa' in the Vatican. The lower portion of the fresco was painted by Perugino in his seventy-first year. A good clay bust of Raphæl is one of the things most worth while here. We passed the house which Perugino occupied, marked by a marble tablet, and just beyond, they have honored their local hero with a fine statue of bronze; on the lower portion of the pedestal, is a graceful figure, with palette and brush, pointing upward to the great artist. The principal street of the city is the Via Vanucci, which was Perugino's real name. To-day with only my camera for company, made a complete circuit of the picturesque, old town, winding round about through the narrow, crooked streets, ending my long walk just back of the Duomo. Only thus, it seems, one may become acquainted with a town and its people.

The Collegio del Cambio, or old Chamber of Commerce, no longer used for such a prosaic purpose, has some fine wood carvings and frescoes, and the Chapel of St. John, beautiful stalls; the money-changer's bench is a model of fine carving.

* * *

To-day we returned to the City of Flowers, but only to make ready to leave it again. Were our destination other than 'Venice the Beautiful', the magic city of the waters, I should be sad at parting from Florence, for it has grown dear to me, as it is to you, with its tender associations of happy days. Commend me to the dear family and believe me

Ever affectionately yours

M. A. O'R.

VENICE, THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

VENICE, THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

Letter to B. S. F.

Venice, the City of Lagoons.

Dear Bee,——

An exceptionally large crowd left to-day en route for Venice, and as a consequence, a 'mad scramble' for seats, but my facchino being young and strong and accustomed to the game, managed to 'land' one for me. Our fellow travellers in the compartment were pleasant people, and as usual, cosmopolitan in character: a French couple (who had been my neighbors at the Hotel in Florence), an Italian, a German couple, a pretty rosy-cheeked English girl, with her elderly aunt, likewise English, and this wanderer 'from a foreign shore', just filled the compartment; for a time we had a Dane in the place made vacant by the departure of the Italian. To make up the hour lost in starting, the train hummed along at a terrific speed; during dinner the tables rocked as on shipboard, and now and then there was a drop in crockery—and in provisions. Finally we knew by the sound of the train, that it was over the water—that we were in Venice, the 'Queen of the Adriatic.'

"Men built Rome—the gods Venice."
—Sannavar.

To arrive at night in the City of Lagoons is a distinct advantage, and adds materially to one's first impression of something entirely and delightfully different from any previous experience. How prosaic is the transit from the station to the hotel in a modern autobus or even in an ancient vettura, compared with this! Seated comfortably in a gondola, the most graceful of all water craft, propelled by the most picturesque boatman in the world, gliding silently along the dark surface of the Grand Canal, the great water highway of the city, in which myriad lights are reflected; then darting into one of the many side canals, the skilful gondolier turns the sharp corners where here and there a dim light rather emphasizes the general darknss. The silence is broken only by the regular dip of the oar, the lapping of the water against the marble steps of the palaces, and the weird, but musical cry of the gondolier to give warning to other ferrymen in the narrow passage. So sure is he of his way, that doubtless he could make the trip quite safely with his eyes closed; they can pass each other with apparently no more than an eighth of an inch between, yet they never touch. Finally you arrive at your hotel, and the proprietor, the porter, and you think the greater part of the whole personnel of the establishment, come down the water-steps to greet you as an old friend; the gondolier seems almost on the verge of tears as he assists you from the cushions. This warmth and friendliness of the Latins is cheering to the weary

traveller, although he knows that it is merely a formality made use of 'for business purposes only.'

Probably the first trip the stranger will take, will be in a spacious gondola up the Grand Canal, noting the beautiful palaces which line its banks, so different from the homes of the aristocracy everywhere else in the world. The city of Venice is built upon innumerable piles driven firmly into the mud banks on which its primitive inhabitants found refuge from barbarian invaders. Across these piles are laid heavy blocks of stone, and on this solid foundation the buildings are erected, each floor being constructed of concrete. The palaces are generally four, five, or six stories high, divided in three parts from front to back, the central section being the sala, or hall, the side sections divided into smaller apartments or offices. The story nearest the water is too damp for occupancy and is generally used to house the gondola and its furnishings. The water side is necessarily the front of the house with entrance from the gondola; the back or land side being on one of the narrow alleys called calli, used by pedestrians. Bridges connect the calli or land sections. These, 364 in number, are generally of picturesque design and form an attractive feature of the city. Besides the Grand Canal and the Granduca, there are about 150 small canals crossed by these little bridges. One of those best known to us is the Rialto, in the heart of the business section, crowded at all hours of the day, bright with the colors of the vegetable market. In the Merchant of Venice, Shylock accuses Antonio thus:

"Many a time and oft in the Rialto you have rated me,—"

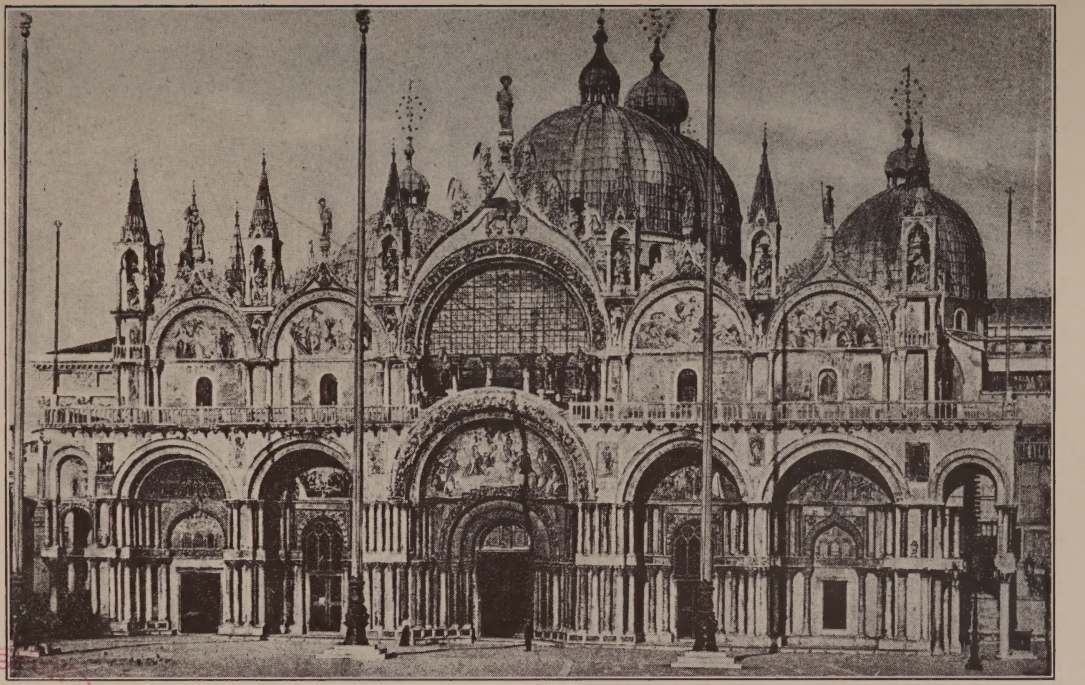
The Bridge of Sighs connects the Ducal Palace with the sombre walls of the Prison.

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

And you wonder, as you recall the lines of Byron, if there were not often sighs to be heard in the Palace as well as in the Prison!

The history of Venice is practically that of the other Italian Republics,—Florence, Siena, Pisa, Genoa,—warring with its jealous and ambitious neighbors, as well as with the Austrians, the Turks, and other foreign foes. It had also its internal troubles, and many different forms of government, but the rule of a Doge was finally agreed upon, and in 811, with the first, Doge Participazione, began the Venetian Republic. In 1886 Venice was united to the Kingdom of Italy.

Piazza San Marco, St. Mark's Square, spacious and beautiful, has been called the 'Heart of Venice'. Howells says, "I never, during three years, passed through it in my daily walks, without feeling as freshly as at first, the greatness of its beauty." Surrounded by



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The Basilica of St. Mark—Venice.

those noble buildings which express in themselves the great days of the Republic; supplied too, with most attractive shops where the delicate and beautiful products of Venetian art and industry are displayed; with cafés which dispense the favorite drinks, black coffee and sciroppi, with seats spread out on the pavement and plenty of good music, there is no class, native or foreign, who cannot find in the Piazza, rest, pleasure, recreation, and inspiration, from the beauty of the scene. The Square was proclaimed by Petrarch as "unique in the world",—and by Buonaparte, as "the most sumptuous reception-hall known."

"She to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart;
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart."

—Byron.

From the very first foundation of the town, there took place the tournaments, the chief spectacles, the great Fair on Ascension Day, at which were displayed the precious stuffs of all kinds brought from the East. One of the most interesting features of the Piazza, is the pigeons which make their home among the pinnacles and arches of the great Basilica, and delight the children, (and grown-ups as well) who congregate about the Square. In very old times it was the custom of the Doge to liberate, from the entrance of the Church, a number of pigeons with shackled legs as largess for the poor on Easter Day. Some of these escaped and found refuge in the Church, and this so appealed to the sentiment of the Venetians, that the pigeons are protected, loved, and fed, by the people, and have therefore become perfectly tame.

It was my good fortune to be in Venice on Ascension Day, and perhaps those who know the splendid beauty of St. Mark's, that marvellous Byzantine temple, on ordinary occasions, can imagine its gorgeous color and magic loveliness on a great 'festa'; one realizes then the reason it has been called "the richest and most beautiful church in the world." On the Feast above named, the service was elaborately carried out; the great silver candlesticks and busts of the most revered Saints brought from the Treasury and displayed on the altar; the sweet music of a double choir, each in its own gallery on either side of the Sanctuary; the Patriarch in his finest vestments served by many attendants, and the beautiful silken banners floating in front of the Basilica, all together formed a brilliant and memorable scene.

In 976 the temple was begun but not finished for many centuries. The gorgeous Oriental decorations give to the Church a strikingly rich appearance, the façade glittering with gold, and mosaics in Parian and other precious marbles and porphyry, is a monument replete with the cherished memories and glories of the Republic. Patterned after St. Sophia's in Constantinople, St. Mark's with its

gilded domes and minarets, is typical of the Orient, "the sole and splendid alien of our Western world."

On the front are five great arches, divided by about three hundred columns. On the top of the central arch, are the famous four bronze horses which the Doge Enrico Dandolo obtained as booty of war from Constantinople in the First Crusade, but originally they adorned the Arch of Titus in Rome. They were carried away by Napoleon to Paris, but restored to Venice in 1815, and set up in their former place.

The vestibule is decorated with mosaics, as well as the interior, which has wonderful walls of African marble, and many fine statues. The doors are of elaborately wrought bronze, with designs in silver, one from St. Sophia's, the others copies of it. Back of the altar, is the great Pala d'Oro, four yards long and two high, formed of sheets of gold and silver, enamelled with sacred scenes and with incrustations of some two thousand precious stones. The body of St. Mark lies beneath this altar. That dedicated to the Holy Eucharist has four spiral columns from Solomon's Temple, two of transparent alabaster and two of African marble. There are several other beautiful altars; one to the Blessed Virgin, la Nicopeia, being specially venerated; it was acquired by the Doge in Constantinople in 1204. The image is enclosed in a rich gold cornice embelished with precious gems. The choir is separated from the nave by elaborate bronze gates, and above them, fourteen marble statues,—the Blessed Virgin, Mary Magdalen, and the Apostles.

The vaultings are covered with mosaics with gold backgrounds representing scenes from the life of Christ and the Saints, while in the vestibule are depicted views from the Old Testament. Two pulpits add to the beauty of the Church, both of precious marble,—that on the right, is the one from which the Doge proclaimed the Fourth Crusade in 1203. The other is of Moorish style in two stories. Above the High Altar, is a rich canopy upheld by four columns of precious Grecian marble.

It was about the year 829 that St. Mark became the patron of Venice, for the Venetians had long known that it was upon their shores the Evangelist had been* shipwrecked, that there he had heard the sweet voice of his Saviour, coming to him across the waves: "Pax tibi Marce, Evangelista Meus." (Peace be to thee, Mark, Mine Evangelist!) "Mark the Evangelist was of the kindred of the Levites, and was a priest," says Voragine. "And when he was christened he was godson of S. Peter the Apostle, and therefore he went with him to Rome. When St. Peter preached there the Gospel, the good people of Rome prayed St. Mark that he would put the Gospel in writing like as St. Peter had preached. Then he at their request wrote, and showed it to his master, St. Peter, to examine; and when St. Peter had examined it, and saw that it contained the very truth, he approved it and commanded that it should be read

*When Bishop of Aquilegia (or Aquileia).

at Rome. And then St. Peter seeing St. Mark constant in the faith, he sent him into Aquilegia to preach the faith of Jesu Christ, where he preached the word of God and did many miracles, and converted innumerable multitudes of people to the faith of Christ and wrote also to them the Gospel, like as he did to them of Rome, which is to this day in the Church of Aquilegia, and with great devotion kept." St. Peter afterward sent St. Mark into Alexandria where he was cruelly martyred, 57 A. D. Although it was decreed by law that there must be no intercourse between the Christian powers and unbelievers, we learn that two Venetian seamen dared to disobey the imperial edict. They set sail secretly for Alexandria with a cargo of goods for the East, and these cunning traders, Buono da Malamocco and Rustico da Torcello, having sold out their stock, bribed the Pagan keepers of St. Mark's tomb to sell them the body. Placing it in a cart, they covered it with carcasses of swine, knowing the Mohammedans would not then touch their load, and so without hindrance, they brought the holy remains aboard their vessel to their home city. And how were they received? "All the people of Venice came down to the lagoon, and the noblest of Venice bore upon their shoulders the priceless burden, bearing it within the chapel of the Ducal Palace with cries from island to island, from Grado even to Malamocco, "Viva San Marco!" the new battle-cry of the Republic. Such was the coming of S. Mark to Venice, and ever after the Republic bore as arms the Lion and the Book, and she wrote there in these words as her motto, "Pax tibi Marce, Evangelista Meus."

The old Church of S. Teodoro was pulled down to make way for a new shrine for the beloved Saint, but this was destroyed by fire in 976. It was feared that the precious remains were lost, but wishing to make sure of this, or if possible to rediscover them, the Venetians set about their pious task with energy and confidence. Ruskin in "Stones of Venice" tells us: "The place in which the body of the holy Evangelist had rested was lost, so that Doge Vital Falier was ignorant of the place of the venerable deposit. This was no little affliction not only to the pious Doge but to all the citizens and people; so that at last, moved by confidence in the divine mercy, they determined to implore, with prayer and fasting, the manifestation of so great a treasure, which did not now depend upon any human effort. A general fast being therefore proclaimed and a solemn procession appointed for the 25th day of June, while they assembled in the church interceded with God in fervent prayers for the desired boon, they beheld with as much amazement as joy a slight shaking in the marbles of a pillar (where the altar of the Cross is now) which presently falling to the earth, exposed to the view of the rejoicing people the chest of bronze in which the body of the Evangelist was laid." To this account Mr. Hutton adds, "There is no possibility of doubting the main facts. Even Ruskin accepts them." And so the tomb of the Evangelist has become the very hearthstone of the city and its people. The

Baptistry Chapel is enriched with mosaics of the 11th and 12th centuries. The great bronze font in the centre has engraving by Titian and other artists; the statue in bronze of St. John the Baptist, is by Francesco da Padua. The Treasury of the Church contains some very precious relics: a crystal vase containing some drops of Christ's Blood,—some pieces of the Cross,—a piece of the column of the Passion etc.; also the Gospel of St. Mark and his episcopal throne of stone, a gold crozier, a sword of the Doge, and many other priceless articles.

* * *

The procession in the Torre dell'Orologio, begins on the Feast of the Ascension and lasts until Pentecost. This great Clock Tower is in four stories; the first, a lofty arch, leads to the Merceria, the section where the retail shops are located. Above this, is a large blue and gold clock which marks the hours, minutes, signs of the zodiac, and phases of the moon. Above this is the gilded figure of the Madonna with a door on either side. When the clock strikes twelve on Ascension Day, two of the Magi appear at one of the doors, pass before the Madonna, make a low bow and enter through the other doorway. This march and obeisance take place on the hour and half-hour. Above this in relief stands the Lion of St. Mark with the open book of Gospels, on which are the words: "Pax tibi Marce, Evangelista Meus." The Tower is surmounted by two gigantic bronze figures known as the Moors, (probably because they are black) who strike alternately, on the hour, quarter, and half-hour, with their huge hammers on a great bell set between them. It is an interesting sight, and on the first day, the square in the vicinity of the Tower is crowded with visitors watching for the Procession of the Magi and the performance of the Moors.

We spent the better part of this fine morning up in the Campanile. The view out over the city and the Grand Canal, lined on either side with palaces, is superb. There are five great bells in the tower, and happening to be just under one of them when it was rung, the clang was almost deafening, everyone rushing as far away as possible. The old Campanile wearied with the weight of centuries, fell into the Piazza in 1902, but providentially it was at two in the morning, so there was not a life lost.

The people were dismayed at the sight of their bell-tower in débris, but they were reassured by the municipality who promised them that another would be built, "Dov'era com'era"—where it was and like it was—. The corner stone was laid by His Eminence the Patriarch Cardinal Sarto, later Pope Pius X, who contributed the cost of fusing the bells which (all but one) were broken in their fall. In gratitude for his generosity, the effigy and signature of the Patriarch was reproduced on one of the bells.

The Palace of the Doges is the most beautiful royal dwelling in the world. The entrance nearest the Basilica, Porta della Carta, the Paper Gate, so called because the decrees issued by the govern-

ment (of the Republic) were set up there, is unusually ornate; it was known also as the Porta Dorata, from the gold with which it was decorated. On entering this gate, one sees before him the heroic statues of Adam and Eve on the great marble staircase, called therefor 'the Giant's Stairway.' Its other name is the Scala d'Oro, the Golden Stairway, for none might ascend it whose name was not in the Golden Book. There are many great halls with walls and ceilings covered with fine frescoes.

Every visitor's curiosity must be aroused by the two pairs of male figures in red porphyry, on the corner of St. Mark's nearest the Palace. It is said that four brothers in search of adventure and booty came from Albania to Venice. Two went ashore, the other two remaining on the ship; each pair plotted to dispose of the other, and at a banquet, all four died of poison, mutually administered. Venice siezed their property and made memorable their wickedness and its punishment by this strange sculpture.

To-day we joined a party with a capable guide, and after another visit (one can never go often enough) to St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace, a whole 'fleet' of gondolas were in waiting to take us up the Grand Canal to the chief places of interest on the opposite bank. The first of these was the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, a masterpiece of the 17th century built in thanksgiving for deliverance from the plague in 1631. The dread epidemic had raged for sixteen months, when the devout prayers of the faithful people to the Blessed Virgin Mary were answered and the plague arrested. Then the Doge, Council, Senate, Nobles, and Clergy from St. Mark's, followed by the people, marched in solemn procession to a little temporary church to render public thanks to Mary, the Mother of Health. Later there was erected on the same site the beautiful Church we see to-day, in honor of Nostra Signora della Salute, our Lady of Health. Every year on November 21st, Venice holds a festa to celebrate its deliverance, the people visit the Church with gifts of candles and flowers, and outside, (as always on such occasions in Italy) inexpensive religious articles are sold, together with little cakes and sweets.

Then we went on to the Churches of the Frari and the Gesuiti; each is enriched with wonderful canvasses by Titian, Paul Veronese and other eminent artists. A visit to the Civic Museum and to the Academia brings the traveller to the real home of the Venetian School of Painting. The lace factory proved especially interesting, watching the workers set the almost invisible stitches so rapidly, forming the filmy web we so much admire as Venetian lace. Then to the glass works, the seat of the bead industry; first we saw the workers spinning the threads of pearly glass, shaping and decorating them, boring the holes, and then, of course, we were conducted to the salesroom, where a dazzling array of the finished products delighted the eyes and depleted the purses of the visitors.

The Feast of the Ascension has always been a great 'festa' in Venice, for more than eight hundred years, the Wedding Day of

the City and the Sea. During the tenth century Venetian commerce had grown to such prosperity, that it fell a constant prey to Dalmatian pirates. Finally the Doge, Pietro Orseola II, determined to put a stop to their raids, and first having secured the approval of the Emperor of the East, who, in return for service on the sea, gave extraordinary privileges to the Venetian fleet. So the Doge, as commander, set sail from the Porto di Lido on Ascension Day, captured several towns, and returned with the title of Duke of Dalmatia. In memory of this victory, it became the custom for the Doge, the Bishop, the officers of the Republic, accompanied by throngs of the people, to go out to the Porto di Lido on the Feast of the Ascension, to take part in the picturesque ceremony known as the Wedding of the Adriatic. The Doge and his entourage boarded a great ship known as the 'Bucentoro', rowed by many galleys to the Porto, where the vessel was turned toward the sea. The Bishop blessed the wedding ring, and presenting it to the Doge, poured holy water into the sea, and into it the Doge, in the name of the city, cast the ring, while repeating the words: "Mare, noi te sposiamo in segno del nostro vero e perpetuo dominio." (O Sea, we wed thee in sign of our true and everlasting dominion.) Thus was built up the tradition of Venetian supremacy on the sea, which has lasted for so many centuries.

As the Grand Canal had been one of the first places you were to traverse on arrival at the City of Lagoons, perhaps you will wish to revisit its charms, to make a little pilgrimage of farewell before parting from it, perhaps forever. And so, ensconced among the luxurious cushions, your gondolier in waiting, as pliant as a reed, and as graceful, his broad-brimmed hat at a jaunty angle, his crimson sash and scarf fluttering in the gentle evening breeze, you glide over the dark waters. It is the sunset hour, and the myriad tints of the western horizon are reflected in the towers and domes of the palaces which line the strand.

It is not yet dark, but innumerable lights are twinkling on the altars of Nostra Signora della Salute, and you will enter and ask our Lady of Health to have you in her holy keeping until you return to Venice and to her. And so you pass on, the Lagoon unfolding itself before you in ever-changing vistas of fairy-like beauty. The night comes on, the moon hangs, a silver paten in the sky, and far in the blue vault of heaven, shine the eternal stars.

You will pass the lovely and picturesque Palace of the Rezzonico where Robert Browning died; the Mocinigo where Byron lodged; Lady Layard's Ca'Capello, which houses the wonderful paintings collected by her husband; the Vendramen Calergi, with its noble motto, 'Non nobis, Domine'—, one of the finest of all, built for the great family of Loredan. Opposite lies the Fondaco dei Turchi, formerly a magnificent palace, later occupied by the Turkish merchants and owned by the Venetian government. It is now the Museo Civico, and here Richard Wagner died. Every year on the anniversary of his death, February 13th, a concert of his works is

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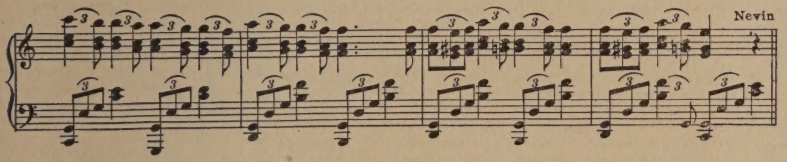
VENEZIA—Canal Grande (Serenate).

given beneath the windows where he loved to look out on the beauty of the Grand Lagoon, and where he passed some of the happiest days of his later life.

It may be that you have listened to this enchanting music, and that the 'Götterdämmerung'—the 'Twilight of the Gods', is still echoing in your memory when you return, when the twilight of the lidi has changed into night, and the music of the passing gondolieri, with mandolin and guitar sinks at last into silence. You round a dim corner of the Canalazzo, you reach the water-steps of your Hotel, and you are oppressed by a strange sadness, for quite unconsciously and unbidden has come the thought that one day, will go up a despairing cry of men and women—all undreaming of disaster—perhaps making merry in the Piazza of St. Mark's; all this magic loveliness which surrounds them, and has cast its spell over your whole being, this fair 'Queen of the Adriatic' will sink into the arms of her lover, the Sea, who shall make her forever his own! And far in the fathomless deep, she shall *still* be a queen, crowned with gleaming seaweed, glittering with gems, she shall remember as afar off, the music of the gondolieri, when her beauty, her strength, her splendor, were of *our* world, and the stars shone on no loveliness such as hers.



Yesterday we embarked for Milan—I say 'embarked', for early a gondola with comfortable cushions awaited us at the water-steps of the Hotel. The air had the freshness of morning, the water was calm, as it always is in the canal, except when a steamer passes,—then the light gondola feels 'swell', but 'wobbly'; soon, however, it rights itself and glides smoothly on its way. Feeling somewhat nervous lest we be late, the gondolier calmed our fears with his musical voice, "C'è molto tempo, Signora",—(there's plenty of time, lady) —and shortly, "Ecco, Signora,—ecco la stazione",—(look, lady, there's the station.")

Our neighbors in the compartment were a sociable group: an English couple, an Italian couple, three Italian young men. At Verona a bustling, young German woman entered, taking the one place just vacated; she looked up at my baggage with an expression of annoyance, and proceeded to empty the shelf to make way for her own belongings, to which, of course, I offered some polite objection. "Aber dies ist mein Platz" etc.—and I, "Bitte, nehmen Sie dein Platz, und sitzen Sie sich darein!" Her grievance was that *my* luggage was in the rack *above her place*, for when I entered there was no other

vacant space, but now there was room elsewhere for her bags. She called the guard who told her quietly to make use of some other vacancy. In foreign trains the aisle, instead of being in the centre, is along one side of the car, while the remaining space is given to two long couches for each compartment, facing each other, and together seating eight persons. A long rack above holds small luggage. The compartment became an enemy camp, but she had begun hostilities, and was, moreover, without 'Allies'—as yet. The Englishman said (sotto voce) of course, that he "would like to pitch her and her luggage out the window"! But he was just returning from a visit to the grave of his soldier brother, so small wonder that he could not conceal his bitterness. The Englishwoman 'made faces' at her unpopular neighbor; we could all see this little by-play except the one who was the butt of it. The gentle little Italian woman held her bags and bundles in her lap, while her countrymen graciously assisted Fräulein to arrange her packages in orderly fashion in the rack! The 'Allies' had capitulated—it was certainly a victory for the 'Central Powers'——So susceptible is the Italian to feminine charms, that very shortly all three young 'galants' were vieing with one another to do her some little service! Soon it was luncheon time (for her), and judging from her appearance, she was not likely to neglect so important a function. From the depths of a stout hamper she drew forth a half chicken, four (hard-boiled) eggs, some Bologna, a wedge of odorous cheese, a loaf of French bread which, before it had been cut into convenient pieces must have measured a half yard in length, with butter in a little earthen dish, a dessert of three large oranges, all of which she topped off with a bunch of raisins and the remainder of her medium-sized bottle of wine!

* * *

To-day the Feast of Pentecost was observed with elaborate ceremony at the great Cathedral of Milan. The crimson velvet draperies against the white sculpured marble framed a picture of vivid beauty and splendor. We felt as if we had reached at least the outer court of Heaven for we had seats in the raised portion of the choir, just outside the Sanctuary and directly facing the royal loggia. His Eminence the Cardinal was celebrant of the solemn Mass, and was attended by a large number of clergy in rich vestments, others in crimson or purple robes with ermine capes. Gold and silver candelabra and crucifixes adorned the altar, also the silver busts of St. Charles Borromeo, St. Ambrose and other revered Bishops of the Church. To attempt a description of this great temple would be presumptuous, and furthermore would require many chapters. There are about three thousand statues within and without, two hundred adorning the front which, with twelve spires, support as many colossal figures. The outer roof is, perhaps, the most striking part of the great Cathedral; it seems a miracle of marble lace with its almost innumerable towers and turrets, pinnacles and statues.

MILANO—Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

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Whoever has time and strength to climb the 328 steps to the roof, will find manifold new beauties in sculpture, and a wonderful view afar. One enters the great Duomo amid a forest of columns, the first two of gigantic proportions, supporting a balcony embellished with heroic statues of Milan's own beloved Saints, San Carlo and Sant' Ambrosio. The pavement is a vari-colored mosaic of marbles in Arabic style. Not far from the central door is a meridian line, set down by the astronomers of the Observatory in 1786. Five naves correspond with the five great doors, and the painted glass windows behind the High Altar, among the finest of the world, are by Giovanni Bertini, who revived this fine art.

On the right wall we see a small stone noting the beginning of the Church inscribed thus in evidently very Old Italian:

EL PRINCIPIO

DIL DOMO DI MILANO

FU NEL ANNO 1396

Beyond the tombs of the Visconti, is a tablet bearing the names, in chronological order, of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Church, among which we read that of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. In front of the High Altar is the subterranean chapel of St. Charles Borromeo with decorations portraying the chief events of his life. The splendid sarcophagus with plates of rock crystal bound with silver mouldings is the gift of King Philip of Spain. The Saint may be seen in full pontifical robes. On his left, a pastoral staff of gold set with precious stones; other gems glitter on his chasuble. A cross of emeralds and diamonds, the gift of the Empress Maria Theresa, hangs in the centre of the shrine. The crown of gold on the head of the Saint, ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini, is the gift of Charles Theodor, Elector of Bavaria. The Treasury contains marvels of artistic and intrinsic value. Passing the crypt of San Carlo one morning, we saw a young couple down there being married before the altar of the Saint. One of the privileged altars is that of Our Lady of the Tree, so called because just before it stands a large bronze candelabrum in the shape of a tree, elaborately carved and set with precious stones. It was presented by an archpriest of the church in 1562.

The Arch or Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, an immense arcade with fine shops and restaurants on either side is one of the triumphs of the modern builders.

In the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in another suppressed Dominican chapel is housed the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci, 'The Last Supper,' made familiar to us in a thousand prints. It is a marvellous work, and makes one feel the real presence of Our Lord and His Apostles on that momentous occasion; it is a pity that the great fresco is fading and wearing away. At the other end of the hall is the 'Crucifixion' by Donato. The church

is rich in marble and wood carving, having a fine old chapel and cloister, despoiled and empty like so many others.

* * *

This morning we left Milan for the Italian Lake Country; after a comfortable trip of about an hour in the train, the world-renowned Lake Como came into view. We would liked to have pitched our tent on its peaceful shores but Bellagio was our present objective, toward which we pushed on by boat. Never shall we forget that sail; the water as smooth as glass, and as green and clear as an emerald. The steamer glided along like a great swan, and as gracefully; the mountains rising abruptly from the water's edge, with little villages and farms dotting the green, mere specks of white or terra cotta against the gray and rugged sides of the mountain. The prospect on every side was enchantingly lovely, for which one pair of eyes seemed hopelessly inadequate.

Nothing except a vision of Paradise is comparable to the loveliness of the Italian Lakes. Nature has bestowed her gifts on many lands; to the lakes of Switzerland, Bavaria, Savoy, and other favored climes, she has given beauty with a lavish hand, but to those of Italy she has given her all. The azure sky reflected in the clearest and most placid of waters; the graceful curves of the shore where shady groves invite to coolness and rest; trailing vines that join in friendly embrace the olive and the oak; far above, the towering peaks with their soft white mantles of snow, and withal an atmosphere balmy and caressing, but not to lassitude. Is it any wonder that, after Italy, (and especially its Lake Country), the traveller is never quite happy again elsewhere?

Bellagio (bello, beautiful, lago, lake) is the site of one of the many villas of the younger Pliny, and that arm of Como known as Lecco is the scene of Manzoni's 'I Promessi Sposi', the most famous of all Italian novels. The hotel is located on the border of the Lake, and has a long white pergola over which green vines are trained; there the 'idle rich' sit every day to sip tea, eat cakes, and tell how the contour of the Lake might have been improved! Boats are drawn up on the bank to tempt the romantic out on the blue water to enjoy the freshness of the morning air; or at the evening hour when every tint of the sunset sky is reflected in the shimmering surface. In the garden on which my windows open, rambler roses, pink and red in great clusters are crowding each other aside, while tall Easter lilies stand aloof in stately and sweet disappproval. The ramblers have made their way into the house, the corners of the lobbies and corridors, and outside every window is a bright, thrifty little garden. The dining-room is as if prepared for a banquet, with tall vases filled with ramblers, topped with Easter lilies, a bouquet on each table, so that the whole house is sweet with their perfume. The garden is laid out in terraces, and in the middle distance, the lovely old campanile of S. Giacomo.

To-day being Trinity Sunday and therefore a great 'festa',

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On Lake Lugano.

it was an opportune occasion to visit this interesting old church. Very early we heard the band, and later it formed a circle in front of the Hotel, playing some good spirited music. (We must keep in mind that Holy Days are holidays in Italy). The Church has a marble pulpit with bold designs, the pillars, arches, and pavement of native granite. There is a fine old Madonna with St. Sebastian and St. Roch on either side. We saw very soon that the Feast was to be observed with unusual solemnity, for on the altar were four bronze busts of revered Saints and Bishops, also a great number of candles. Soon a procession was formed, one of the larger girls taking her place at the head of a column of small children, the leader carrying a crucifix; the women of the parish wearing black dresses and white veils, each with a lighted candle; then about tewnty men in long white linen coats and red caps, somewhat resembling that of a cardinal, but longer in the back than in front, each wearing on his breast, a large medallion which probably denoted some special distinction. The first man carried an elaborate processional cross; the next two, each a lamp on a standard, the others lighted candles; altar boys also with candles, then came the assistant priest who had preached an excellent sermon on the mystery of the Trinity, lastly the pastor in gorgeous cloth of gold cope carrying the Blessed Sacrament, followed by more children (this time little boys) and a few stragglers whom we joined on the 'fringe of society'. All were singing 'Pange lingua' with vigor and harmony too. The procession passed out of the church, made the circuit of the four sides of the square, the bells in the campanile clanging their loudest, almost drowning at times, the singing of the marching throng, then returned to the church, where the service was brought to a close. To the Italian, his religion is a precious and holy thing which he possesses in all joyousness, and to the observance of its sacred mysteries, he brings the offerings which to him, are the fairest of earth's gifts—light, color, music, pageantry, the holiday spirit of happiness.

It was a steep and difficult road we climbed to-day to Villa Serbelloni, the beautiful estate of a member of the celebrated ducal house of that name. The place is as impregnable as a fortress, with terraces, high strong walls, gates of wrought iron, and a high porter's lodge at the entrance. The spacious rooms are tastefully decorated, the gardens running over with flowers, and a stairway of eight hundred granite steps leads down to a private cove and landing on the lake. In one of the quiet recesses of the lovely old garden, a marble bust is set in a niche, and on the pedestal a Latin inscription states that this member of the Serbelloni family was made Cardinal by Benedict XIV in secret consistory in 17—, some two hundred years ago,—and near by on the terrace, some enterprising modernist has opened a tea-room for the tourist! —And so the commonplace 'to-day' encroaches upon the romantic days agone—the prosaic upon

the poetic—the utilitarian upon the ideal—the ugly present on the beautiful past!

* * *

We would have been more saddened than we were, on leaving Bellagio this morning, but for the fact that we were faring on to new scenes of loveliness, still in this Land of Enchantment, the Italian Lake Country. The green waters of the lake were sparkling in the sun, the boat speeding along as smoothly as a great sea bird on the wing. Soon we reached Menagio, then the train to Porlezza, and again the boat on Lake Lugano to the picturesque town of the same name. The passengers seemed almost loth to leave the boat even to arrive at their destination. The Hotel, set high on the hill, commands a superb outlook over the lake, and last night, the moon rising over the snow-capped peaks, was a vision of loveliness quite impossible to describe. A shady woodland path leads down to the town which is typically Italian, rather than Swiss; indeed it is only when the customs officer comes aboard the boat, that you realize you have crossed the border and are now in Switzerland. The park has a very beautiful fountain and two cages each as large as a summer house, filled with singing birds. The shops are attractive, many of them kept by Germans.

To-day was a great 'festa' namely 'Corpus Christi,' but here called 'Corpus Domini'. The procession was the most elaborate we have seen, and included a Bishop who carried the Blessed Sacrament under a great canopy of fringed cloth of gold. A picturesque feature was the large number of little girls in filmy white frocks with sheaves of Easter lilies—others representing angels with transparent wings of pale colors, and wearing starry crowns. After Mass at the Cathedral, the procession visits four other churches (one for each Gospel), the clergy enter, the Bishop giving Benediction, the others going on to meet at the next church. All the shrines were elaborately decorated with lights and flowers, walls within and without hung with rich crimson brocade. Not only were the churches so beautified, but houses and shops, especially in the vicinity of the churches to be visited; from every window hung some bright rug, carpet, or bit of tapestry, sometimes a gay embroidered shawl, to give the festive touch; perhaps against the color is hung a picture of a Saint or other religious subject. In windows along the route, flowers filled every available space. Business is entirely suspended, but this act of deference, and marching in the procession does not satisfy the greater number of these devout shop-keepers who set up real shrines in the windows and before the entrances of their little shops, beautified with flowers, religious pictures, and gay draperies. The wayside shrines to Madonna of the Street Corners were bright with candle lights and sweet with a profusion of flowers. The long procession wound its way through the city, past business blocks, banks, hotels, the tourists as interested spectators, for practically all the townspeople were 'marching on.' We had come

to expect such demonstrations in Italy,—but this was Switzerland (but Italian Switzerland) with the language, the customs, the religion of the motherland.

The kindly young German woman, with whom we walked, was very proud of what she called '*my* church' and called our attention to a second story window where a Madonna was almost hidden in flowers; "There's where *I* live," she said in the happy voice of a child,—"There's our Lady looking down at the procession." We hurried along up the hill, and she set us on the road toward home, which we could not have found but for her guidance, for we had made such a round of the city.

The visit to Monte San Salvatore is one of the most interesting in the neighborhood of Lugano. The funicular railway traverses a viaduct 112 yards long through scenery bold and picturesque, until it reaches the summit 3000 metres high, from which nearly the whole chain of the Alps may be seen. On the highest point is an interesting pilgrimage church. We spent a goodly portion of this beautiful morning in the Church of San Lorenzo which has a fine setting with broad outlook over lake and mountain. The façade is of the 14th century and the two marble pulpits have well-chiseled bas-reliefs. The confessionals are wonderful examples of wood-carving; nowhere have we seen the artistry of the sculptor in wood displayed in such fine design and exquisite workmanship, save in the Cathedral of Milan.

The little church of Our Lady of the Angels is our favorite rendezvous in the town; rather poor in a material sense, though exceeding rich in an artistic one, for it boasts the great masterpiece, 'The Passion' by that gentle and gifted painter, Luini. Here among the lakes he began and ended his life and his work, and we may well believe that the transcendent beauty of all his eyes were wont to rest upon, made a deep impression on his artist soul, and directed the course of his youthful genius. Living simply here and there among the brethren in the convents, following his own bent rather than being tied down by contracts to those who often failed to understand the sense or the sensibility of an artist, he gave free rein to his imagination and threw himself with abandon and enthusiasm into his art, 'la mirabile e clarissima arte di pittura.' Here in this great fresco he has painted with incomparable depth and feelng. He has shown us Madonna's grief when she falls fainting into the arms of her friends; and then he pictures for us the sorrowful eyes of Magdalen and the sheen of her golden hair; with pitying sympathy for John, the beloved disciple, we see him mourning for his kinsman, his friend, his Lord, his All! There is a Madonna and a 'Last Supper' both by this same inspired artist.

To-day we made the ascent of Monte Brè, 3050 metres high. Clouds veiled the mountain-tops, but we could realize what a superb view must be obtained on a clear day. All the way up in the 'funicular', our trip was enlivened by a group of twenty or more peasant women, with bare heads and arms, blue-black hair and sun-

browned skin, their large, deep laundry baskets strapped to their backs. Hard work had not sobered or embittered them, for their gay banter was continuous until they alighted at a little way station, and strode along two by two toward their homes in the village where sunshine and mountain air will aid them to make spick and span again the tourist's linen. On the summit of the mountain stands a little church in honor of our Lady of Lourdes. The façade of stucco bears the inscription: "In coelum Virgo Maria assumpta est." (—The Virgin Mary was assumed (taken up) into Heaven.) For quite half an hour or more, we were alone on the top of the mountain, (for the restaurant is considerably lower), the church and belvedere reached only after a long and steep climb of stone steps and an ascending gravel path. The door was thrown invitingly open, and entering we took one of the chairs set in a row against the wall. There above the altar in a real grotto, is the ever-lovely statue of our Lady of Lourdes.

This morning a winding road just beyond the hotel looked so tempting, that we rambled along enjoying the grateful shade of the overhanging trees. Far below in the glen, a merry little brook went singing on its way, and on the other side of the road rose the mountains, the path zig-zagging back and forth up their steep banks. No one else was about to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the scene, save one young man in the distance, who has the soul of an artist, whatever his profession, for often he stood with bared head, drinking in, as it were, the fresh loveliness of the morning. Nearly every day that we go down to the town, we stop for a visit to our German friend with whom we marched in the procession of Corpus Domini. It is hard to pass Berta's little shop, so filled is it with filmy laces and dainty garments with the fine embroidery the Swiss workers know so well, without pausing to admire the lovely handiwork, and the large doll that Berta calls her "baby", who wears the very latest 'creations' for 'kiddies'. Then too, Berta's smile is so engaging and her welcome so genuine, that one cannot resist the temptation to enter for a little chat. Usually the 'chat' takes place in portions of four languages; she knows that we need practise in her native tongue, and lately she has been kindly giving it to us, for she knows too that we are going to Lucerne where German is spoken almost entirely. If she thinks we do not quite catch her meaning, she breaks out into French or Italian, or occasionally into English which is sometimes intelligible, and always funny. She was telling about our Lady's statue in one of the churches, exclaiming with enthusiasm, "She makes miracles!" After all, merely the want of a nice distinction of words, for our Latin verb 'facere-fare,' may be translated either 'to do' or 'to make'. Having our camera we 'snapped' her, and she was as pleased and excited as a child.

This was our last day with Berta; both having errands to do, we made a farewell tour of the shops together; one could understand her popularity, why nearly every one knew her and gave her an affectionate salute. We returned to the little shop, which Berta quite

proudly (and truthfully) will tell you is in the (former) 'Bischofs-palast'. It has at the entrance its little row of signs:

Hier man spricht Deutsch—
Ici on parle Français—
Qui si parla Italiano—

We suggested to Berta that she add—'English spoken here'—, but she shook her head and added modestly, 'Noch nicht.'—(not yet).

After we finally separated, she happened to see us going into the church, and soon she was beside us again (leaving the shop to take care of itself), telling the story of Luini's great fresco, how he fell from the staging and was painfully injured; how we must pray for each other always, and when we shall both be very old, I must come again to Lugano; then, according to our plan, we are to go to live with a dear friend of Berta's, even older than ourselves; a Countess, who has a beautiful villa in the mountains, and takes in eligible, elderly, and congenial ladies at an absurdly low figure. This is, evidently, the form her charity takes, for in this way she keeps them out of the poor-house, a contingency which had been looming up formidably before Berta and me;—and so at last we said not 'Good-bye', but 'Auf Wiedersehen.'

Yesterday we left Lugano for Lucerne; the day was cloudy and therefore cool and made travelling comfortable, considering the fact that it was June 28th. Finally the rain came and beat against the windows; the mists veiled the mountain-tops, but soon lifted, and there were the lofty peaks of the Alps! There was a pleasant German couple in the compartment fascinated by the snow as it formed fantastic designs in the deep clefts, each calling attention to the beautiful and impressive spectacle; we were not so excited since the great dome of St. Peter's dawned upon our vision when entering the suburbs of Rome. The sun came out with a dazzling effect, displaying the grandeur of the scene which embraced the mountain-chain, with thickly-wooded sides, silvery torrents which tossed their white spray hundreds of feet below, sometimes entirely hidden by rocky ledges, only to reappear in another and lovelier cataract than that from which they sprang. Finally we reached Lucerne.

This fair city has often been compared with Naples, because of its beautiful location on the banks of the emerald-green Reuss, with the picturesque Lake of Lucerne set like a gem in its breast, and guarded by the gigantic peaks of Rigi and Pilatus which tower above it. Tradition says that Pontius Pilate, after the Crucifixion of our Lord, wandered to this mountain and in despair, drowned himself in the lake near its summit which bears his name.

In ancient times it was the fishing-village of the Vierwaldstettersee, that is, the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. The first settlement was by a colony of Celts (lug-cern), and later came the Romans (luceria) which had been destroyed by the Huns. 'But it is certain', says Dr.

Heinemann, one of the town's historians, 'that about the year 670, St. Leodegar (Ludger) built his cell here, and the convent and bishopric which grew from this small beginning (Monasterium Lucieria) gave its patron's name to the town, for from ancient times this land was called 'Leodegarii area,' or in German, 'Ludgersern (Court of Leodegar) whence Luzern is derived."

From the 8th to the 13th century, the town was ruled by the Abbot of Murbach in Alsatia, who came twice each year and held his court of justice on the great steps of the Hofkirche as an ecclesiastical citadel. He built fortifications on the heights commanding the town, which were later replaced by the picturesque Gothic towers, a few of which we see to-day. The most imposing is the Wasserturm or water-tower, which rises from the Reuss beside the old covered bridge or Kapellbrucke. In the days of so-called witchcraft, the unfortunates were burned, other prisoners tortured within its walls, but it is now given over to the more humane, if prosaic task of housing the archives of the town.

In the 13th century Lucerne became dissatisfied with its ruler and gave him so much trouble that he sold it in 1291 to King Rudolph of Hapsburg, who vainly tried to crush its political aspiration by promises. It threw off the yoke of its master and joined the ancient Swiss bond in 1332, but surrounded itself with a circle of towers, fortifications, and stockades in order to ensure its newly acquired and precious independence.

The Reuss, which flows through the town as swiftly as a torrent, is crossed by seven bridges, the most interesting of which are the two of mediæval origin, the Kapellbrucke and the Spreuerbrucke. Both are covered structures, the former having interior gabled panels, painted in 1600 with scenes from the history of the town and country. The Spreuerbrucke encloses a series of pictures called the Dance of Death conceived during the plague known as the Black Death. There are some artistic fountains, notably that in the Kornmarkt, and quaint old frescoes after the manner of Holbein on the outside walls of the houses; among the best examples of this ancient style of decoration, are those on the Hotel des Balances and the Gasthaus Pfistern. The quay is a busy place with steamers large and small coming and going, motor and row boats, and to-day a hydroplane shot through the water at a rapid pace just opposite my window, did some extra loud puffing, then rose as lightly as a bird circling above the peaks.—What would 'Old Lucerne' folk have thought of such a prodigy?

At Mass in the Hofkirche to-day the celebrant was a Franciscan with long, brown beard, and another younger, the preacher. It is a very beautiful church, with choir-stalls a marvel of the wood-carver's art. The high altar has a fine rood-screen of wrought iron in elaborate design. The other altars are decorated in carved wood gilded, and surmounted by statues of St. Nickalaus, St. Verann, St. Henry, St. Catherine, St. Mauritius, and St. Leodegar, the patronal saint of the church. A beautiful avenue shaded by a double row

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Old Water Tower—Lucerne.

of trees, forms the border of the Lake. We walked through it this afternoon, enraptured with the loveliness of the scene, the blue water reflecting the rugged Alps beyond. From this avenue opens the Garden of the Kursaal where the daily concert was just beginning. The music pavilion is open to the sky, and the birds in the branches overhead seemed to be vying with the musicians, and often their clear, liquid notes trilled above the violins. The program was a fine one, and the Italian leader, an artistic and vigorous director. There was a Hungarian Rhapsody (the 2nd) of Liszt; the Liebestode (Love and Death) from Tristan and Isolde; one of Strauss's waltzes (Wein, Weib, únd Gesang) etc.

Only yesterday we were taking every opportunity to practise Italian Conversation, and to-day we are trying hard to get away from it, and speak what everybody here speaks, that is German. The elevator man remarked politely in bad English that 'we were having fine weather',—we answered 'politely' (in German) without any qualms of conscience (!) that 'We do not speak English', (adding, sotto voce, of course, "here"—) They're not going to practise their English on us—We're going to practise *our* German on *them!* . . . . . The Kursaal is directly opposite the Hotel, the evening concert going on, and the musicians are flooding the whole neighborhood with melody. Yesterday, the Recital of organ music at the Hofkirche was well-chosen and arranged with excellent effect, —a prayer to the Blessed Virgin so soft as to be, at times, almost inaudible; then it rose slightly in volume, but still soft and very sweet.

Then a pastoral that included a thunder storm so realistic that every crash made one tremble and look for the downpour that seemed inevitable; in the village chapel the Vesper service was going on, but the hymn could scarcely be heard above the thunder which finally ceased, the distant tones of the Benediction closing the selection—"like peace overcoming strife."

This morning we walked to the Löwenplatz to see the famed LION OF LUCERNE*

The average visitor to Lucerne who gazes in admiration on the sculptured memorial to the Swiss Guard, possibly concerns himself but little with the story which is thus symbolized and which forms the text of this 'sermon in stone', but the record of such rare nobility of purpose, such high courage in the face of danger and death, is and *should* be imperishable.

Unfortunately the day of August 10, 1792, is too memorable a date in the French Revolution ever to be effaced from the pages of its history, and the part then played by the Swiss, was so active and important, that their historians will always cite it as notable, for though the throne of Louis XVI crumbled as a result of it, another result is this lasting memorial to the fidelity and devotion of the Guard. Although during many subsequent generations France

*Printed in the Signet.

groaned under the weight of that frightful catastrophe, Switzerland has justly paid a tribute of admiration to the matchless heroism of her sons, who then sealed with their blood their oath of fealty to the French king.

The first regiment of the Swiss Guard to act in the service of France was enrolled in the year 1616, during the reign of Louis XIII, and for centuries thereafter the picked troops of the Swiss nation surrounded the rulers of France who, in recompense for their signal services, granted them special privileges. In 1798 when the Revolution broke out and like a devastating hurricane threatened to overthrow every established institution, the status and even the existence of the Swiss Guard became from day to day more critical. Established in the centre of the revolutionary area, they were constantly solicited to take part in the disorganizing movements of the people. Promises, public and private, even threats, were made to both officers and soldiers; in a word all possible means were used in the effort to pervert their fidelity, but in vain; recourse was had to bribery, misrepresentation, and flattery for the purpose of corrupting their morale. Nothing succeeded in making them deviate from the path of honor, and their unswerving firmness made it manifest that in the hour of danger each one would scrupulously perform his duty.

It was under such conditions that the members of the Guard spent the days of July 14th, 15th, and 16th, 1792, so that the turbulent scenes of Réveillon, of the Champs Elysées, and many others passed without in the least affecting or weakening their firmness or zeal. Nevertheless the Revolution advanced with a rapid stride, and its destructive progress made it plain that such a state of things could not be of long duration, nor terminate without dire catastrophe. The violent projects of the dominant faction were daily developing, and the secret and ostensible measures taken by them made the success of their plan assured. One of these measures consisted of dismissing the constitutional guard of the King, and sending away from Paris all these important troops, with orders to join the army corps on the frontiers of the kingdom. In this manner the capital was stripped of all troops save the regiment of the Swiss Guard, who, in virtue of the Constitution and their unique position, looked for orders only to the King. On August 4th they were commanded to leave their quarters in Courbevoye and Ravelle, and repair to Paris in order to undertake the guard of the Palace of the Tuileries. Their attachment to the sacred person of the King and their intrepid courage were, however, too well known, and hence the Jacobins so contrived their plans as to secure *their* dismissal also. In consequence of a decision of the National Assembly, it was ordered that a part of the regiment of Swiss Guards should leave Paris for the interior of the kingdom, but as the Count d'Affry, then commander of the Guards, refused to obey this order, objecting that the regiment could not be divided without the consent of the Swiss Confederation, the National Assembly yielded to the

validity of this objection and contented itself with detaching three hundred men, who left on August 5th, under command of Captain Carrer, for Evreux in Normandy.

In the interim, notably from August 4th to 8th, an undercurrent of unrest manifested itself among the inhabitants of the capital. The Jacobins, the real firebrands of the Revolution, spread false rumors and made every imaginable effort to alarm the people, their purpose being to provoke a general uprising which would result in the invasion of the Palace of the Tuileries and the carrying off of the royal family.

In a situation which, from moment to moment, rendered the position of the Swiss Guard increasingly critical, Commandants Maillardoz and Bachmann, in the absence of Count d'Affry, received at eight in the evening an order from M. Mandat, Commandant-General of the National Guard, to advance with all the troops to the Tuileries. As soon as this order reached them, they distributed among the soldiers the few cartridges they had, and at the hour agreed upon, all the troops started on the march, leaving in their barracks only the sick and the quartermasters.

Arriving at the Palace, posts were assigned to the Swiss in common with the National Guard, and the order was given to repulse force with force. In a state of continued uneasiness, the day of August 9th was passed in preparation for a vigorous resistance, when at eleven at night it was learned that the Jacobins of the Faubourg St. Antoine had determined to attack that very night with superior forces, the Palace of the Tuileries, and to seize and exterminate the troops there on guard, especially the Swiss. Accordingly at midnight the tocsin was sounded and cannon-shots were fired in all quarters of the city, but, far from shaking the courage of the Swiss, all these signals of a violent conflict served only to make them redouble their zeal for the sacred cause of the throne, which all, officers and men alike, prepared to defend at the risk of their lives.

Starting from the suburbs four battalions of Revolutionaries arrived at two in the morning at the Place du Carrousel, where they were to be joined by the Revolutionaries from Marseilles, their confederates, and other troops hired by the Jacobins. Although the municipal council knew that Mandat, the Commandant of the National Guard, was the bearer of an order written by Mayor Pethion, who enjoined them to meet force with force, and knew also that this brave officer had taken the most efficacious means for that measure, he was called at two in the morning to the city hall on an empty pretext. He went at once, but the moment he steppd on the staircase, he was assassinated and Pethion's order was stolen from his pocket. Thus deprived of their Chief and every plan of operation, the defenders of the Palace were dismayed, for Mandat, with the intention of remaining continuously at his post, had not charged anyone with the command, nor left any instructions whatever concerning it.

While this scene was taking place, the Revolutionaries assembled at four points, ordered their troops to attack. They first broke into the arsenal, overpowering the guards who were defending it, and seized 2600 muskets, which they distributed among the people who joined them, and then with a frightful din, advanced towards the Tuileries, committing on the way every kind of excess. It was five in the morning when this wild mob arrived at the Palace, where already could be heard, not only the rumbling of cannon, but the most abominable imprecations which the rebel leaders hurled at the King and the entire royal family. Toward half-past five the King descended to the court, holding the Dauphin by the hand. He was accompanied by some division chiefs of the National Guard and by Commandants Maillardoz and Bachmann of the Swiss Guard. As soon as he appeared, the cry of "Long live the King!" resounded through the ranks of the National and Swiss Guards, but a battalion armed with pikes which had just entered the court replied with "Long live the Nation!" At once there followed a commotion which was soon communicated to all parties, but which was, nevertheless, calmed by Captain Durler and by the retreat of the battalion. The King then passed along, reviewing the troops with perfect composure, notwithstanding the fact that he could re-enter the Palace only at the risk of his life.

A few moments later the Provost-Mayor came to inspect the military posts and commanded the National and Swiss Guards to repulse vigorously any attack that might be made. Obedient to this order, the National Guard loaded their guns and the cannoneers their pieces. At seven the disturbance was renewed and during the ensuing commotion several battalions of the National Guard ranged themselves under the flag of the rebels. The disaffection, and even treachery, which almost from the beginning had crept into the National Guard, placed the King in a pitiful plight, so that the very troops which surrounded him, ostensibly for his safety, contributed most effectively to his undoing. Yielding to the entreaties and finally the threats of Procureur Roderer, but against the advice of the Queen and the royal family, the King decided to place himself under the protection of the National Assembly. He thereupon set out under the escort of two battalions of the National Guard and the day-force of the Swiss Guard, with Maillardoz and Bachmann, Salis-Zizers, aide, and Chollet and Allemann, adjutants, forming part of his suite.

This impolitic demarch of the King at the time of the greatest danger, discouraged many of the National Guard who had hitherto remained faithful, and the greater number of them left the interior of the Palace and joined the mob which surrounded it. The Swiss alone remained firm, abandoning none of the posts that had been assigned to them, although they foresaw that, destitute of ammunition as they were, they had no alternative but death. Meanwhile the people were arming themselves and under the leadership of General Santerre were approaching the Palace in ever-growing masses, bringing with them several pieces of cannon. The Swiss

were ordered to retire to the interior and to take their places on the staircases and in the embrasures of the windows, which they did regretfully, forthwith vacating the courtyard, where they left six pieces of artillery which shortly afterward were turned against them by the enemy. Toward ten o'clock the whole enemy column pressed forward and demanded entrance to the court, answering the refusal of the sentinel by breaking down the door by main force, so that the court was filled with troops and cannon.

The Swiss, scarcely seven hundred and fifty strong, distributed themselves over more than twenty posts, and being then without a commanding officer, deprived of their cannon and with very little ammunition, they briefly deliberated, whether, under such conditions, they would defend the Palace or make a dash through the one hundred thousand men that surrounded them and reach the National Assembly for the purpose of there protecting the King,—but, recalling the order of Mayor Pethion to "repulse force with force", they agreed unanimously *not* to abandon their posts, but to sacrifice their lives to duty.

Thereupon a troop of Marseillais advancing to the foot of the grand staircase, commenced the attack, struck down the Swiss sentinel and five other soldiers who had come to his aid, killing them with the butt ends of their guns. This atrocity exasperated the Swiss, who then formed themselves into ranks under the command of Captains Durler and Castleberg and replied to this attack with a well-directed fire. In a very short time the court was evacuated by the rebels, who left behind them many dead and wounded. Immediately afterward, a detachment of one hundred and twenty Swiss, commanded by Captains Durler and Pfyffer, made a sortie from the Palace and took possession of the door of the court that opened on the Place du Carrousel, where they kept up a steady fire until the Place had been abandoned by all rebels. Under orders from de Salis, another detachment seized three cannons and pointed them behind the grille of the court. These detachments spread terror and death in the ranks of the assailants, although they were themselves exposed to the gun fire which encircled them on all sides.

For a long time they fought thus with a courage worthy of the highest praise and resisted an enemy incomparably stronger than themselves in numbers. After having killed and wounded many, and themselves suffering a considerable loss, they seized several pieces of artillery which, for want of other material, they loaded with the ramrods of their guns! Never was the field of battle wrested from them and they were masters of it, when Hervilly, an officer of the National Guard, appeared on the terrace of the Tuileries, whence he cried out to the Swiss, "Gentlemen, you must repair to the National Assembly to the King."

This message arriving at the most critical moment when all ammunition was exhausted, was the signal for the Swiss to rally. They at once left the Palace and to the number of about two hundred

marched under the command of Captain Durler across the garden of the Tuileries toward the National Assembly. The others remained in the Palace, for they had not heard of the order. During the short passage across the garden the two hundred lost more than thirty by musketry fire directed against them from every angle. Arriving at the portico of the National Assembly, the officers entered the hall to receive the orders of the King, and the soldiers of the corps were detained on the ground floor. There they were ordered to lay down their arms, but they answered with a resolution which left no room for doubt, that their arms could be taken from them *only with their lives.*

This altercation was going on when Captain Durler approached with an order in the King's handwriting as follows: "The King orders the Swiss Guard to lay down their arms on the instant and retire to their barracks." The King's weakness and ingratitude in so humiliating these brave men, whose only wish was to serve him, even though he acted under intimidation, was deplorable. Although this injunction caused the Swiss deep chagrin, they obeyed forthwith and delivered their arms to the National Guards. The soldiers were then separated from their officers, the former being sent to the Monastery of St. Bernard, and the latter to the Hall of the Inspectors, where they were given means of saving themselves under various disguises and thus escaped the fury of the rebels. The mob which a short time before they had forced to disperse, profiting by the absence of these two hundred men, rallied anew and advanced for the second time toward the garden of the Tuileries. Only then did the Swiss who had remained in the Palace, learn of the departure of their comrades; then indeed they were truly alarmed, for, seeing that a new attack was about to be made and finding themselves without commander, without ammunition, and without hope of rescue, they saw that death was inevitable. Nevertheless, to the number of about eighty, they rallied at the foot of the grand staircase with the intention of defending that important post. Here, for more than a quarter of an hour this little platoon resisted the entire body of their assailants, slaying about four hundred of them; and it was only after the complete annihilation of the Guard, that the rebels were able to take possession of the post. Then passing over the bodies of these brave soldiers, they mounted the staircase to the interior of the Palace, where they spread thmselves about the corridors, making short work of all whom they met. The unarmed man was massacred at the side of the one who fought for his life; in a word, all fell under the murderous fire of these assassins.

Another detachment of three hundred Swiss at the approach of an enemy so superior in numbers had attempted to retire through the garden of the Tuileries toward the National Assembly. They reached Place Louis XV through a hail of bullets, and were there surrounded in groups and pitilessly sabred. Those who begged for mercy were spared no more than those who sold their lives dearly. It was only through a kind of miracle that any escaped death. Thus

The Lion of Lucerne.

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ended that terrible day, and with it the existence of the regiment of brave Swiss Guards; seven hundred and sixty men fell victims to their fidelity and devotion, and only about three hundred and fifty survived, not including however the three hundred who had left Paris before the catastrophe.

Much space would be required to recount the numerous instances of heroism which characterized this memorable period; they are graven in the annals of history and will be preserved from generation to generation. Those who had been their contemporaries in 1792 erected in honor of the victims a monument which transmits to posterity the high feat of arms whereby they distinguished themselves on that fatal day, and the idea of such a monument is the more noble and sublime inasmuch as, in thus honoring the memory of heroes, it keeps alive in a free people sentiments of gratitude and admiration for the national virtues. The great events which so violently agitated Europe during a long succession of years alone retarded the execution of the plan, but when finally peace was restored, it awoke with a new energy, and its author, Colonel Charles Pfyffer d'Altishofen* of Lucerne, who from his early youth had been attached to the regiment of Swiss Guards, took measures to put it into execution.

Through a public announcement dated March 1, 1918, he proposed a subscription by which he invited all to contribute to the expense of the monument. The invitation was accepted, and in a short time he was in possession of sufficient funds to begin the work. By a happy coincidence Colonel Pfyffer was acquainted with the celebrated Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, then established in Rome, who seized with a special predilection the idea of the plan submitted to him, and in a short time completed a model that elicited general admiration. The work was begun by excavating the rock, which is the site of the monument, to form a grotto forty-four feet long and twenty-six high, within which, chiselled from the same wall of rock, lies a colossal lion, pierced by a spear, dying on the débris of arms and sheltering the Bourbon lily with its paw. The figure of the lion is 28½ feet in length and 18 feet in height. The inscription above the grotto reads

HELVETIORUM FIDEI AC VIRTUTI.

(To the faith and bravery of the Swiss), and below are the names of the officers who perished victims of their fidelity. It was the artist Lucas Ahorn, of Constance, who carved it after the model of Thorwaldsen, and who wielded his chisel with a rare talent on the rock, thus perpetuating his fame with that of the designer. Simple

*While wandering among the tombs about the Hofkirche of St. Leodegar (Lucerne), the writer came upon the grave of this Colonel Pfyffer d'Altishofen covered by a simple slab of sandstone, bearing only his name, the date, and the coat-of-arms of his family.

in composition, but admirable in workmanship and so situated that it confronts the Alps, it proclaims to future generations that the virtues of the ancient Swiss are worthy of emulation by the new Helvetia.

Nature unites with art in making it a lovely and peaceful spot; from the clefts of the great boulder spring shrubs, and from its sides and summit lofty trees, while the waters below fed by mountain streams, reflect the beauty of the scene, thus framing in perennial verdure this altar "to the faith and bravery" of the nation's heroes. There are resting places near where one may sit and muse: "The kingdoms of earth shall pass away, but the righteous shall live forever."

(Data for the above paper was obtained from the Historical Record of the Swiss Guards, published in Lucerne in 1823.)

* * *

To-day in a party we made a motor tour about the city,—first a delightful winding along the foothills of the mountains and the lake shore to Kussnacht and Tell's Chapel (built in 1585, restored in 1895) which commemorates the victory of the hero Tell over the tyrannical feudal lord, Gessler. It contains a painting representing the death of Tell and Gessler.

*"Erzählen wird man von dem Schützen Tell,
Solang' die Berge stehn auf ihrem Grunde."

Near by is the village of Immensee, which brought back memories of that delightful and pathetic little love story by Theodor Storm: 'an old man going back to his youth to live over again, in the twilight hour, the days of his young, lost love.' Shortly before his death, the author gave expression to his own thoughts concerning "Immensee."

"Aus diesen Blättern steigt der Duft des Veilchens,
Das dort zu Haus auf unsern Heiden stand,
Jahr aus und ein, von welchem keiner wuste,
Und da sich später nirgends wieder fand."

Passing the mediæval fortifications of Lucerne, the Löwenplatz, with its famous memorial, the Glacier Garden, which shows the action of ice on the rocks through the centuries of the glacial period, we visited some of the fine shops displaying the renowned Swiss embroidery, with their picturesque workers seated out on the sidewalk to get all the light possible on the delicate stitches.

* * *

*(Men shall relate (the story) of the marksman, Tell,
As long as the mountain on its base shall stand.)

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Statue to William Tell—Attdorf, Switzerland.

To-day is the 'Glorious Fourth'—the day on which Americans the world over turn, in thought with affection, and perhaps with longing, to their native land. We went to the Kurplatz for the morning concert, and enjoyed it until they began a medley of patriotic American airs—Southern as well as Northern—believing that on *this* day, surely there are no partisan leanings in the U. S. A. There was 'Dixie', 'Marching through Georgia', 'Old Black Joe', 'Old Kentucky Home', as well as 'Red, White and Blue', 'Hail, Columbia', war-songs with fife and drum such as 'The Girl I Left Behind Me',—then came 'The Star Spangled Banner', and 'My Country 'tis of Thee'—this was 'the breaking point' for me—

"My Country, t'is of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of Thee I Sing."

and never so 'sweet' as when we are far distant from her—surely "Absence makes the heart grow fonder". The foolish tears began welling up and we made a hasty retreat. I felt like a lonely child who cannot be comforted, and cries between sobs, "I want my mother! I want to go home!"—and I,—I want my motherland!—I want to go home! What care I for the blue waters of the lovely Lake of Lucerne? I want the old gray green, water of Boston harbor! What charm has Rigi and Pilatus and all the range of snow-clad Alps for me? The rugged hills of New England are what I want to see—*it's "the Fourth" and I want to go home! ! !*

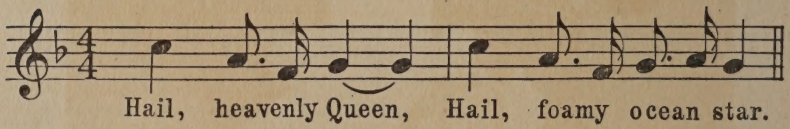
* * *

This was hours ago and we have regained our composure and a little common sense—not so common, however, as it is supposed to be—wrote to M- -, also a pilgrim, and that helped some. The Lion of Lucerne was holding a well-attended reception, and the Panorama depicting the winter quarters of the French soldiers in the war with Austria, had many visitors. The concert at the Hofkirche included duos for cello and organ, and fine chorals for mixed voices, some with Latin, others with German words. In the evening concert at the Kursaal, there was *more* American music. The Stars and Stripes were floating over the American Embassy, and naturally we 'gravitated' toward it, thinking there might perhaps be 'open house' to Americans, but after climbing two flights of stairs we found only a notice on the door, reading, 'Closed all day'. The hotels had special dinners, dances and all kinds of 'jollifications'; at ours there was a bouquet of 'red, white and blue' sweet peas at each place with a silk American flag; the menu, decorated with an embossed flag at the top, contained such dishes as

Filet de soles à la Présidente,
Poulets de Bresse rôtis à l'Américaine,
Borduro d'ananas à l'Indépendence, etc.

* * *

To-day in a motor party we made a trip to Engelberg which is situated in a lovely mountain canton of the Unterwalden. The scenery is wild, rugged, impressive, with its towering, snow-clad peaks, visible from the valley. The Church contains several fine paintings by Deschwanden. The Convent, founded in the 12th century, was named by Pope Calixtus II 'Mons Angelorus',—the Mountain of the Angels. In the dairy connected with this little settlement, thousands of cheeses may be seen ripening for the market. From Stansstad there is a near view of the great Stanserhorn. In the square at Stans is a fine statue to the hero of the Battle of Sempach (1386), Arnold Winkelried, a native of the town. All along the route the entire population apparently were gathered in the square with the children in marching order, practising hymns with vigorous leaders drilling them—, their sweet young voices as clear and pure as the mountain air which carried the echoes of them down the valleys and glens. When we reached Stans, they were singing



It was all so sweet and simple and characteristic,—we stopped and found that the coming of the Bishop was the occasion of the festivities,—and soon he came, in a motor-car with other clergy—evidently Franciscans, with long beards and brown habits. The moment they appeared, a loud salute from the canon's mouth, and the bells from the church tower rang out their welcome; the Bishop bowing, his hand lifted in blessing as he rode along, some dropping to their knees, making the sign of the Cross, every man with hat in hand waved in respectful greeting,—it was an edifying and inspiring sight.

* * *

The trip to Sonnenberg, first by trolley and then by the funicular, is very well worth while. From the terraces and roof of the Grand Hotel there is a fine view over the Lake of Uri and a great part of the Alpine range; especially near seems Pilatus and the lakes of Lucerne, Zug, and Sempach.

Last evening the guests of the Hotel were entertained by a pair of Swiss yodlers, a man and wife who had evidently sung much together. Their costumes were typical of the Swiss peasant; the man wore a suit of dark green, knee pants, with coat and vest elaborately embroidered and flowing white collar; his wife with dark full skirt,

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Appenzeller Stickerinnen.

large apron of flowered stuff resembling cretonne, white waist and black velvet bodice laced in front with black cord,—on her head a high wired ruche of black lace. It was difficult at times, to distinguish which singer had the high voice and which the low; when the woman's voice was heard solo, it was a high, clear soprano, but in duo, it was often the male voice which sustained the high notes, and for a marvellous length of time, showing perfect breath control. The man accompanied on the zither and showed himself a master of this little instrument. The yodling was very well done, as also an echo song, and the song of the Alpine herdsman calling his cattle home was delightful.

* * *

Last evening took place the mid-season water fête on the Lake, the Seenachtfest (the lake night festival). Three of the largest steamers, the Schiller, the Germania, and the Uri, were in gala dress with flags and bunting, anchored at their respective quays along the border of the Lake with bands aboard discoursing excellent music. Then came the Gondelkorso, (procession of gondolas) in which was displayed the ingenuity and artistry of their owners for, besides the honor, there were high prizes offered to those making the best showing. The first gondola contained three gigantic sunflower plants standing erect in a row, the leaves brilliant with green lights, the flowers resplendent like the orb of day. Then came a large float of iridescent colored mushrooms; a swan of heroic size, sailing along majestically, the white lights of its body and the yellow ones of its neck and bill, most natural looking as it turned its head occasionally from side to side. There was the Swiss cottage with the Edelweiss Yodler Klub; the yodling was very effective and sounded sweet on the water; the Green Lantern, the Moonshine Serenaders, the Blue Rosevase, and many others. The Birgenfeuer (the mountain fire) especially on Mt. Pilatus was most striking, where it was in the form of the Red Cross of Helvetia.

After the procession was ended, the boats manœuvred about the Lake with every shade of brilliant color reflected in the shimmering water—the moon shining brightly on the beautiful scene, the weather perfect,—as one of the local papers put it, "Der abend war für das Fest wie gemacht"—'the evening was as if made for the celebration'. Brilliant fire-works closed the festive occasion, with red and green fire burning in front of the Kursaal Gardens and the hotels, rows of electric lights outlining the buildings along the quay, the boats with their glinting lights like fireflies on the water, all made a scene of fairy-like beauty.

* * *

Mary and the boys have arrived from Interlaken and nearly every day we meet either to listen to the Concert at the Kursaal, or to walk to some of the attractive shops or other points of interest. This afternoon, with our alpenstocks, and the boys with their capes

strapped to their backs, we looked like one of the many groups of 'towerists' seen about the town every day. First up the rocky height by the Hofkirche and along a paved walk with the out-door Stations of the Cross at regular intervals. It was touching to see such practical evidence of the faith of the people; the figures were of bisque set behind a little iron grating for protection, the whole about as high and large as our fire-alarm boxes, and painted a light gray. At the end of the Way of the Cross is a little church with finely-carved doors, statues and votive offerings to our Lady. A large and devout congregation was evidently awaiting Benediction.

Next the climb up the hill to the Dreilinden, the three lindens, whence there is a fine outlook over the Lake and the mountains beyond, Titlis and Stanserhorn in the middle distance, and the Finsteraarhorn and Schreckhorn to the right. Passing the Lion Memorial, we take tea with our genial German friend and his wife who now look upon the boys as members of their family.

There is a fine orchestral concert every morning at the Kursaal Gardens, the director being as talented as he is eccentric—(it is an artist's privilege to be temperamental); the slightest noise or conversation (which is often the same thing) disturbs him noticeably, and he looks about so as to face (and 'phase') the offender, with the result that it is the most attentive and best-behaved audience imaginable. After the concert we walked to the square where a dense crowd had gathered, all gesticulating and gazing intently upward; the object of their interest was no less a personage than Mars himself, the fiery planet of war, which was so near the earth (only several hundred million miles) that he could be seen like a tiny diamond in the sky. 'Mary and the boys' have gone to Paris and this is no longer 'lovely Lucerne'—so to-morrow we journey on to Interlaken, the little town 'between the lakes'.

On the way toward Interlaken the mountain-tops were shrouded in dense rain-clouds, here and there the torrents making their way down through the clefts like a silver ribbon rippling over the folds of a green velvet mantle. Just as the train reached Brienz, the banks of mist were dissolved, the sun came out from its hiding-place, the sky seemed a lovelier blue than ever, the valleys a softer and more tender green. Here the mountains are so near, rising abruptly almost as the perpendicular walls of the town, that one may become well acquainted with them, and love them the better for it. Mountains are like true friends which may be relied upon under all circumstances, so substantial, so dependable, so unchanged and unchangeable.

To-day being Sunday we attended Holy Mass at the fine new church adjacent to the Hotel. On the outer side of the door, were posted the hours of services etc. in several languages, but it is the first place I have seen a notice in Latin to the priests, who will understand it no matter what their nationality,—an invitation to them to make known their wishes in regard to celebrating Mass—(by telephone or otherwise) at the rectory etc. The sermon was in

Lauterbrunnen—Mürrenbahn, Switzerland.

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German, the Gospel read also in French, and the notices given in both languages. The air was fresh and clear and it is doubtful if the Jungfrau could ever have looked more beautiful—at sunset it was a giant cone of silver between the dark masses on either side; the snow fairly dazzling in the brilliant light, which gradually became a lovely rose color, (the Alpenglow); then, as the sun sank lower, the peak was in shadow once more, with the snow and the cold, gray walls of rock. Such splendid visions make one feel more than the most eloquent sermon, the majesty and power of God, the Creator.

Up to the summit of Harder by the cable railway is a little trip which just fills one delightful afternoon. There one may obtain a superb view of the Bernese Alps, of Interlaken, the Lake of Thun, and, most impressive of all, the ever lovely Jungfrau. On the top is the restaurant Harderkulm, and while we were having tea on the terrace, a shower came up suddenly, and the play of dark clouds and blue sky with the sun darting in and out, was strikingly impressive. Far below in the valleys, the fields laid out in squares, looked like a mere checker-board, and the buildings like checkers set about on it.

We recalled to-day what Judge H. said to us at Lucerne—"Be sure to go to Mürren—there you'll realize what mountains are!"—and so we *did* realize it, for there lay a whole amphitheatre of mountains and glaciers,—the Jungfrau and her neighbors dazzlingly white in the sunshine. Mürren is situated high above the Lauterbrunnen valley, the green meadows in the lower lands with their picturesque little chalets, the towering cliffs of grey rock, the mountain torrents and the turbulent river rushing on over its rocky bed—the snowy peaks coming suddenly into view form the climax of a panorama of marvellous beauty and grandeur.

The trip to Schynige-Platte is one of exceeding interest—first by train to Wilderswil, then cable road to the summit, through three tunnels, skirting the very edge of the cliffs until, looking down on Interlaken, it resembled a toy village. The whole Alpine range should be visible, but the clouds and fog began to gather, and merely gave one an inkling of what a marvellous prospect would present itself on a clear and cloudless day. It was so cold that all the tourists sought the restaurant as soon as possible to order hot tea or coffee,—or perhaps something more exhilarating.

A group of yodlers was the special attraction to-day at a neighboring hotel which we found had also a typical German beer garden, and moreover a brewery in connection,—its very name seemed to suggest beer—Hotel Bavaria. The waitresses were kept busy serving great steins of the foaming liquid, each with a high 'paper collar', (the steins, not the waitresses) which were emptied to the accompaniment of cinnamon rolls. With our English neighbors we sipped our tea, perhaps in some cases, a trifle enviously. The musical program was given by a trio, the baritone playing the zither and zylophone as well, the contralto (his wife) and a soprano,

giving the native dances of the Tyrol with real grace; the yodling, which is a mystery to me, was tuneful and sweet.

The orchestra at our own Hotel is exceptionally good and contributes a delightful program of classical music every second evening, the days in between, playing at the Tea Room opposite. People order the tea for the privilege of listening to these talented players who hail from one of the greatest musical centres in the world, Vienna. This was my last half-day in Interlaken. Taking an early afternoon train to Lucerne, one may arrive about six, cross the street to the St. Gothard Hotel for dinner, rest awhile afterward, returning to the station for the night train to Paris. 'Some day' there'll be "a letter in the candle" for you my dear from 'gay Paree'.

Always affectionately yours

M. A. O'R.

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Interlaken—Switzerland.

PARIS

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Church of the Madeleine—Paris.

PARIS.

Letter to K. C. M.

Paris, September 12.

Dear Kay,——

Shortly before the comfortable hour of nine we recognized the landmarks of the great city of Paris. Soon I was at the Hotel L. - - where, to my astonishment, they told me flatly and mercilessly that they 'had no room'!—after writing two letters to Interlaken assuring me 'that it would be a privilege to serve me'—'that nothing would be left undone which might contribute to my comfort' etc. etc. I was disappointed and indignant, but recalled that in their second letter they had so 'twisted' my name that I scarcely recognized it. (By this time I was getting some needed practise in the vernacular). Suggesting that they look over the letters in duplicate, this was done, and a decided calm followed the storm; they showed me to an unoccupied room (which they had said did not exist in their hotel). "Revenge is sweet", so I thought I would deprive them of the "distinguished honor" which, (according to their letters) I was to confer upon them, and spent the better part of the day looking for accommodations, but alas! it was 'the season' in Paris and every house filled. Ever since, as if to make amends for the fact that 'someone had blundered' they threaten to 'kill me with kindness'.

To account for this rather unusual name Lutetia, one must go back to the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar; the Parisii were one of the many Gallic tribes, this one settling on the banks of the Sequana, or Seine; their chief town was Lutetia, afterward changed to Paris (from the name of their tribe.)

'Mary and the boys' were rejoicing in the arrival of the 'Pater familiæ', so we celebrated the reunion at Rumpelmyer's, one of the popular restaurants of the city. There is no more beautiful drive in the world, than the Bois, on such a fair day in late summer, and many were the Parisians as well as tourists who were out to enjoy it. In the evening, our family party attended what was advertised as 'the best show in town', featuring the inimitable Grock, the funniest of all funny men. He is not only a comedian, but a musician who plays several instruments, and plays them well. There were performing animals, among them an elephant which played the organ! Just fancy an elephant with his big, clumsy feet, manipulating the pedals of an organ! Of course they were somewhat larger than those men and women play.

Sunday we attended Holy Mass at the famous and beautiful church of the Madeleine; the music was fine and the whole service most impressive. Although its foundations were laid by Louis XV in 1764, the building of it was long delayed and frequently inter-

rupted; Napoleon ordered it completed as a Temple of Glory, but Louis XVIII returned to the original scheme, and it was finished in 1842 at a cost of about thirteen million francs. It is in form, a late-Roman adaptation of a Greek temple without windows, the light let in through the gilded and painted lacunars in the dome shaped sections of the roof. The bronze doors 34½ x 16 ft. are adorned with illustrations of the Commandments. The distinguishing features of the exterior are first, the vast tympanum over the central entrance representing Christ as the Judge of the world, with the elect on the right, and on the left the condemned, with Mary Magdalen interceding for them. The second prominent characteristic is the surrounding row of massive Corinthian columns.

There are six chapels, and the high altar contains a fine group in marble representing St. Mary Magdalen borne into Paradise by two Angels, the sculpture by Marochetti. Back of the altar is a large fresco by Ziegler showing the spread of Christianity, the Martyrs and famous Christian heroes; St. Louis Godfrey de Bouillon, Richard Coeur de Lion, the Doge Dandolo, Charlemagne, Pope Alexander III laying the corner-stone of Notre Dame (1163), Jeanne d'Arc, Raphæl, Michelangelo, Dante, Richelieu, Henri IV entering the pale of the Catholic Church, Louis XIII, and Napoleon I crowned by Pius VII.

* * *

To-day, we visited our favorite Rumpelmyer's at the luncheon hour, and afterward 'the Dromios' scampered off to play in the Gardens of the Tuileries while we saw some of the fine shops which are very attractive, displaying all the gay finery of the latest mode. The Galleries Lafayette were crowded to their limit, and it is 'some favor' to be waited upon there. The salesmen and saleswomen are experts in their line, and one is constantly reminded of the extreme politeness of Alphonse and Gaston; they greet you with an engaging smile and the apparent joy of and old and valued friend, and when you are about to depart, they give you the impression that they are on the verge of tears. Perhaps there is something of method in such a show of affection, for it seems to be quite the 'custom for the customer' to slip them a franc or two for the privilege of trading with them.

At the artistic little Tea Room called the 'Madame de Sévigné' the literary flavor pervades the whole place and even gets into the tea, which we found excellent notwithstanding, and the accompanying delicacies by no means 'dry'. We had a little family party this evening at the Hotel L.—— The confectioner of the establishment had furnished an elaborate centrepiece in the form of a basket of sugared fruits which were probably to look at, rather than to eat, for nobody ventured to disturb their artistic arrangement. Someone has said that to get a true estimate of a people in their social life, one must see them at table,—certain it is that the Restaurant is an important factor in the everyday life of Paris.

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Rue de Rivoli—Paris.

Last evening was an 'event' even in this gay city at the famous Restaurant, 'Ciro's'. M—— looked radiant in a new orchid gown and 'permanent wave', each with the genuine Parisian air. Our table was well placed to give a view of everybody and everything. People were constantly coming to join the throng already assembled; it was like a high-class Ball, the only difference being that the proceedings began with dinner, which was a real feast. The dress of the ladies was what might have been expected in the fashion centre of the world, and there was nothing in either the dress or doings of any guest that could offend even the most prudish. After dinner the tables in the centre of the room were removed, and the dancing began. As the country papers might say, 'a super-excellent time was had by all and sundry 'till 'the wee sma' hours' of the morning after.

Yesterday we visited some of the fascinating shops in the Rue de Rivoli, and afterward rested in the Gardens of the Tuileries. In the evening we went en famille to dinner at Pruneau's, renowned for its fine fish dinners. The company has its own fishing fleet, so you may get a sample of the day's catch when it is just out of the water. One must go early or wait long for a place at table.

Paris is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world,—but what is the real guage of a city's cosmopolitanism? Thus started a subject of conversation that proved illuminating. "Not alone the fact that it can boast of residents from nearly every quarter of the globe, but also", said Mr. E., "by the international character of its restaurants which provide those foreign thousands with their favorite home dishes. Taking the Opera as a centre", he continued, "within a thousand-yard radius, I can show you Spanish, Italian, English, Czechoslovak, American, Portuguese, Hindu, Russian, and Dutch restaurants. Cosmopolitan cuisine is at its best also in the neighborhood of Place St. Michel where are Balkan, Syrian, Chinese, and Jewish cafes."

"Yes, Paris is a world of cuisine as well as a world of art, of industry, of science, a world of fashion, of music, of literature, and of many other things. The Englishman may there find his rosbif, the Italian his spaghetti, the Turk his pilaff, the Scandinavian his smorgas-bord and akvavit, the German his wiener wurst, and the American his 'punkin' pie." "And if the American be a Southerner", added the Bostonian, "he should visit the restaurant which specializes in Southern cooking,—fried chicken, n' co'n pone', as well as beaten biscuits, waffles with honey and—"This is too much", interrupted Mr. E. who was at once accused of being a gourmet, "Let's talk about brain-food",—"Not yet", said Mrs. G. promptly, "One day, not far from the Madeleine, I saw a neat placard in a restaurant window with the legend,

"AUX AMERICAINS — SPECIALITE — BOSTON BAKED BEANS".—"Too bad", said Mr. B. with a hint of sarcasm "they can't associate Boston with something better than beans!" "They *can* and *do*", said the Bostonian of the group, "to continue the alliteration, they associate Boston with books." "That takes us back

to our subject", said Mr. S. who, not an enthusiast on the question of food, insisted that a city's cosmopolitanism is best determined by the range of its bookshops, and informed us that at one shop alone in the Boulevard Saint Germain, books from all of Central and Northern Europe are always 'on tap.' In the same vicinity is a Russian bookshop, and another that specializes in Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese works.

"But you don't have to cross the Seine" said the bibliophile, "to find the books of all nations—between the Opera and Porte St. Martin, one may find literature from all the members of the League of Nations." "Nothing especially new about that in Paris", said the first speaker, "There was a famous French book published in the '40's, in which one of the characters tells of finding on the quais, an ox-driver's manual in the original Manchu ! ! ! " This was greeted with exclamations of doubt and even of ridicule, but we were informed that it was plain, unadulterated fact.

With an apology for returning to the subject of food, the Bostonian said, "I had often wondered what was the connection between macaroni and our patriotic song, 'Yankee Doodle',

"Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni."

In order to understand the allusion, we must go back to the 14th century when macaroni was introduced into England and soon became such a popular article of food, that anything exceptionally good became, in slang phraseology, 'macaroni'. "That is macaroni," was the same as saying, "That is fine", as we say more recently, "That's a 'peach'. So Yankee Doodle who was a Briton, despite his later American affiliations, on seeing the jaunty air given his cap by the addition of a feather, described it in the very latest slang as "macaroni."

It greatly increased our respect for this humble mainstay of the Italian table, to know that the word itself is of noble origin, for no less a personage than Emperor Frederick II, Italy's soldier, scholar, and statesman of the 13th century, derived it from 'marcus', 'divine dish', and coined this melodious derivative. The inventor of this delectable dish, as well as the hero of the tragic tale, was a dear, doting old Italian, loving mankind and wishing to do it a good turn which should be of lasting benefit to his own race. In an alley of the Cortellari, Chico toiled day and night in his little kitchen, to bring to perfection his great work. But alas, poor Chico had not counted upon his neighbor, Javenella, a busybody who spied upon him (as women will) behind the shutters of her house opposite. Thus with her eyes at the cracks, she watched Chico until she had mastered his great secret, though she cunningly gave quite a different version of his doings to the neighbors, describing his "retorts, fillers, and small gleaming instruments," until he was regarded by them as a sorcerer.

When Javenella felt sure of her secret, she succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Emperor, and permission to prepare for him a new and tempting viand which should be 'fit for a king',—on tasting it, he agreed that it was, indeed, a culinary triumph. Meantime Chico, satisfied that his great work was done, went out for a stroll through the streets of his beloved 'Napoli', a recreation which, in his eagerness to complete his self-appointed task, he had long denied himself. As he rambled on, suddenly he caught a faint but familiar aroma; hurrying into the house, he found his cherished macaroni in preparation for the evening meal! to his anxious inquiries, the cook answered that it was a new food about which everybody was talking, including "the Emperor, the court, the whole city."

Finding that his discovery had been stolen, in grief and disappointment Chico rushed home, destroyed all the evidences of his experimentation, left Naples and was never seen again. The touching little story says in his native Italian, that

"In the little street of the Cortellari, in the rooms where Chico labored for the good of mankind, on the eve of the Witches' Sabbath, strange sounds are heard. There, as soothsayers believe, the old man rolls and cuts his paste, while Javenella, lashed by demons, stirs red-hot sauce with a cooking-spoon, while Satan grates cheese into it with one hand and pokes the fire with the other!"

The visitor to Paris restaurants must be impressed with the affection bestowed upon food, which is only another way of showing the important place it holds in the consideration of the people. In the market-places the keepers of the stands arrange their vegetables as if they were flowers, blending the colors with real artistry—touching them as they would the foliage of a rare and beautiful plant, or the curls of a beloved child.

This same attitude is noticed in their bearing toward prepared food, so that when you are served with a salad which is a delight to the eye as well as the palate, a souffle still panting from the oven's heat, a dessert, in color and design a climax of the mingled art of cook and confectioner, the garçon sets it before you with the joy and pride of a sculptor or painter exhibiting a masterpiece to the critical eye of a discriminating judge.

Or perhaps it is the maître d'hotel himself who is often the chef, or the bonne femme who is equally interested in the establishment and jealous of its good name, that brings in this work of art and hovers about the table with modest but unfeigned delight. Is it any wonder that you hesitate to mar the serene beauty of the salad, to disturb the gelatine flag or the sugar roses of the dessert?

Why, it would seem a vandalism almost equal to chipping the marble shoulder of fair Psyche herself, or putting your penknife through the canvas of the lovely Paysage! Meanwhile hunger encroaches upon admiration—you wish this person would give his attention to some other guest, and not stand guard to see if you approach the rite with due solemnity. Finally to your relief he is

called away and with fear and trembling, you determine to make the attack—you are not disappointed—there is reason for pride in the café and the chef which could produce such a culinary triumph as that!

In the days of Louis XIV the cuisine of a great establishment was perhaps, more important than it is to-day. The domain of the chef was fitted out with every convenience and even luxury in its appointments; saucepans were of burnished copper,—small kitchen utensils nearly always of silver; table ware in gold or silver gilt; earthenware and china in all forms and colors, and of beautiful design. The buffets were as deep as cellars, finely carved and provided with marble shelves to keep the food cool and appetizing.

The roast, called 'La Viande du Roi', the King's meat, was prepared in a building outside, just at the left of the Palace, since used as a military hospital; when ready "to set before the King", it was carried in state to the royal dining-hall by the "officiers de bouche", accompanied by a few members of the Swiss Guard; those whom it happened to pass on the way, respectfully saluted the food that was to have the signal honor of being eaten by the King of France!

Strange as it may seem there were lifts, or as we call them, elevators, in those early days, and the Petit Trianon and the Chateau of Chantilly were each provided with one, which, however, were for the convenience of the kitchens rather than that of the halls. Fruits were generally eaten before luncheon; oranges were often used as a garnish, and figs, cherries, and blackberries, as hors d'oeuvres, as well as melons, olives, capers, and artichokes; strawberries and raspberries were moistened with wine or cream and used, as with us, for dessert. Other fruits as peaches, pears, or apples were sometimes served at the close of a meal, but cooked fruits were preferred.

The finger-bowl was used at the beginning as well as at the end of a meal, and (in those worldly times) no one seated himself until the master of the house asked a blessing on guests and food. At each place was a knife and a spoon, but no fork until about the time of the Revolution,—whereas tablecloths and napkins seem to have been always used.

One of the sights of the city is the Halles Centralles or great market house which Zola calls the 'stomach of Paris.' Built chiefly of iron and glass, they consist of a series of ten pavilions, each containing 250 stalls. Through the centre runs a great boulevard 250 feet broad, this intersected by smaller covered streets. Underneath are 1200 cellars for storing goods. Into this cavernous interior, the visiting American Hotel delegation, and the chief hotel men and restaurateurs of France were entertained not long ago. A unique luncheon was served with viands fresh from the market.

It was a great day for the people of the district; as the hundreds of visitors arrived, they were cheered by the market men and women, the latter pinning flowers in the button-holes of their guests. Then they were escorted through the long subterranean passages to one

Church of the Sacred Heart—Paris.

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cellar fitted up as a banquet hall. The guests donned caps and aprons, becoming market-men for the time being. Les Forts des Halles, the 'strong men of the halls', who can toss a hundred pounds into a cart as easily as one would a baseball formed the 'guard of honor'. There was jazz music by the marketmen's band, and plenty of 'liquid refreshments'. The Americans marched around the tables singing and cheering, and the festivities closed with a dance given by the marketwomen.

Apropos of the 'Strong men of the Halls', a local cinema theatre wanted a market scene, but these giants were bashful—really camera-shy, and balked—simply would not stand to be 'snapped' until, mild persuasion failing, finally Samson, Goliath, Ajax, Hercules, Atlas, and the rest, were actually bullied into it by the cameraman, described as "a little runt about the size of a sack of flour"!

Those who think Paris an altogether frivolous and pleasure-loving city, forget that it is here in the gayest of capitals that the two primitive needs of man, food and clothing, have been brought to perfection in their preparation. To be able to cook and to sew, are the two requirements for home-making among practically all civilized peoples. It is here in Paris that the 'Grande Couture', (which can scarcely be translated by our expression (fine sewing') has been glorified into the fine art that it is; here the chef has developed the adaptability and the artistry, the science and the skill, that place him among the highest paid workers in the world. Even the leaders in the social world are not averse to trying their hand at times in evolving a savory dish, for we read that the Marquis de La Revelière, scion of a distinguished family, was the chef recently at a dinner. The Marquis donned cap and apron and prepared the most delicious lobsters for the assembled guests. The recipe was one which had been handed down to posterity by the famous philosopher, Brillat-Savarin. The Marquis confesses that among his favorite authors are Socrates and Plutarch.

Both men and women have attained to the very highest standard in these domestic accomplishments; give a French cook, man or woman, a bone and a green leaf or two, and the result will be a savory soup that 'makes the mouth water' merely to think of it; give a dressmaker, man or woman, a yard or two of silk (according to present fashions) and a bit of lace, and lo, a beautiful toilette excites the wonder and admiration of the beholder.

The importance of the 'Grande Couture' may be realized from the fact that every year the great establishments, to encourage competition among the workers, hold contests and give liberal compensation to the sewing girl who, without assistance evolves the most artistic costume. Then the prettiest and most popular in each deparment is elected Queen; then comes the Queen of Queens who, surrounded by her attendants, form a very imposing court. They march in procession through the streets, the Queen and Maids of Honor in barouches in the midst of flowers and finery that might vie with that of the Queen of Sheba herself; they are received by

officials of the city government, and in the evening a Grand Ball ends the festivities of the 'Haute Couture.'

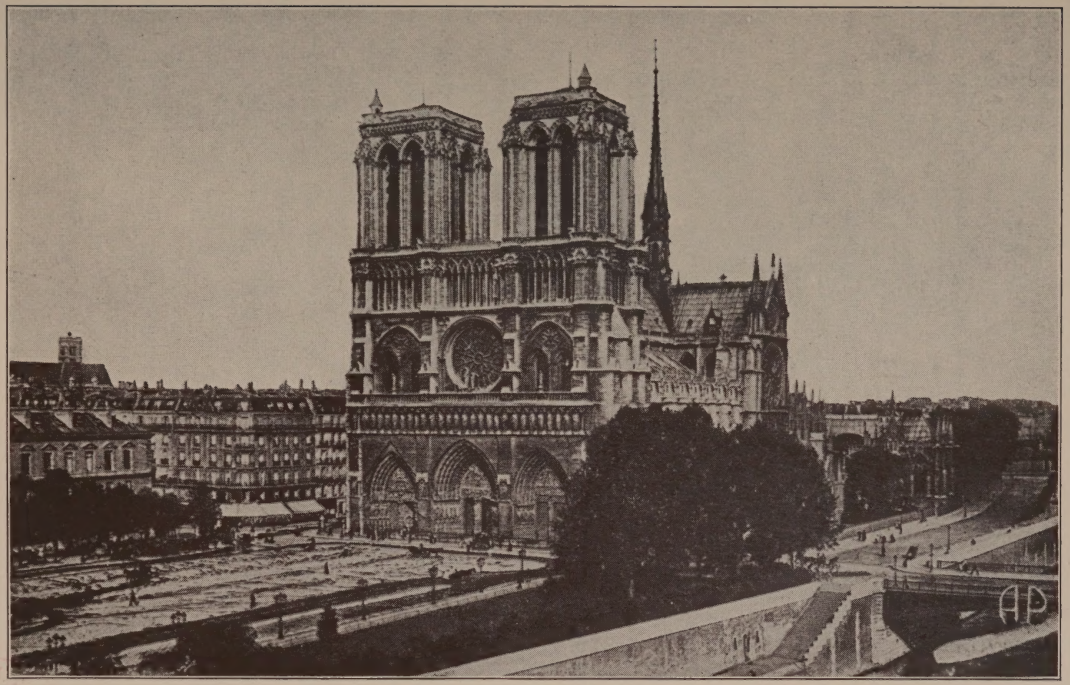
Paris is a world of art with the Louvre as its vast and wondrous citadel. Owing its foundation to Francis I, the building continued for many years by succeeding monarchs; it is one of the greatest treasuries of art in the world, with its many schools of painting, its halls of sculpture, architecture, Asiatic and Egyptian museums etc. To merely walk through the galleries of the Louvre *without stopping,* requires about two hours, so one must spend many days in examining even cursorily, the principal masterpieces of the greatest artists of all time. After standing fascinated by the mysterious smile of Mona Lisa, after musing enraptured before a Holy Family of Titian, a Madonna of Raphæl, or a St. Catherine of Perugino, we find ourselves again seated before the marvellous 'Immaculate Conception' of Murillo, whose brush must have been guided by angel hands, and whose inspiration was from her whom he portrayed "clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

What must have been the deep and holy joy of the artist when he gazed upon the finished product of his immortal genius! Something of this thought was in the mind of the unknown author who penned the following lines on the fly-leaf of a catalogue:

O blest Murillo! what a task was thine,
That Mother to portray whose beauty mild
Combined earth's comeliness with grace divine,—
To whom our God and Saviour as a child
Was subject—upon whom so oft He smiled!
Yet not less happy also in my part,—
For I, though in a world by sin defiled,
Though lacking genius and unskilled in art,
May paint that blessed likeness in a contrite heart.

To mention even the main attractions of Paris would require much time and space, but one which no visitor however hurried should neglect, is a drive through the Bois de Boulogne, the finest park in the world. Reclaimed from the wilderness by Napoleon III, who made it a veritable triumph of landscape gardening in which art has not been allowed to encroach too far upon the domain of nature, it has two hundred miles of beautiful avenues and walks, a lake containing islands, the music of waterfalls charms the ear, and the ever-changing landscape delights the eye of the visitor.

The Opera, nearly three acres in extent, is sure to draw the lovers of music to its operatic productions, as well as for the purpose of seeing the most sumptuous theatre in the world. One of its notable features is the Grand Staircase (Escalier d'Honneur); the steps are of white marble, the balustrade of rosso antico, and hand-rail of Algerian onyx. The magnificent chandelier contains 340 burners and resembles a crown of pearls. The Grand Foyer extends the entire length of the building, its walls and ceiling embelished, as are those of the auditorium, with frescoes by celebrated artists. The



Church of Notre Dame—Paris.

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Place de la Concorde, the Etoile, the Arc de Triomphe, under which lies France's Unknown Soldier, where the unquenchable flame commemorates the supreme sacrifice; these, save the last, are among the most striking features which adorn the great capital, for which Paris and the world should hold in grateful memory the name of Napoleon III.

Paris is, indeed, a world in itself—a vast and wonderful world which many visitors fail to understand even while they are captivated by its charm. It more than fulfills the dreams of those who have pictured it as the earthly Paradise of esthetic and artistic development, but it quite fails to come up to the preconceived notions of those who fancied the whole city and its population given over to the pursuit of pleasure, to the frivolous pastimes where "all is vanity" and even wickedness. They see the cafés and theatres crowded with a happy people—but they are merely taking legitimate recreation after the day's work is over; they see the streets lined with shops filled with beautiful things for the delectation of milady from all parts of the world—but these represent the industry and craftmanship of the thousands of workers who thus support themselves and those dependent upon them.

Those who do not know Paris often represent it, or rather misrepresent it, as one vast merry-go-round where 'joy is unconfined', where the main object in life is to have what might be called 'a good time'; but let them drop into one of the many churches on an ordinary week-day morning, and they will see more devout worshippers there gathered about the altar, than many a church in America can muster on the fairest Sunday in the year!

Let them pay a visit to any one of the many beneficient institutions of the city where young women of gentle birth and distinguished name have renounced the charms of the gay capital to devote themselves to the wants of the poor, the sick, the infirm, the ignorant, and the neglected, in hospitals, asylums, schools;—it seems to me that these are doing more to benefit needy humanity and advance the true dignity of their sex, than those others who clamor so loudly for 'equality' on both sides of the Atlantic. The more one considers the incalculable services of such communities, the more difficult it is to understand the policy of a government which has seen fit to curtail their activities, to deprive them of their privileges and prerogatives, and what is most lamentable, to deprive the needy of such ministrations as the hireling can never give!

* * *

At the great Church of Notre Dame to-day, it is quite possible that some of the most devout in the congregation for a time forgot to pray, for there was a distraction in the person of the famous Jackie Coogan. When we were passing into the church, we noticed the crowds gathered about the entrance, as well as within; presently an usher came forward and shoo-d those who lingered about the main aisle, and soon the tow-headed youngster appeared with his

parents. They were lead to places in the sanctuary, and Jackie followed the service apparently unconscious of the interest he had aroused. The Mass finished there was a scramble to see "The Kid" at close range,—we made a quick side-step into an adjacent chapel and so escaped being carried along by the crowd. It seems Jackie was on a kind of crusade to rescue the starving children of the Near East, which he is well able to do with a comparatively small portion of his immense wealth.

Many visits have since been made to this great and beautiful landmark of Paris. Founded in 1163 on the site of a fourth century church, it was consecrated in 1182, but the nave was not finished until the 13th century, and the spires have never been added to the towers. During the Revolution it was sadly desecrated, the sculptures demolished, and the holy place given up to the most horrible orgies.

Again in 1871 it was despoiled by the Communists, the Treasury rifled and the building used as a military depot. The façade is its most imposing feature—the three great portals are surrounded by fine sculptures in early Gothic style,—in the centre the noble figure of Christ, with the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anne. The nave has double aisles and a circular choir. The organ is a fine instrument containing 5264 pipes and 86 stops, and the pulpit is finely carved.

After leaving Notre Dame we made a walking tour about the neighborhood and came upon the interesting church of St. Severin, dating from the 6th century, but rebuilt in the 11th, 13th, and 15th. The façade has a 13th century portal from a church taken down in 1837, with a fine tower of the 15th century rising above it.

* * *

Yesterday in a great touring car we made a visit to Malmaison and the historic Palace of Versailles. The park and gardens were laid out at enormous expense for Louis XIV. After 1682 the place became the permanent residence of the court, and witnessed the zenith and decadence of that monarch's power, which was besmirched with the disreputable domination of Mmes. Pompadour and Du Barry. In 1871 it was the headquarters of the King of Prussia who was there proclaimed Emperor of Germany, and in our own day, it was in the famous Salle des Glaces that the Peace Conference was held after the World War.

From the Garden, the Palace presents an imposing appearance, the façade being no less than a quarter of a mile in length. There are five great Courts, and in the centre of the Cour d'Honneur, a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV. There is the Historical Museum, the Palace Chapel, richly adorned with paintings and sculptures, the Gallery of the History of France, with pictures from Charlemagne to Louis XVI. There may be seen the private apartments of the monarchs, that of Louis XIV with gorgeous mural decorations and the richly adorned bed of the King, the furniture

in tortoise shell and gilded bronze, and especially rich chandeliers. The rooms of the Queen are extremely ornate, containing the original furniture re-upholstered; walls and ceilings are frescoed by great masters of that day. These apartments were used in succession by Maria Theresa, Maria Lesczinska, and Marie Antoinette, and contain many personal memorials of their fair occupants.

The Salle du Sacre de Napoleon contains many souvenirs of the former ruler, paintings of battle scenes in which he was the heroic figure, and the room in which he is shown as he was in his last moments; the first death mask, the black broad-brimmed hat made familiar through pictures etc. The Gardens, with parks and ornamental sheets of water, statues and avenues of beautiful trees surround and intersect the buildings.

The Grand Trianon, a picturesque villa in the form of a horseshoe, was erected by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon; it contains several richly furnished apartments and fine pictures. The Petit Trianon, built for Marie Antoinette by Louis XV, has on its beautiful grounds, fine trees, an artificial lake, and an ornamental pavilion called 'the Temple of Love'; there, too is the dairy, pigeon house, and other out-buildings of the hamlet, where the Queen and the ladies of the Court played at peasant life. The main attraction on the day of our visit, was the beauty of the great fountains (Grands eaux) which were sending up their silver spray for the last time during the current year. The basins are adorned with groups of statuary, Neptune, Amphitrite, Steeds of Apollo etc.

The halls and corridors of the Hotel has become colorful these days with groups of High Caste East Indians, Arabians, Turks, Egyptians, the more important members or chieftains in native costume, all wearing the red fez with black tassel, grey-beards as well as small boys. There is one writing at a table near, wearing a sand-colored tunic, very full and long to the knees, and over it, hanging from one shoulder, another outer drapery of soft brown—it does not slip down or off as our wraps do—and on his head a turban of white and gold cloth with red in the centre. Evidently he is a person of importance, for the others consult him with every show of deference and respect, even those much older than himself.

One evening recently there was a Rahjah striding about the lobby,—he had arrived a short time before with a beautiful Oriental wife and a numerous suite; some of these wear huge white turbans wound about their heads, which look odd atop of ordinary tailor suits; they move about with a light (one would almost say stealthy step) converse in subdued tones and language that may be Turkish, Arabic, Indian, or Egyptian; if they are overheard, probably few can understand them, and French, English, Italian, Spanish, or German, sounds very commonplace by comparison. The Egyptian dignitary is a plain-looking individual in tailored clothes and black Derby hat, pulled down almost over his ears,—but evidently he is a power in modern politics, for he was welcomed at the station by a large delegation of resident Egyptians, who hailed him with shouts

of "Long live free Egypt!" etc. Like other British possessions, Egypt is seeking freedom from the domination of foreign rule.*

* * *

Yesterday we attended a delightful 'Afternoon Tea' at the pleasant apartment of Madame F., the daughter of our good friend, Mrs. W. Everything was well flavored with Americanism, for hostess and guests are prominent members of the American colony. Among them was the wife of the pastor of the so-called 'American Church', which, as we understand it, is made up of groups from the different sects as we know them in our country. There was the English wife of a member of the 'Reparations Committee' about to leave with her husband for Berlin. The charming hostess and her husband are golf enthusiasts, so the conversation was varied and interesting from many angles. There was a cheerful open fire, excellent tea, Parisian patisserie and confitures. (At home we *eat* confectionery, but confections here, are made of silk, lace, and fur, to beautify the fine ladies, and empty their husband's purses.) This comfortable Parisian home is located on the hill where Ben Franklin made experiments with his kite, and the street is called in his honor, Rue Franklin. Another of the ladies lives at Hotel Columbia; two had recently returned from the United States, and were loud in praise of the home land, its democratic institutions, and above all, its educational facilities.

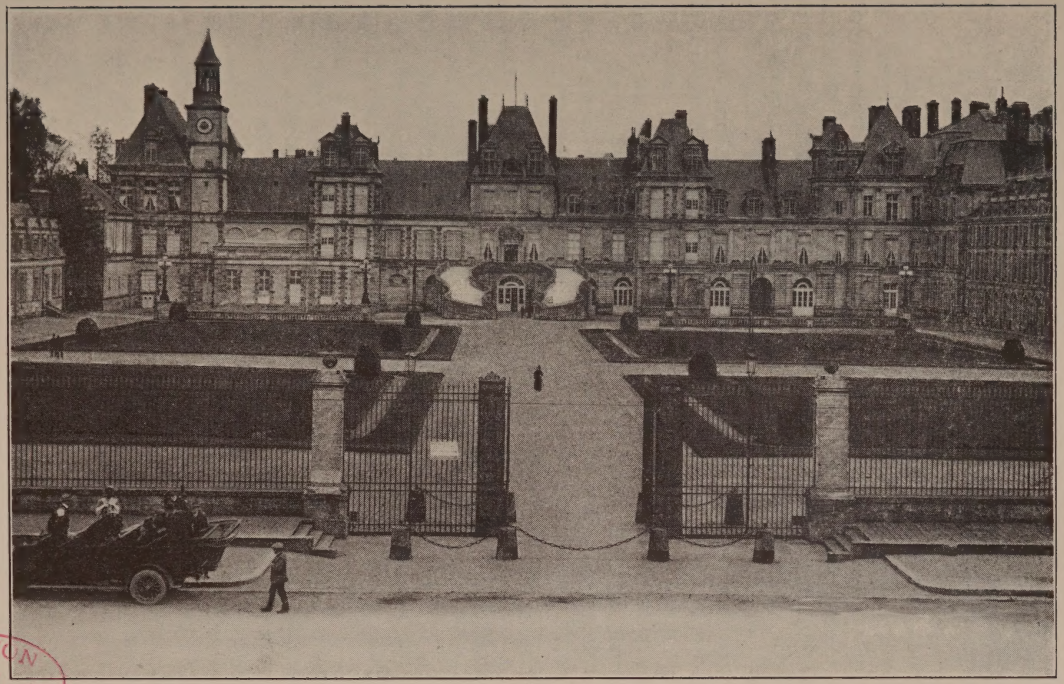
* * *

To-day in a large party we motored to Fontainbleau. The Palace occupies the site of a fortified chateau founded by Louis VII in 1162, but it was Francis I who converted it into a spacious and magnificent palace. It was beautified in a still higher degree by Henry IV, and was a favorite residence of Napoleon I, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. The main entrance is by the Escalier Fer-a-Cheval, from its shape of a horse shoe. The Chapelle de la Trinité, in which Napoleon III was christened, has an especially fine ceiling. In the Napoleonic apartments may be seen the table on which was signed the abdication of 1814.

The great chandelier of rock crystal is one of many attractions in the Throne Room. The chamber of Marie Antoinette contains hangings of heavy flowered silk, brocaded with the monogram of this popular Queen, and presented by the city of Lyons, famous for its manufacture of fine silks. This apartment has also treasures in vases of ivory, and others from the world-renowned factory of Sèvres.

An interesting portion of the Palace, is the suite occupied by the Pope, Pius VII, when he was invited to make a visit to Napoleon, and kept a prisoner a year and a half, constantly urged to give his

*(Egypt has more recently obtained 'Home Rule'.)



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Fontainebleau.

consent to the Emperor's proposed marriage and sanction his divorce.

The Forest of Fontainbleau is about fifty miles in circumference, the largest and finest in France. There are picturesque gorges and pleasant walks in every direction, but notwithstanding the sign-posts, it is quite possible to 'get lost' if one strays from 'the beaten path.'

We walked about the quaint and beautiful suburb of Barbizon, long a favorite haunt of artists. The most interesting of the studios is that of Millet, the painter of the world-renowned 'Angelus'. On the wall hangs a sketch of a very old woman, she who posed for the picture when a young peasant, working with her husband in the fields; there is the easel of the great master, the stool on which he sat, his paint-box open beside it; on the shelf his can of brushes, his palette on which the paint has long since dried. The singer may leave behind the echoes of his voice, and the player the silvery tones of his instrument; the burning words of the great orator may still be heard among his fellows, though he who uttered them has passed to the great beyond; all this and much more may be numbered among the miracles of modern science; but alas, the painter may not leave on earth his talent to create, to place before those who linger on, the beautiful, the true, in the tangible and visible form of pictures.

To-day we attended Mass at the Church of St. Genevieve, one of the most notable in the city, and afterward viewed the tomb of the holy patroness of Paris.

In the midst of all the Bohemianism of Montmartre, rise the great domes of the beautiful Basilica of the Sacred Heart, an imposing structure in the Romanesque-Byzantine style, on the highest point in all Paris. As one walks through the narrow cobbled streets of the Latin Quarter, it seems to dominate the country for miles around and the city which lies at its feet. As you climb the hill, you come upon a statue to St. Denis on the spot where he was beheaded, and his cruel martyrdom is the origin of the name, Monte Martyrium,—Montmartre. On a clear day a marvellous panorama is spread out before the eyes of the visitor, in which the towers of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle are prominent features rising above the chimneys and roofs of the great city.

The soil there was not strong enough for a heavy structure, until the site was made safe at a cost of one million dollars, and five millions have already been spent on the building itself. It holds eight thousand people!—and it seems as if quite that number were present on Sundays and festivals. On the First Fridays, it seems indeed, as if all Paris were gathered under its roof, the great bell 'Le Savoyard', weighing sixteen tons rings out from the square tower, the altar is banked with crimson roses, the music is as the choirs of seraphim.

After the sermon a procession is formed, men and women bearing lighted candles walk behind the banners of their church societies; little girls and boys in white carrying flowers, and lastly the

Cardinal bearing the Blessed Sacrament, from the portal blesses the City of Paris.

* * *

One of the most interesting features of the Paris streets are the signs; many of them, especially the old ones, are ingenious in character and really unique objects of popular art. In former times many an artist who later became celebrated, started his career by painting a sign for the tavern where he was hopelessly in debt, and took this means of liquidating it. It is said that Watteau painted a sign for an old friend who used to sell books near the Pont Notre Dame, but tradition does not tell us that it was a lovely shepherdess in a sylvan glade, such as we most associate with his name, but we may feel fairly certain that it was not a 'Red Lion', a 'White Horse' or a 'Striped Donkey.' A sign was an important part of an establishment, so much so that often a street took its name from one. In the Isle St. Louis, is the Rue de la Femme-sans-Tête, after an inn which held a decapitated statue,—the woman lost her head (as women will), the hostelry disappeared from the neighborhood, but the street still keeps its name.

What could be more appropriate over a cabaret than the picture of a schoolmaster teaching a donkey to read, with the sign, 'Au Temps Perdu' (Time lost)? It seems fitting that antique furniture should be found in a shop called 'Aux bons vieux temps', (in the good old times); that a jeweller's establishment should bear the legend, 'Aux mille feux', the thousand fires,—but we cannot see the connection when a cobbler calls his little 'hole in the wall' the 'Grande Cordonière de l'Ave Maria'. We suspect that the proprietor of a certain café-bar is an American,—anyway his place is named 'La Bière de l'Espèrance,'—the Beer of Hope. A store selling religious goods is 'A la Gráce de Dieu',—another 'L'Ange Gardien'; mourning hats are sold at a shop fittingly called 'A l'Immortelle', not far from another displaying gaily-colored 'creations' designed as 'Les Modes du Chat Noir', 'Fashions of the Black Cat'. Then there is 'Les Trois Mages', 'Au Pigeon Voyageur' etc. Sometimes the proprietor chooses a classical name, 'Au Calypso'. Over a large establishment is the sign 'Pygmalion', but one looks in vain for Galatea. There is the great (and we trust Good) Samaritaine! Hotels take a title suggestive of Rome, such as 'Hotel du Vatican', 'Hotel de St. Jean Lateran'. It goes without saying that the 'Fountain of Youth' is a 'Beauty Shop', a far cry from Ponce de Leon and the Everglades of Florida.

* * *

Happy the traveller in foreign lands who can re-people them, in fancy, with the vanished forms of those who there made history in long departed days of conquest and glory, or humiliation and woe. He will not see the hurrying throng that jostles him as he walks along the Rue St. Honoré where Danton lived; where Marie Antoi-

nette passed by in her tumbril, her white hands tied with a cord held by the executioner, the mob hurling missiles and imprecations—that fickle mob which had, not so long before acclaimed her with cries of "Vive la Reine!" Where Robespierre closed his shutters as the pitiful procession passed on;—perhaps some slight presentiment came to him that not many months hence, he would be the chief personage in just such a horrible scene; at St. Roch where, from the vantage point of the high steps, a wretched hag of the streets spat in the face of the Queen of France!

He will see there on another day, from those same steps that super-soldier Bonaparte, directing his artillery against the Royalists and thus nipping in the bud, the counter Revolution; in the Palais Royal he will see Camille Desmoulins, with a cockade of green leaves in his hat, rallying his hordes about him to the assault of the Bastile; there in the Place he will see the saintly Archbishop Affre, while exhorting his people to peace, shot down by an insurgent's bullet, "praying that his blood might be the last to be shed in that fratricidal strife"; at Notre Dame, that great temple where centuries of faith, sacrifice, passion, tragedy, glory, and holiness, touch his spirit as his feet press its grey old stones; across the Pont Neuf where all Paris passed,—heroes, sages, warriors, cutthroats, belles, and Saints; over on the Left Bank by the book-stalls, where scholars and poets lingered with empty pockets and teeming minds; up in the Latin Quarter where a multitude of students have roamed the narrow, cobbled streets, dreamed of love and fame, and laughed alike at life and death; up the heights of Montmartre where holy St. Denis gave up his pure soul to God; up where the Apaches used to hide in the shadows awaiting their prey; where Vice flaunted the fair garments of Joy; in the green pathways of the Luxembourg where generations of lovers have walked hand in hand, where children played and birds sang from the boughs, where roses grew to bud and flower, and fell, even as love itself grew cold . . . . . and withered . . . . . and . . . died . . .

To-morrow evening we leave for Grasse, with its hills and hollows, soaps and scents—I wish they had sense (as well as scents) for sale,—but then, the supply could never equal the demand. All good wishes to you and the dear family from

Yours ever affectionately

M. A. O'R.

GRASSE

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Grasse—France.

GRASSE—"ROSES—ROSES—EVERYWHERE."

Dear Mrs. F.——,

Shortly after noon to-day we arrived at this little mountain town of Grasse. Although it has long been known as the purveyor of soaps and perfumes to a great part of the world, it was not heard of in history until the 12th century. Local antiquarians, however, point to a probable existence long before that far distant past, and Papon, the historian of Grasse is justified in his opinion: "One cannot imagine that a spot so near the sea, fertile, watered by several springs, and situated under the finest climate of Provence has not been peopled in ancient times." M. M. P. Senequier, the learned writer of Grasse, remarks that one might refer its existence to the sixth or seventh century, where the people, fleeing from the cruelty and devastation of the Lombards, may well have settled here and founded a town which they would probably have so named after the fertility of its soil. We find the government in the twelfth century entering into treaty with Pisa or Genoa, in order to secure help against the King of Arragon, or even the Counts of Provence.

It had, too, its internal troubles of Guelph and Ghibeline, and its religious wars, but none of the excesses that occurred elsewhere in Provence. The Huguenots had found some adherents in Grasse, who wrote to Geneva for a clergyman, but they made little headway and did not long exist as a separate church, so that in 1682 the town contained only three followers of the Reformed Church.

The town was besieged at times, but when chances of success were not good, the Grassois prudently proposed a treaty, and so it was in 1589. The commanding general, it seems, was siezed with convulsions, and Mr. Kaye, in his readable little book says that this produced confusion among the troops, but the siege nevertheless proceeded. The diary of a survivor shows how little the inhabitants of Grasse knew of the horrors of war that ravaged some of their less fortunate neighbors, for he says, "The same day about eight or nine of the morning, the army from without entered and sojourned in the town, living there as it pleased them causing disturbance and robberies, but murdering none. Billeted at my house," continues M. Rocomaure, "were the cornet and his son with six men at arms, ten serving men, six horses, and a baggage mule. I thank God Who saved our lives and honor and has preserved from utter destruction our house and all our town." The aforesaid entertainment cost this unwilling host, he says "260 golden crowns", and imagine the ingratitude of those unbidden guests who took with them "our cattle and other things,"—yet he adds with commendable charity, "I praise God that He spared our lives."

In 1746 the Franco-Spanish army occupied the town and afterward the Austrian garrison, with the result that the inhabitants had

some experience in the 'high cost of living', for they say "Brown bread is sold at (the equivalent of) twenty-five cents a pound, wine at forty cents a pint, good fish at sixty to eigthy cents a pound; our gardens are now waste places"; and showing how history may anticipate, as well as repeat itself,—"All our fruit trees have been burned save a few olive trees which have been saved from *the violence of the Germans.*"

During the frightful days of the Reign of Terror, the tribunal of the Revolutionists was established in the town house of the ancient family of the Ponteves, now 2 Boulevard du Jeu de Ballon, and the guillotine was erected on the Cours where now stands the statue of the artist, Fragonard. Thirty-one persons are said to have perished there, among them a man seventy-one years old (curiosly enough by the name of Ponteves.)

The Compte de Mirabeau, one of the prominent figures of the Revolution, was a frequent visitor to Grasse at the home of his sister, Louise, who had become the Marquise de Cabris. Now Louise was made much of when she came to Grasse as a bride, for she was a mere girl of seventeen, and the good townspeople knew what a vicious young husband she was given to, and pitied her. But they little knew the dainty bride they were so tenderly mothering. When she was grown into womanhood, she was beautiful, brilliant, craved excitement, and cared little what kind it was, or at whose expense it was obtained.

Naturally she had no heart and no conscience, and it was said of her, that she could claim "the Mirabeau madness and badness, and all of the Mirabeau brains." She shocked the gentle old ladies in many ways,—incidentally by challenging another lady to a duel! The little bride fighting with firearms—who would have thought it? What would she do next?

With all her wild ways, the beautiful Marquise seemed to have one genuine affection, and that was for her brother, the great orator, statesman, and roué, Mirabeau, who reciprocated it, for whenever he was in trouble, (which was nearly always) he came for advice and assistance to his wicked and resourceful little sister. She had always regarded his delinquencies with indulgence, and sometimes even with approval. Once he came to her on account of some trouble with a favorite of his wife, knowing she was an authority on such cases, and knew just how to punish the guilty ones.

Shortly before this period, the town was in a state of utter consternation: placards had been posted all about in which the good names of ladies of Grasse had been attacked in the very coarsest and plainest language. It was noticeable that only one name was omitted,—that of the Marquise of Cabris; the inference was, of course, that Louise was the author of the libels. There was 'war and rumors of war' in the social circles of Grasse, but peace was secured by the payment of large sums to the injured parties by the husband of the Marquise. Of course she disdainfully denied all knowledge of the matter, and pretended to be very indignant indeed,

with those who dared to suspect her! Among those who had the temerity to hint that she was responsible for the calumnies, was her next-door neighbor, the Baron de Ville-neuve Monans. The gardens were adjoining and, like all other gardens, houses, and streets in Grasse, one was just above the other, so the Marquise could look down from her little pavilion, (which she called her Petit Trianon), into that of her neighbor.

To celebrate the visit of her famous brother, she gave a little dinner party, during which she told him the 'mean things' that 'horrid man' had said about her, and how she would 'pay him back' if she were able etc. Mirabeau jumped up, stepped over into the garden of the offending neighbor who was just then out taking the air. The statesman flew at the surprised baron, punched him, kicked him, beat him with his own umbrella (which he was holding to ward off the heat of the sun), tore his clothes, and made him look as if he had been in a cyclone. The baron was fat and clung to the statesman with the result that both rolled off the terrace, landing in the midst of a group of laborers who were astonished enough to see two members of the artistocracy drop into their midst, battering each other like a pair of street ruffians and swearing like troopers. Louise stood on the terrace above enjoying it more than any funny farce she had ever seen, and when Mirabeau's fist resounded with a whack on the poor melon-shaped exterior of the baron, she shrieked with laughter. Mirabeau was imprisoned for two years, but it was almost worth it to have made his little sister so happy!

Finally her father managed to have her sent to the convent of Sisteron, hoping to put a stop to the scandals which she was constantly bringing upon the family. The nuns received her with the deference due a lady of distinction, but she used profane language and told improper stories which scandalized them, so that they were not sorry when she took her departure, disguised in men's clothes, to help her brother out of another 'scrape'. One wonders what was the end of such an irrepressible character,—her brother and her lover quarreled, her husband lost his estate and his reason (small wonder!); they retired to a small apartment in Paris where the 'gay and festive' Marquise, now become a sweet-faced, white-haired old lady, might be seen caring for her husband with loving tenderness and teaching her grandchildren their prayers!

When peace came to France, the tribunal of the Revolutionists, that is the Ponteves mansion, became the home for a time of the Princess Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon I. Her beauty has been immortalized in marble as Venus Victrix, by Canova, and is one of the most admired treasures of the Villa Borghese, now Museo Vittorio Emmanuele in Rome. It seems she was not only deserted by her husband, Prince Borghese, but banished from the Court by the Emperor, because she would not treat the Empress with due respect. She was ill and despondent at only thirty-one, and Mr. Kaye says, "Out of consideration for the distinguished invalid, the silence of the early morning was disturbed neither by the ringing

of bells nor by the cries of milk-sellers in the streets; even the mules went without their tinkling sonnailles." In her sedan chair she was often borne along the Boulevard Jeu de Ballon to the Cours whence she could catch a glimpse of her beloved Corsica.

Another distinguished visitor to Grasse was the late Queen Victoria, who passed the spring of 1891 in the town and expressed herself as delighted with its attractions. This Hotel in which we are lodged was, for the time being, her home, and harbored only the royal guest and her numerous suite.

But Grasse had a queen of its own at an earlier date, (the fourteenth century) not gifted with a taste for the quiet, domestic life, as was the revered sovereign of Great Britain; this was the eccentric, uncontrollable, unscrupulous, but of course beautiful Jeanne, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence. She early developed the marrying habit, and rather overdid it, for she disposed of four husbands before her erratic and sensational career was cut short in a tragic manner. She could never remain long in one place, no matter how attractive it was; she craved movement, variety, excitement, and no one could ever locate her, except when she was in prison,—and not always then, for she was cunning and resourceful, and generally managed to escape (except the last time).

After the death of her first husband, suspicion fell upon her (and with good cause) so she was lodged in jail. Her trial took place in one of her own towns, Avignon of Provence. She set herself at once to gain the sympathy of the court, and succeeded so well that they found her charming, graceful, intelligent, and learned, (she had an excellent knowledge of Latin), and above all, they found her an innocent and much-wronged woman! Needless to say, she was acquitted. There were those, however, who were not satisfied with the verdict and demanded a second trial,—but the result was the same, only it was added that if she *had* murdered her husband, she was the victim of witchcraft or sorcery, and the poor, dear, lady was 'more to be pitied than blamed.'

Whenever she was short of pocket-money, she was disposed to sell a portion of her country to some neighboring ruler, and the only way to stop her, was to shut her up in prison. Promising to leave Provence intact, she was set free, but soon afterward she is said to have sold Avignon to the Pope at a 'bargain', that is, for eighty thousand gold florins. In those unhappy days towns and cities were bartered from one owner to another, and the people had no more to say about it, than the furniture in the houses, and received no more consideration. She was finally strangled in prison by one of her own kinsmen. In the Place aux Aires is seen even to-day all that remains of the Palace of Queen Jeanne, that is, the kitchen stairway.

Among the former 'distinguished' residents of Grasse, is Bellaud de la Bellaudière,—such a melodious name could (or should) belong to no one but a poet, but this poet had another profession, for when the Muse was elusive and he was not engaged in writing Provençal ballads, he spent his time in thieving. He made his mark

in both lines of endeavor, for he is honored as a poet by a tablet in the tower (Tour du Puy) besides having a square named for him, adorned with his bust; for his activities in robbing the people he was 'hanged by the neck until he was dead.' Alas, it was such a woeful ending for one who sang of youth and beauty, love and life!

Lest we may have given a misleading impression of the famous Grassois, we need only mention the saintly and learned Monsignor Antoine Godeau, a Bishop of Grasse, an author of note, and a founder of the French Academy; the gifted artist, Fragonard, painter to Louis XV who is honored by a statue in the park of his native town; Romeé de Villeneuve, Prime Minister to the Court of Provence, and many other good and great men.

The most important as well as the most beautiful building in the city, is the Cathedral Notre Dame du Puy, completed in the twelfth century. The entrance is by a double flight of steps with a graceful balustrade, and the doors are finely carved, bearing the date 1722. There is a lancet window on either side. Within, the church has galleries of the 17th century, the length of the aisles. There are many fine paintings, the most notable that of Fragonard, 'Christ Washing the Feet of the Disciples.' The Treasury contains many precious things, one a remarkable carved 15th century Reliquary of St. Honorat, classed as a national monument by the Société des Beaux Arts.

Grasse is a sober, sensible, little town, compared with the frivolous Riviera resorts which are its neighbors, and busies itself with the not inconsiderable task of keeping a great part of the world clean and sweet,—that is to say, its chief object in life is making soaps and scents. The industry dates from the 16th century when it was introduced by one Doria Roberti, classed as the earliest known perfumer, who was physician to the King and perfumer to the Queen, "a position wihch", as Sir Frederick Treves says, "at the present day would be one of great professional perplexity." His house may be seen at 24 Rue Droite.

Queen Catherine di Medici is said to have had a perfume factory in Grasse; the perfumer generally had a knowledge of herbs, especially the poisonous ones and their swift and subtle action, which was useful when a troublesome person was to be put out of the way 'with neatness and despatch'. A prodigious quantity of flowers are used. Mr. Kaye says four million pounds of orange blossoms and three million pounds of roses are used in a twelve month; and as regards jasmine blossoms, nine billion, six hundred million are picked by hand every year to supply the lovers of this favorite perfume. "The flower harvest lasts nearly the whole year round. It begins in February with the violet which blooms until April. In March and April also hyacinths and jonquils are plucked. May marks the greatest activity in the harvest of roses and orange flowers . . . . . which terminates usually in June. The jasmine is gathered in July and generally lasts until October. The tuberose is picked during August and September." In view of the immense number of persons

engaged with the flowers, one wonders how it is possible to find those willing to do the other more prosaic but necessary work.

A great and ever-increasing number of tourists visit the perfume factories each season, but this is generally all they ever see of Grasse; they come from Nice and the other resorts along the Côte d'Azur by char-a-banc led by their guide, are shown the process of scent-making which, of course, ends in the sales room, where soaps and scents and sachet powders are bought in wholesale quantities, but *not* at wholesale prices, the eager purchasers lined up like the hungry at a soup-kitchen in time of war or famine.

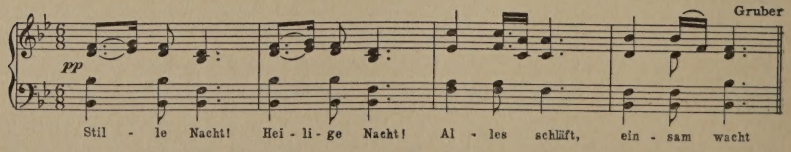
The language of the Grassois is to a great extent the Provençal which was used by the ancient Troubadours. There is some effort now being made to revive this old, melodious form of speech. They talk very rapidly and with a quaint, musical intonation. It is somewhat surprising to find a remarkable difference in the speech of people living comparatively near. The author of 'The Maritime Alps and their Seaboard' gives the following example among others:

Notre Père qui êtes au Ciel.
Nice—Nouostre Père che siès en sièl—
Mentone—Nuasche Païre qui èst aou chelir—
Grasse—Nouestre Pèro qué sias aou ciel—etc.

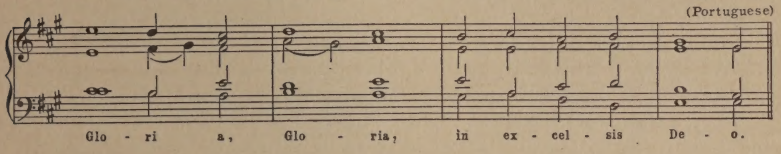
* * *

Grasse is situated in a valley somewhat like the inner side of a great bowl, sheltered by the surrounding hills and the mountains of the Maritime Alps, which slope down to the green foothills, and afford enchanting glimpses of the Mediterranean. From our window on the rim of the bowl we looked out over this expanse about midnight on Christmas Eve. In the darkness we could distinguish only very faintly the outlines of the hills and mountain-peaks,—and afar where shone dimly the row of lights, was the level line that we knew was the sea.

The town lay sleeping in the valley below, as if indeed, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" were brooding over the land; here and there shone a glimmer of light from a cottage window; the blue-black depths of the sky were sown with a myriad of stars; no sound broke the silence of the night, save the far distant echo of a sweet toned bell, as if it were rung very softly to call only those who were awaiting its summons. From one doorway streamed a great flood of light that lay bright upon the olive trees before it; we could see but indistinctly what was perhaps, a company of belated friends anticipating the coming of that



In that magic hour, on that 'holy night,' and the significance of it to all mankind, one might almost imagine that there, indeed, was Bethlehem, whence the Light of the World first came; that those were the hills of Judea, and that distant sea was Galilee,—and looking up, there, far in the East like a silver lamp, hung a great, luminous Star—doubtless the very same that guided the shepherds and the Kings, two thousand years ago!—when all the choirs of Angels, Seraphim and Cherubim sang



THE CHARMS OF CANNES

THE CHARMS OF CANNES.

Letter to Miss K.

Cannes, France

Dear Miss K.——

One beautiful morning about a fortnight ago, we motored down the hills of Grasse passing on the way, acres and acres of flower fields, which are as yet, only green shoots, but giving promise of a rich harvest of roses, lillies, jasmine, and carnations; when they shall have come into the fullness of their beauty and sweetness, they must be sacrificed to make fair and fragrant milady's boudoir. France and the Orient, and through them, nearly every civilized nation considers perfume an essential adjunct of feminine charm.

Shortly we arrived at Cannes, known as the 'aristocrat' of the Riviera towns. Its aristocracy is not of the man-made variety; it was the Divine Artist Who bestowed the beautiful curve of her strand, the azure of sea and sky, the shelter of the towering hills which gives to her winter climate the sweetness of the spring. Says a local historian, "Heureux ceux qui peuvent goûter le charme infini de cette terre privilegée!"—Happy those who can taste of the infinite charm of this privileged land!

Belonging in succession to the Ligurians, the Romans, then given to the Abbey of Lèrins by the Count of Provence, who was himself a monk, Cannes suffered from invasions, religious wars, and was pillaged by the Austrians; but Lord Brougham, Chancellor of England coming by chance to Cannes in 1831, was so charmed with its location and climate, that he made it his resting-place, starting the former little fishing village on the road to prosperity, so that to-day it is worthy of its title, the 'Pearl of the Riviera.' The town showed its gratitude by erecting a fine marble statue of its benefactor on the Rue Félix-Faure. It is not surprising that cultured society should find Cannes a pleasure-ground quite to their tastes, for there is found music, sports, yachting, and other forms of entertainment carried out in a manner as nearly perfect as may be.

The King of Sweden is a regular visitor, devoted to tennis, democratic and extremely popular. Ex-King Manoel of Portugal and the Queen come to Cannes nearly every season; they go about enjoying themselves in simple and sensible fashion. They are in great demand at society functions, and at the Dog and Cat Show, the prizes were awarded by the King. It is extremely doubtful if these canine

and feline champions realized the honor bestowed upon them, but their owners certainly endeavored to make their importance understood. In the fine hotels are lodged scions of many noble houses of Europe as well as the picturesque potentates of India, Africa, Egypt, who may be seen in the colorful costumes of the Orient on the beautiful drive of the 'Croisettes' especially during the hour of the morning concert.

The little church of Notre Dame des Pins held a distinguished company on the occasion of the Mass of Requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Duke of Orleans; his nephew, the former King of Portugal and the Queen were seated in the front pew with the King of Sweden, Duke of Connaught and other members of the royal and noble families, especially Orleans, Guise, and Bourbon. Princess Marie Caroline of Bourbon with her husband, the Polish Count Z. and their daughter are at our Hotel; the Princess (and Countess) is simple and charming; the Count has fine courtly manners and that rare gift of bestowing a kindness as if he were receiving a favor; incidentally, their daughter, a sweet, unaffected young girl, is the only one in the Hotel whose tresses have not been sacrificed to the fashion of the day.

One of the interesting environs of Cannes is the old quarter of Suquet where the bold outline of Mont Chevalier rises above the port. Here is the old parish church of Notre Dame de l'Espérance dating from 1633, flanked by its ancient bell-tower, constructed by the Abbés of Lérins in the 11th century. The Islands of St. Honorat and Ste. Marguerite are not a long journey from the Port of Cannes. Ste. Marguerite is a veritable Paradise of verdure. Here the Romans built the first fortifications. The fort we now see was built by Richelieu under Louis XIII in the 17th century, enlarged by the Spaniards, and repaired by Vauban. In the dungeons here was imprisoned the famous 'Man in the Iron Mask', victim of Louis XIV. The identity of the unfortunate has always been a question, many historians holding that he was the twin brother of the King. The intriguing story as told by Alexandre Dumas, makes the mother a party to the crime which fills her own after life with the pangs of remorse. In another wing of the fortress one may see the cell of Maréchal Bazaine, whose escape in 1874 was due to the aid of a boatman who awaited him below the rocky cliff and rowed him to a vessel bound for Genoa.

The other island, St. Honorat, occupied first by the Romans, as nearly everywhere else in Provence (and where is the place in the Old World which was not at some time under the sway of the victorious Romans?) became a desert up to the beginning of the fifth century, when St. Honorat came hither from his cell at Cap Roux in 410 seeking a fertile and peaceful spot in which to establish a monastery. Here he found it, and in time his community became famous, producing numerous bishops and missionaries whom the Church honors as Saints.

It was often devastated by Saracen pirates; in the year 730 five

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Palms at Cannes, France.

hundred monks were massacred by them, only five of the entire community escaping death. In order to prevent the recurrence of such an onslaught, a strong fortress was built in 1073, and there the monks entrenched themselves when the watchers signaled the approach of an enemy. Nevertheless it was pillaged by a Spanish fleet, occupied by the Genoese Admiral Andra Doria, again by the Spaniards in 1635, and by the Austrians a century later.

After such a troubled history, peace dwells again with St. Honorat Cistercian monks now till the fertile fields, and at sunset the sweet tones of the Ave Maria echo across the blue waters even to the Port of Cannes. We are loathe to leave this favored spot which seems lovelier than ever since spring has decked it in new and more brilliant coloring, and the Boulevard de la Croisette more peaceful than when thronged with pleasure-seekers from every clime. However, it is with places as with persons; we learn to know and love them, then comes the sorrow of parting. This short note is to let you know our whereabouts with the promise of more anon from

Yours ever faithfully

M. A. O'R.

* * *

THE BATHS OF AIX

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AIX-les-BAINS—Les Porteurs.

THE BATHS OF AIX.

Letter to A. E. F.

Aix-les-Bains, France

Dear A.——,

"Aix for Aches" might well be the slogan of this popular resort, (especially if the latter belong to the rheumatism family), where five million litres of healing waters every twenty-four hours pour down from Mont Revard, laden with sulphur, alum, and other medicinal substances in lesser quantities. These fountains of health are utilized in the great bathing establishment owned and operated by the government of Savoy. "Taking the cure" that is the baths, is supplemented in some cases by inhalations of sulphur fumes and the drinking of the waters which flow continuously into a basin in the main hall. The early Romans appreciated the efficacy of these waters, for the remains of an ancient Bath were found in excavating for the present building which is, however, for strictly 'business purposes', that is, the serious business of regaining health.

We know that the Baths of the Cæsars were the great rendezvous of the people, with rest rooms, lounges, libraries and reading-rooms, halls for gymnastic exercises,—really the 'social centres' where the men talked politics, the women gossiped (as they have and will in every age and clime); where aspiring poets recited their endless verses and tried the patience of their long-suffering friends. Those who cannot come to the baths by the ordinary means, are carried by two husky porters in an arrangement after the style of a sedan chair; its trappings, however, are not of silks or satins, but of serviceable striped awning cloth, with a window of gauze through which milady can see without being seen. Sometimes one more independent or curious than the rest, turns down the flaps of the window and looks out upon the less fortunate (or unfortunate) who travel to and fro 'on their uppers.'

It is a good-natured crown, bathers, masseurs, masseuses;—one of the latter, a big, muscular woman pounds and punches the victim (I mean 'patient') while another literally turns the hose on. To-day, being 'Bastile Day', a National Fête, the 'puncher' was feeling patriotic and singing snatches of the 'Marseilles' interspersed with "It's a long, long road to Tipperary", 'beating' the time (in every sense of the word) on the patient's back! The redeeming feature of it was that the English words in her broad Savoyard accent were so indescribably funny, that it diverted one's attention from the 'beating'. Then one goes (if able) to the drying room of the establishment to cool off and recover, so far as possible before starting out. There are always several of the doctors about the bathing pavilion to encourage (or resuscitate) their patients.

It would seem as if all Aix, permanent and transient, adjourned

to the Place des Termes every morning at eleven o'clock to listen to the morning Concert, given by a fairly good orchestra. One day we were interested in watching a boy who loitered about the fence which surrounds the kiosk of the players as a protection from enthusiastic or indignant auditors. The youngster carried on his arm what appeared to be a life-preserver; we wondered what could be the need of that at Aix, but on nearer view, saw that it was a loaf of bread! Perhaps the baker was a wag who saw the fitness of such a form for his loaf, for after all, if bread is not a life-preserver, what is it? This recalls another boy, another loaf, in another town of France; it was about a yard long, and as large as the arm of the sturdy lad who carried it. One realized why bread had been called 'the staff of life', and this French boy, as he measured his loaf against his own height, appeared to contemplate putting it to use in its dual capacity.

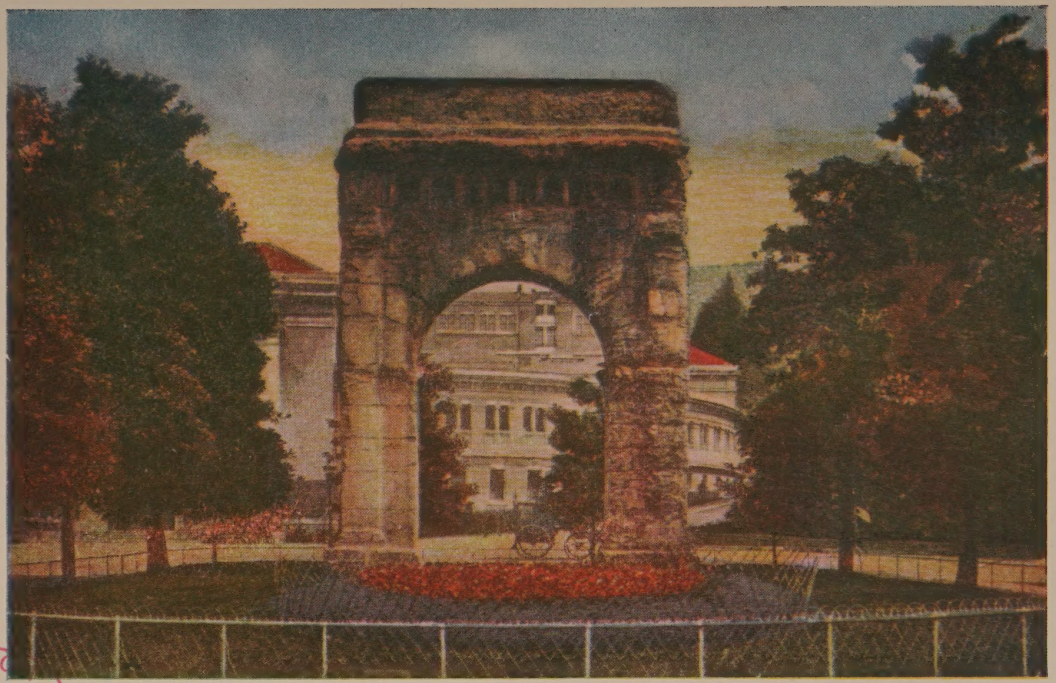
Aix is also a favorite resort for those seeking diversion rather than health. At the morning concert one may see the very latest modes, and it is doubtful if a more comprehensive and up-to-date style show may be found anywhere, and not only a women's, but a *men's* style show. Yesterday we saw 'a mere man' in a coat of brilliant King's blue, topped by a huge Lord Byron collar; others were wearing the 'loudest' of stripes and checks.

In the midst of all this exhibition of modern fashionable life, rises the Roman arch of Campanus as firm as it was in Cæsar's day; one may admire its graceful proportions, its architecture embracing the Doric and Ionic styles, read the inscription: L. POMPEIUS CAMPANUS VIVENS FECIT—(Lucius) Pompeius Campanus (living) made this (monument). Grey, grim, and accusing, it seems to rebuke the worldly throng which surrounds it,—as if to say: "Where were ye, who think yourselves so important, when first I rose on this green hill? Ye who strut about seeming to vie with the* peacock in pride and plumage! Ye *were* not! Where shall ye be a century hence when I shall still look down upon another group of worldlings like yourselves?"

There, too, are the kiosks at which the waters are served from the springs of St. Simon and of The Two Queens; some listen to the music of the orchestra, others chatter so loudly that they 'drown' it for those about them, but all sip 'the waters'.

One of the favorite excursions is across Lake Bourget, which inspired some of the most beautiful verses of Lamartine. It was here while at the Pension Perrier (since its acquisition by the government, 'Maison Lamartine), that the poet met the heroine whom he immortalized as Elvira. His room is preserved as it was when occupied by the poet. On the shore of Lake Bourget is the Abbey of Hautecombe, the burial place of the Princes of the House of Savoy,

*Let us remember that the peahen is shy and retiring, dresses quietly, and never tries to attract attention to herself.



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AIX-les-BAINS—L'Arc Romain.

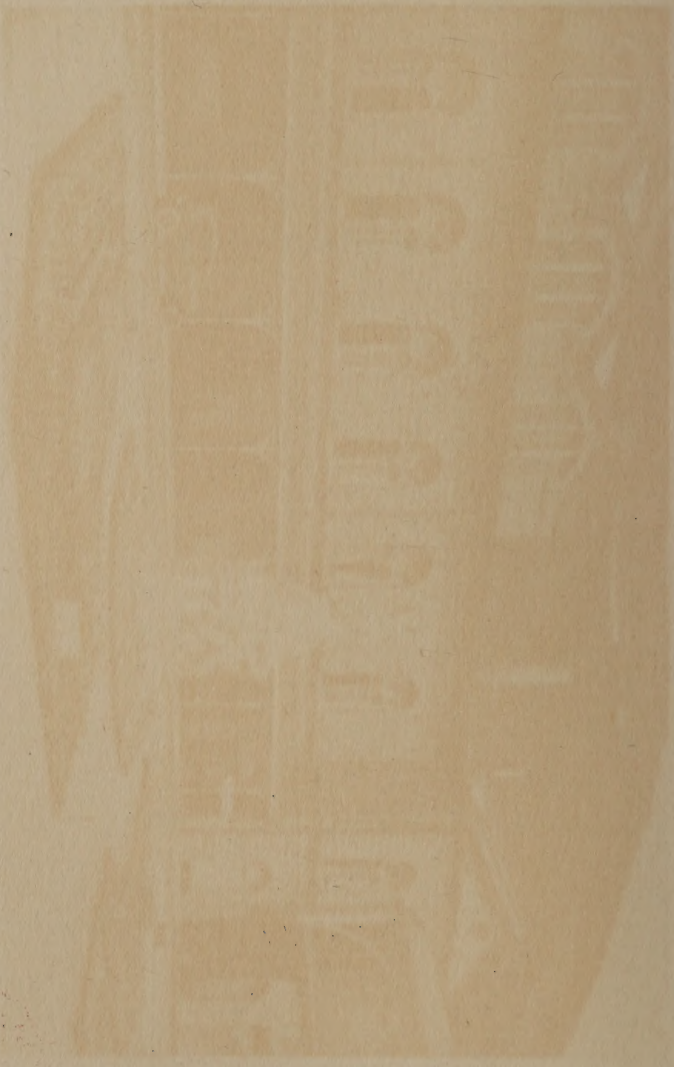
built in the 12th century by St. Bernard and placed under his special protection by Count Amadeus III.

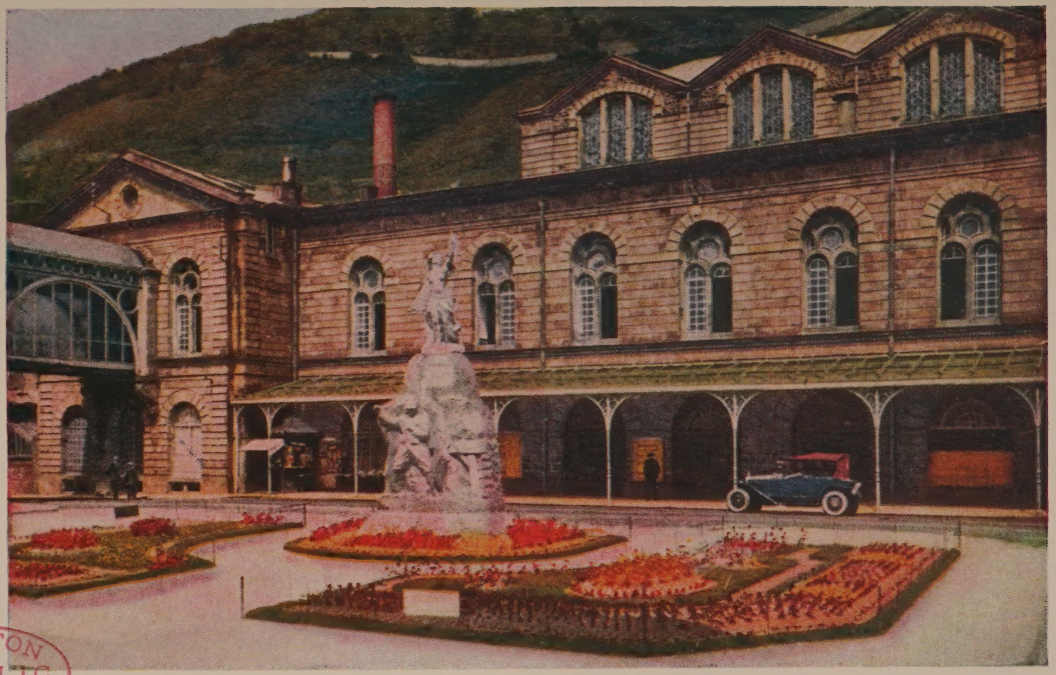
"O Temps suspens ton vol! et vous, heures propices,
Suspendez votre cours!
Laissez-nous savourer les rapides délices
Des plus beaux de nos jours."

—Lamartine.

* * *

LE MONT DORE





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LE MONT-DORE—The L'Etablissement Thermal.

LE MONT DORE.

Le Mont Dore, Auvergne, France.

Although this little mountain town of Mont Dore seems to be the Mecca for those who have any tendency to respiratory troubles, the latest census proves that a very large percentage of those who come, do so because of its equable climate and fine scenery. Its name and fame date from the Gallo-Roman period when its waters were utilized in the pursuit of health. Many Roman remains give evidence of the importance attributed to these baths by the ancients, and to the efficacy of their healing waters. After the fall of Rome, and the centuries of barbarism which followed, many such precious possessions were forgotten. Still neglected during the Middle Ages, these springs acquired some slight vogue toward the beginning of the 17th century, but it was not until about 1815, thanks to Dr. Michel Bertrand that they became so widely known, so that to-day Mont Dore ranks among the most important thermal stations in Europe.

No less than twelve hot springs flow directly from the volcanic rock to the interior of the Bathing Establishment at a temperature of 38 to 47 degrees. All the springs are impregnated with bi-carbonate, iron, arsenic, silica, and other medicinal substances. The waters used for drinking, are protected from all impurities of the atmosphere by glass cages, and one takes his libations directly as the waters issue from their springs, charged with the actively mineral and gaseous principles which make them really 'living waters'.

It seems possible that some day there may be need of a 'cure' for the disease called 'taking the cure' for there are those who go about from one resort to another, having all their organs (supposedly) tuned up, and by the time the last has been brought up to concert pitch, the first begins to 'flat' a little, another gets 'wheezy', a third is stiff or jerky,—and so they have recourse to the organ-tuner, and start the whole process over again. We learn that sometimes the 'organ' must be sent to the 'factory' where those known as 'facial', are taken apart, rebuilt, and re-constructed into practically 'a new instrument', sometimes with startling results! We wonder if there may not be cases in which 'the cure is worse than the disease'!

* * *

Physical suffering is coincident with the human race, for in the very dawn of history we find mention of Adam falling ill; and Job, his many sufferings and his patient endurance of them, has excited the admiration of the ages. It is equally certain that since Job's day, no subject has proved of such absorbing interest to us all as our own ailments, especially if we be among those who 'enjoy poor health.' As a theme, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale its in-

finite variety." Its popularity places our old standby, the weather, which furnishes the copy for so much conversation, away back in the discard. We recall the verandah of a summer hotel where 'organ recitals' were given every day; needless to say, the artists did not walk, swim, dance, or row, but they used to knit with speed and regularity when needles and tongues would run a merry race, and execute passages 'allegro con brio' and 'molto presto' with telling effect. These recitals were entirely 'voluntary' and we noticed that stops were little used; the favorite themes were surgical operations and illness of a grave or unusual character, and there were always several variations on the original air. A lady who had experienced an operation was a person of importance; she that could boast of two, was indeed 'a lady with a past' worth while; but the enviable person who had to her credit a larger number, was, of course, the heroine of the group. There was seldom any diminuendo until the sound of the luncheon bell brought the musicale to a finale until another day.

We conclude that our pains and aches are as important to others as they are to ourselves and we waylay our friends to recount our symptoms, even though they have troubles enough of their own, and weighty matters upon their shoulders. The story is told (and its truth vouched for) that once the Sage of Marshfield had a single day to spend in a western city where he had never before been, and at the request of several of its citizens, he set apart two hours before his departure, in order that those who wished might meet the great Webster, renowned orator and Defender of the Constitution. The long line of people entered the hotel parlor by one door, were presented by the Mayor, and passed out by another. Among the number came a little man, 'gotten up regardless' in the finest of broadcloth, a large expanse of shirtfront, a glossy beaver hat and gold-headed cane, who was introduced as "Mr. Simkins, one of our leading citizens and boat builders". Mr. Webster seemed visibly impressed by the splendor of Mr. Simkins' attire, and in his deep, sonorous voice said, "Mr. Simkins, I'm very glad to see you—I hope you are well." "Thank you, thir," said the leading citizen, "I am not very well—I wath tho unforthunate ath to take cold yethterday by thitting in a draught—Very unpleathant, Mithter Webthter, to have a cold,—but Mithis Thimkins thays if I thoak my feet to-night in thome hot water and take thomething hot to drink when I go to bed, that I'll get over it—I thertainly hope tho, for it givth me the headache and I can't thmell at all." Mr. Webster expressed a polite interest in Mr. Simkins' case and hoped that the simple treatment of Mrs. Simkins might prove efficacious, then turned calmly to greet the next citizen who, with some seven hundred others, was anxiously awaiting his turn.

Most of us are like Mr. Simkins, but occasionally one meets a beautiful exception: A working woman of New York had, for the greater part of her life yearned to view the charms of the French Capital; the rest of the world to her was of no account compared

with the fair city of her dreams; "see Paris and die" summed up her feelings, so she 'saved up' until at length came the happy day, and with high hope she sailed for the 'Promised Land'.

One day while walking on the deck, she slipped and broke one of her limbs; on the arrival of the boat, she was taken to a hospital in the suburbs; the money she intended to spend in seeing the wonders of the far-famed city, was used for expenses occasioned by her accident; as soon as she was able, she was taken aboard a boat returning home; she never saw the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, the Etoile, or the Rue de la Paix; her brief holiday was over, her savings gone, her portion only suffering and failure; but she *never complained,* even expressed gratitude that she was well enough to go home with her limb mended, and go to work again.

Another case was that of a poor lady paralyzed on one side who was further afflicted by falling and breaking her hip on 'the good side'; of course she was as helpless as an infant, but she used to say in a cheery voice, while sitting in her wheel-chair, "Aren't we fortunate though, to have this lovely garden to come to, to get the fresh air and see the flowers—*and everything?"* .....

As a shining example of patience, of hopefulness, and cheer, not only in physical suffering, but in disappointment, misfortune, sorrow, there comes the poignant memory of one whose life in word and in deed was one of devotion, of encouragement to others. Once when we had complained of not meeting with any particularly good luck as some 'sign' had promised, his answer was characteristic: "Well, not to have had any *bad* luck, is *good* luck!"—it seemed the very essence of an optimism that was never exhausted.

Without suffering life would lose half its zest,—'to suffer and be strong' is one of our noblest prerogatives; without illness we could not appreciate the blessing of health. We should never experience that happy state known as convalescence, when we are envied by both the sick and the well—by the sick because we are drawing near to our normal good health, "getting better and better every day"; and by the well, because we look (and probably feel) so comfortable, with our relatives and friends vieing with one another in bestowing attentions, visits, and all kinds of delicacies upon us, when our lightest wish is granted before it is fully expressed (if it is good for us) and we have nothing to do but rest and sleep and grow strong again. We recount with a kind of grim satisfaction all the troubles we have endured, forgetting the many others, and perhaps worse ones we have been spared, and the countless blessings we have received from a bountiful Providence. Things are seldom as bad as they *might* be; if we have any doubt of this truism, we should take a walk through the charity wards of a great hospital—and yet *there* is found optimism in plenty, and patience, hope, and gratitude—it is an object lesson one cannot forget.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is always bright and shining,
And so I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show their silver lining."

With every good wish, including the great gift of health, I remain
Always affectionately yours
M. A. O'R.

Vevey has a delightful location on the shore of Lake Geneva with the Alps of Valais in the background, the Dent du Midi rearing its rugged snow-clad heights, the Sugar-Loaf, and the peaks near the Great St. Bernard. The fine Promenade du Rivage forms a beautiful, sheltered walk with a double row of plane trees twining their slender branches thus forming a secure and refreshing shelter from the sun's heat. On the slopes of the mountains, nestling against the greet foothills lie the villages of Glion, Caux, and of Clarens, made memorable by Rousseau, and the house in which Byron lived in 1816 is marked by a tablet. About three miles distant is the Castle of Chillon, in which, according to some authorities, Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" was confined for a period of six years. The Duke of Savoy attacked Geneva, and Bonivard warmly espoused the cause of the people, thus drawing upon himself the anger of the Duke who promptly condemned him to prison: regaining his liberty, he again fell into the power of his old enemy who banished him to the gloomy dungeons of Chillon.

'Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonivard!—may none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God.'

The Venetian Fête on the Lake of Geneva is one of the interesting events of the season; boats, canoes, gondolas, decorated in fantastic design, illuminated with brilliant colored lights, pass in procession along the lake front, like a scene in fairyland. The trees bordering the promenade are festooned with electric bulbs in varying tints; the hotels are outlined and brilliantly illuminated, and the celebration closes with a generous display of fireworks.

Castle of Chillon.

THE GREAT CAPITAL

THE GREAT CAPITAL.
Letter to Mrs. W.

London, England,—

Dear Mrs. W.——,

"I am an old man and have had many troubles,—but most of them never happened". This soliloquy of the ancient came to mind as we sat in a comfortable easy-chair on the upper deck of a Channel steamer, with the freshening breeze blowing strong, and the white cliffs of Albion looming up in the distance; for here we were on that rough and restless stretch of water which we had so long dreaded to cross, and almost enjoying the experience. At times the breakers tossed their white caps high in the air, upon the deck, and into the life boat that hung from its davits beside us. The rain which had begun to fall, was blown with showers of spray in every direction, and our admiration was increased for the courage, skill, and power of our countrywoman who had conquered those towering waves.

The landing at Dover, the train to the station, and the great heart of London is reached at last. As our cab threads its way through the surging 'waves of humanity' and vehicles, we conclude that we have arrived in town on a circus day, for what else can mean those gaily-colored caravans passing through the streets? Just as we are anticipating the antics of the clowns in one ring, the feats of the acrobats in another, and the bare back lady rider (rather the lady bare back rider) plunging through hoops of fire in a third, with the mingled odor of peanuts and sawdust in the air, we find on drawing nearer that those bright-hued vehicles are the time-honored London busses in 'glad raiment', and that they do not contain leopards, lions, or tigers, but respectable citizens of both sexes and all ages. Scarlet is the foundation color, and every shade not in the bus itself, is represented in the advertisements which tell in glowing terms, of the excellence of certain articles of refreshment, chiefly of the liquid variety.

Chorus of Street Commisisoners:—

You brighten up the pots and pans
To make the cupboard neat;
We deck the way with busses gay
To brighten up the street.*

(Of course these brilliant hues harmonize particularly well with mist-grey.) A seat on top is the most desirable, and the very best

*A recent news item says that "Brighter taxicabs are being introduced in London. Among other improvements, they will have copper ashtrays, flower-holders, match-strikers, and mirrors."

place from which to see the city, and study human nature as it rolls along in a tide before you. Again we are reminded of the old man's musings on his borrowed troubles, and are convinced that the bad reputation of London's climate is greatly exaggerated. During our visit in October, in three weeks there was not one day *entirely stormy;* a little foggy or hazy on some mornings, but later clearing away into a glorious sunshine, when the sky seemed bluer and the grass greener than anywhere else on earth! A native was boasting somewhat of the greatness of "the Empire on which the sun never sets"—"and seldom rises", added the wag to whom the weather had been unkind. Undoubtedly it is at certain seasons most depressing, but judging from their attitude on earth, there are persons who would find fault in Heaven, and we can imagine such a one complaining that his crown was too heavy, or his harp out of tune!

Despite the dark or mottled effect of the soot on the buildings of London, there still surrounds them the aureola of romance and historical associations which centuries have bestowed, and make of the great capital, a Mecca for pilgrims from every land. From our window we look out on the Nelson Monument which commemorates the victory of that great soldier and saviour of his country, Lord Nelson, against the ambitious designs of Napoleon, and the combined armies of France and Spain. Refusing to have his wounds treated out of his turn before those of one of his soldiers, the hero died after delivering his last command: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Every evening when the roar of traffic is hushed in Trafalgar Square, we can hear the plashing of the water in the great fountains, and the chiming of the bells from St. Martin's in the Fields, the shrine built in honor of that glorious soldier whose ready charity prompted him to divide his cloak with his sword, and give the half of it to a beggar.

Among the interesting features of this great (and Grand) Hotel, are the little pages, and the air of importance they assume is sometimes amusing. One of them, on showing us to our room and seeing that it was not exactly what we wished, drew himself up about 'knee high to a grass-hopper', and throwing out his diminutive, brass-buttoned chest, took up the telephone, saying "This is Page calling from 341" (to the office); after a moment, turning to me, "Hif you'll come to the hoffice habout noon, H'I'll see hif H'I can't give you something better". When a stranger comes to call on a guest, instead of 'paging' in the usual manner, that is, going about through the parlors and lobbies calling out the name of the person wanted, they call, or rather 'chant' his room number, always to the same 'tune.' Certainly it is much more pleasant to hear, than shouting: "Mr. Schlagenheimerplatz!"—or "Mrs. MacMulliganson!"

One grows accustomed to the absence of H's from their proper places and their reappearance in new connections, and to the broad pronunciation of the E's, as if they were A's. On inquiring for a

certain office, we were directed to a supposed 'Barclay' street, but found it the more familiar 'Berkeley' street, and our wants supplied by a 'hable clark'. The joke of it is that it is infectious, and before you know it, you are directing your taxi man to drive you to Bernard street (which you call 'Barnard' street), or 'igh 'olborn!

There is much to see in London, and in a stay of moderate length, one may hope to visit only those great national monuments which stand out in bold relief and will hold their historical and human interest to the end of time.

Westminster Abbey, the burial-place of monarchs, is the national Hall of Fame where the 'unknown soldier' lies at rest with the great ones of the earth, a host of

> "Bards, heroes, sages, side by side
> Who darkened nations when they died."

The visitor may muse on the transitory character of worldly greatness, read the epitaphs and linger among the sculptured memorials of "rows of warriors and walks of kings." The Abbey was erected by the Saxon King Sebert (616) in honor of St. Peter, and a pious tradition* ascribed to St. Edward the Confessor (who mentions it in the Charter) tells us that on the evening preceding the day of consecration, St. Peter appeared attended by a great company of angels, glorious with heavenly light, and himself consecrated his holy temple. After the death of the pious King Sebert, the Church was neglected by the Saxons and desecrated by the Danes. From that time until Christianity was restored by St. Edward, the Abbey fell into ruin, but the devout monarch cleared away the débris, built a magnificent structure, confirmed all former endowments, granted the new Charter, and more ample powers and privileges.

Henry III added a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, but it was not until the reign of Henry VII that the present beautiful chapel was added and dedicated, like its predecessor, in honor of our Blessed Lady. From the death of Henry VII to the reign of William and Mary, no care was taken to repair or preserve the venerable edifice from the robberies of Henry VIII and the ravages of the Puritans. It was desecrated and despoiled during the Reformation, and its ancient beauty was to a great extent destroyed. Finally by Act of Parliament it was voted to restore the structure and add to it the two majestic towers, all the work of Sir Christopher Wren, the renowned architect.

Originally this 'old St. Peter's' had in connection with it, a 'minster' or monastery. Like so many other great and noble buildings, richly endowed by the liberality of former Kings, it was confiscated at the time of the Reformation. Queen Mary brought back the monks, but Elizabeth bestowed it on a Dean, restoring the order of things established by her father, the infamous Henry VIII. "Spaciousness and gloom", according to Irving, "there produce a

*Related also by Washington Irving.

profound and mysterious awe—we feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds and the earth with their renown."

St. Paul's Church, the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, completed in 1710, although pronounced "unspeakably grand and noble" by Nathaniel Hawthorne, lacks the mystery and poetry which one recognizes in most of the world's great cathedrals, without regard to religious beliefs. The original, or 'old St. Paul's' was built by the Christians during Roman occupation, replacing an old Pagan temple. The church suffered many vicissitudes and was confiscated at the time of the Reformation. Its lofty dome is flanked on either side by a campanile, one containing a fine peal of bells, the other, the largest single bell in England, weighing sixteen tons. The wrought iron gates, the wood carvings that beautify the great organ, and the massive monument to the Duke of Wellington, are among its main features. The memorial to Sir Christopher Wren, merely a line, is characteirstic: "Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice"—Reader, if you seek a monument, look around.

The present Dean of this noble church 'takes to task' a French critic who describes St. Paul's as 'grand, but without soul',—and 'some fanatics of the Catholic Revival' who have said that "it bears the mark of having been made into a Protestant church". If we may seek among inanimate objects that invisible, intangible, indefinable, but none the less real and immortal thing called 'soul', certainly it is in an old and venerable temple, the very object of which is to form the link between the Creator and His creatures, where saints have walked and wept and prayed, where their holy relics still repose, and over and above all, sanctified as the dwelling place of Christ Himself on earth: "My house is a house of prayer." "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them." But we seek in vain the soul of St. Paul's;—When the 'body' was dismembered, may not the 'soul' have taken its flight?

The Dean says "The chapels of St. Michæl, St. George, and St. Dunstan were erected to please James II who, as a 'Papist' had designs upon St. Paul's." In those unhappy times when destruction and confiscation, pillage and desecration were the order of the day with fanatical Puritans and minions of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, what a pity these had not been content with merely "having designs on St. Paul's", *then a Catholic church!* The first 'St. Paul's was built in honor of the great Apostle, Paul, as Westminster Abbey was the shrine of the first and greatest of Christ's Disciples, St. Peter; these were among the earliest works of the Christians in Britain.

Few visitors will miss seeing the Tower of London, with its showy display of crown jewels, its sinister memories of royal traitors and murdered princes. Is it any wonder that, according to tradition, the shades of Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey should haunt those grim chambers where they met such tragic deaths?

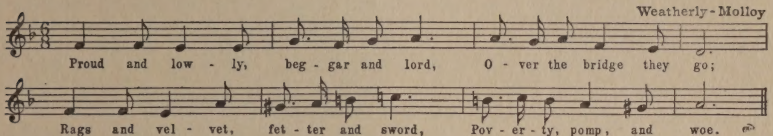
Westminster Cathedral is one of the most attractive of the later

Westminster Abbey.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

churches, with its quiet and dignified simplicity, its beautiful stained glass and mosaics, and its fine choral music in which the visitor is invited to take part, for he finds in his chair a card bearing both notes and words of the entire choral service. The venerable Cardinal Bourne ends the long line of ecclesiastics who form the procession to and from the sanctuary.

London Bridge should be crossed in order to realize the enormous amount of traffic which passes over it in the course of an ordinary week-day, and pedestrians of every condition of life:


Weatherly - Molloy
Proud and low - ly, beg - gar and lord, O - ver the bridge they go;
Rags and vel - vet, fet - ter and sword, Pov - er - ty, pomp, and woe.

London boasts Galleries among the best in the world. You may wander through the Tate Gallery, the National Collection of Modern British Art (both Paintings and Sculptures) and view the masterpieces of Watts, Burne-Jones, Landseer, Millais, and others; you may gaze with satisfaction and delight on the works of those famous masters, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Hogarth; but when you come out again into the open, you find a fairer picture than any limned by the artist's brush; the rich green of the foliage glorified by the afternoon sun, the roadways through the parks cool and sweet and beautiful, and farther out the hedgerows with their charm of color like gay ribbons through miles of meadow lands, and you ask yourself

"Who can paint like Nature? Can Imagination amidst her gay creation boast of hues like hers,—or can she mix them with such matchless skill, and lose them in each other, as appears in every bud that blows?"

There is the magnificence, the luxury, the vast extent of England's royal residences—Windsor Castle, the original estate presented by Edward the Confessor to the monks of Westminster Abbey, was extended and rebuilt by succeeding monarchs, restored by George IV and completed by Queen Victoria, until it became one of the most extensive royal residences in the world. St. George's Chapel (of the Knights of the Garter) richly adorned, contains many fine sculptures, and memorials of former rulers of Britain. The Albert Chapel was erected by Henry VII as his mausoleum, but on his preference of Westminster, this was given to Cardinal Wolsey for the same purpose. On the fall of that prelate from royal favor, it subsequently reverted to the Crown, and was beautified by King James II as a Catholic chapel. A wild and ungovernable mob during the religious strife destroyed and defaced the beautiful shrine,

and "Wolsey's Chapel" as it was called, remained long neglected. Finaliy Queen Victoria restored it as a memorial to her deceased husband, Prince Albert. A profusion of colored marbles, mosaics, sculpture, stained glass, precious stones and gilding, make it one of the richest of royal chapels. There is the Round Tower or Keep, formerly used as a prison, the State Apartments, Audience Chambers and Reception Halls, Ball Rooms and an apparently endless number of State Drawing Rooms, enriched by works of the greatest among the old masters, Oriental cabinets, Sèvres china, gold and silver plate, miniatures, and other objects of art.

Buckingham Palace, another sumptuous royal dwelling, contains the usual vast number of fine apartments, Drawing rooms, Throne Room, and an especially extensive picture gallery. This was a favorite palace of the late Queen Victoria.

Hampton Court Palace, though no longer a royal residence, is, or certainly was, one of the finest properties of the Crown. Situated beside the Thames, it affords a charming view of the river. The State Apartments of William and Mary contain some fine paintings. Other interesting features are the 16th century Kitchen, the famous Garden and Grape Vine. The Palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, that brilliant and ambitious churchman, the favorite of Henry VIII, and later presented by him, undoubtedly under pressure, to the King. It was occupied by Cromwell, the Stuarts, and monarchs down to George II, and is now inhabited by pensioners of the Crown. The Gallery is especially rich in paintings of the Venetian school, and possesses almost innumerable examples of the fine art of that age as well as of those which preceded it. One of the many interesting objects which attract attention, is just above the entrance to the Clock Court, Wolsey's armorial bearings, together with his motto, "Dominus mihi adjutor". When we think of his pitiable fall from the place and power he so greatly loved, and his inglorious end, we recall his words to Cromwell, springing from bitter experience:

"Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition! By that sin fell the angels—how can man then, the image of his Maker, hope to win by't?" . . . . . Had I served my God with half the zeal with which I served my King, He would not, in mine age, have left me naked to mine enemies!"—(Shakespeare).

When one has returned from a visit to this lordly Palace where the able and astute Cardinal ruled with sovereign dignity and sway, it is almost disconcerting to come upon great posters on an ugly board fence or wall, portraying the mighty Wolsey in his scarlet robes and mitre, giving testimony to the excellent wearing qualities of a certain make of underwear! In America where it is said the business of money-making takes precedence of every other consideration, in advertising schemes, so far as the writer knows, we

have made use of no mascot in the ecclesiastical order, higher than in 'Father John's Medicine.'

It is perhaps with the greater satisfaction we turn from the splendors of royal courts to the sweet simplicity and rural charm of such literary shrines as Stoke Pogis, and the haunts of Thomas Grey which inspired the immortal lines of the 'Elegy', those perfect cadences which tell in unmistakable language that "The paths of glory lead but to the grave". Once arrived at this, his chosen resting place in life and in death, there is no need to seek him in any particular spot, for the whole surroundings are eloquent of the gentle poet and the spirit of peace and exaltation which is expressed in his matchless verses.

The quaint and quiet little church, the crumbling tombstones that surround it, "the yew trees' shade", each adds to the reverence and solemnity one feels in this storied and sacred place, where is enshrined forever the memory of the poet, with his pure and honorable fame.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God."

* * *

Yes, there is much to see in London,—much to admire in the country and in the town; but there is also much to mourn; we mourn the morality of the England that was ruled by the knightly Alfred and the holy Edward, or that time when King John granted the Great Charter; we mourn that happy time (God grant it may return!) when all Britain was one in Faith, in ideals, in national aspirations, when not a poor-house existed in the land (nor was there need of one); when there were no prisons such as the modern 'work-house' to punish the 'crime' of poverty rather than to alleviate its distress; Dickens (in Oliver Twist) makes us acquainted with its pathetic misery, and since his day, time may have changed systems, but has not greatly improved conditions.

* * *

*All the way from London to Leamington, the New England pilgrim to the home of Shakspeare will be reminded of his native land, for the rural loveliness of the whole countryside, the prosperous farms with their herds of browsing cattle, might well be mistaken for a scene among the fertile fields of that Berkshire of the *New* World, or the green hills of Vermont.

Entering the old town of Warwick through its ancient Norman arch, one seems to be in an entirely different atmosphere, far removed by time and distance from the modern aspect of its neighbor,

*Printed in The Signet.

Leamington. To wander through the narrow, crooked streets, to muse among the crumbling, but yet majestic ruins of Kenilworth,—this is the best preparation for the visit to the shrine of the immortal poet. The calm and rustic beauty of the landscape on which his eyes must have often rested, the silence and peace now enfolding those lofty halls once vital with the pomp and pageantry of empire, the pride and passion of love and war,—to hear again in fancy the echoes of that haunting music to which beauty and chivalry stepped with stately tread, is to picture to one's self the very scenes and many of the actors in them, to which that magic pen has given life and realism as long as man and his love of literature shall endure. It is as if in passing through a churchyard and vestibule of a sacred edifice, the mind is awed by the solemnity of approach to the resting-place of some great and holy servant of God.

Warwick Castle, framed in its extensive park and lawns as soft and beautiful as green velvet, guarded by its great 14th century fortifications, is one of the most famous and stately castles in England. The spacious Hall in the wing still tenanted by some scion of the noble house, used as a living-room, is a veritable museum of the treasures of the centuries,—armor, tapestries, sculptures, paintings, the works of ancient and modern artists. Among the portraits, is that of the beautiful but loquacious Lady Brooke, Countess of Warwick, whom the late King Edward wittily called "The Babbling Brooke".

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"Melifluous Shakespeare whose enchanted quill
could move to mirth or passion."

Although the town of Stratford has grown to many times its size in Shakespeare's day and suffered many doubtful improvements, yet the main features which then gave it interest and charm, still remain. There flows the silver Avon murmuring on its way as he must have heard it through the many "grey days and gold" of his chequered career; there is the bridge that still spans it over which he must have often passed: the quaint old mill, moss-covered and drowsing in the sun; there stands the Red Horse Inn which he doubtless visited frequently with kindred convivial spirits, and which Washington Irving also, has made memorable of his own genius, as a New World champion and interpreter of Shakspeare. There is a little room called the 'Irving Parlor' in which the American essayist rested, and the chair in which he sat when visiting Stratford.

The house of the poet's birth is built of plaster with great cross beams. Through many years it was allowed to fall into decay, was divided and despoiled, but is now well cared for, and in excellent condition. It seems as if England failed to value the treasure she had in her keeping until the late P. T. Barnum, the enterprising

owner of "The Greatest Show on Earth," ever on the lookout for a 'drawing card' offered to buy the cottage and transport it to America; then the English people awoke from their lethargy, and in 1847 purchased it for the nation.

The home of Shakspeare has been made familiar to all the world through picture and print, so that nearly every pilgrim has a fairly correct idea of what he will see there in a material sense; but no pictured or printed page, no tongue or pen can describe the feeling of emotion, of veneration, of reverence, that comes over the visitor as he passes beneath the roof where dwelt the "mightiest mind—as vast and limitless in the power to comprehend as to express—that ever wore the garments of mortality."

Like most very old houses of England the ceiling is very low; the floor of flag-stones bears witness to the passing feet of multitudes; there is the chimney corner, where we may be sure the poet in his youth often sat, weaving into poetic scenes the fancies of his inexhaustible imagination. There is a letter from one Richard Quiney, whose son later married Shakspeare's daughter, asking for the loan of thirty pounds. On the wall is a fac-simile of the poet's 'last will and testament,' and in the corner by the fire-place an ancient armchair owned by the poet. As you climb the steep and well-worn stairway, you enter the birth chamber with its massive timbered walls, its little fire place and narrow-paned window; here the poet first saw the light, on April 23rd, 1564. In the next room is shown the Stratford Portrait, discovered to be such, years after it had been consigned to the rubbish heap. His desk in the Grammar School in High Street has been brought to this his birthplace, and we can imagine him as a boy "with shining morning face" puzzling over his daily task.

The Chapel of the Holy Guild dating back to the 13th century, was a Roman Catholic institution, founded under the Bishop of Worcester. There was a Hospital in connection with it in charge of Robert de Stratford. Later through new privileges granted to the Guild by Henry IV and endowments by faithful benefactors, this Grammar School was established in association with the Guild, and this school Shakspeare attended as a boy. (In the many lives of Shakspeare, little or nothing is said of his religion,—if little, it is such as to give a wrong impression,—so it is good to turn with confidence to the scholarly work of *Mme. Longworth (Countess) Chambrun, "Shakespeare—Acteur-Poète", (recently published by Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris) on which has been expended a prodigious amount of research as testified by unquestionable and almost innumerable references.)

"On the paternal as well as on the maternal side," says this author, "William came of good stock. John, his father, could trace his descent from three generations of freeholders, that is to say landed proprietors of which the gift had been granted by the

*Sister of Hon. Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House and husband of (former) Miss Alice Roosevelt.

Crown. The name of the family figures often in the register of the Confraternity of Knowle a pious foundation of the aristocracy of the county.

His grandaunt, Domina Isabelle, was Superior of the Convent near Wroxhall, a distinction reserved to persons of 'quality': "In 1596 John Shakspeare applied to the College of Heraldry for a gentleman's coat-of-arms, and after careful examination he was granted a blazonry with the device, "NON SANS DROICT". His wife, (the poet's mother) "belonged to one of the best families established in England since the Norman Conquest. She had brought as a dowry the fertile lands of Asbies, near Stratford, the rich pasturage of which would assure their owners a life free from want. The young woman had been brought up in the Catholic religion; her father, strict in the practise (of his religion) did not hesitate to treat as 'parvenu' the illustrious Duke of Leicester and to denounce the conduct of this favorite of the Queen. Four near relatives of Mary Arden*, of the branch of Park Hall, perished victims of their Catholic Faith under the reign of Elizabeth."

. . . . . "The first years of the union of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden were clouded by the loss of two daughters. However the birth of William—a healthy infant, taken three days after his entrance into the world to the baptismal font of the Holy Trinity, an old collegiate church,—was followed by a period of prosperity in which everything seemed to smile on the new household." . . . . . "Thanks to the archives of Stratford" adds Mme. Longworth Chambrun, "the civic functions of the father of the family, are known. John Shakespeare was for two years Treasurer of the County, then 'Syndic' of the Corporation of Woolmerchants, most important in this sheep-raising centre." By virtue of his office as bailiff, he assisted at the grand fêtes held at Kenilworth, organized by Leicester in honor of the Queen. To these young Will often came accompanied by his father.

Such splendors could not fail to impress the boy, then eleven years old, and the memory of them he gave to the world in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". As a boy he loved Nature and learned from her all her choicest secrets; he knew where to find the first violet and 'pale primrose' and when to listen for the lark's first note; he wandered among the great forests which surround Stratford; he talked with the shepherds and learned to know the world about him and its inhabitants, as few youths of his own or any other time.

Stratford was in those days a kind of intellectual centre, and there the future poet acquired an education far beyond what would be expected from a Grammar School of later years, including Latin, Greek, History, the best English Literature, for its masters were Bachelors of Oxford. "It is easy", says the author, "to realize the degree of culture which a pupil of this Grammar School should pos-

*The poet's mother.

sess, for we know the class books placed by this institution in the hands of its students, and passages by Seneca, Cicero, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace were there commented upon." . . . . . "Another influence has left deep traces in the works of Shakespeare. The Catholic element was important at Stratford. Several monks whose communities had been dispersed and priests obliged by the new statutes of Elizabeth to exercise their ministry secretly, lived in the neighborhood. One of these, William Lacy, a veritable St. Vincent de Paul, consecrated himself to the poor and gave them the benefit of his knowledge of medicine. His brother followed Shakespeare to London, where he became in his turn an actor. Among the near relatives of William, was an aunt (on his father's side) a religious of one of the dissolved communities; she was still living when her nephew was fourteen years of age."

"We must infer that Shakespeare knew how to profit by this contact with the religious element. His plays testify to a thorough acquaintance with things pertaining to the Church. His portraits, from the humble Franciscan in 'Romeo,' to the haughty Bishop of Carlisle in 'Richard II' and the proud Wolsey in 'Henry VIII,' are faultless. 'King John' contains the whole theory of the temporal sovereignty of Rome which the papal nuncio sustains with logic and àpropos." . . . . . "Shakespeare treats everywhere questions of doctrine, as a man to whom the Catholic point of view is no stranger; he gives as sufficient reason to explain a refinement of language unusual in a young shepherd: 'it is because I had an old uncle in the 'Orders', who occupied himself from time to time with my instruction'."

"Without doubt," continues the author, "the son of Mary Arden burned with indignation during those years when persecution seethed around him, and in the very bosom of his family." At fifteen the boy had to leave school to help support the household which seems to have fallen upon evil days. He was apprenticed to a butcher, presumably to balance the family debt, but this uncongenial employment lasted scarcely three years, when he was relieved of this duty by establishing a family of his own. On the 27th of November he married Anne Hathaway of Shottery, about seven years older than himself.

The thatched cottage one finds to-day practically as the fond lover saw it when he sauntered across the flower-decked pathway to visit the maiden of his choice. He must have been a fascinating lover; we learn that he had auburn hair and beard, hazel eyes with glints of gold, the 'sign' it is said, of genius, a gentle, affectionate disposition. His contemporary, Ben Johnson, says he was possessed of a fine nature, open and generous; and Aubrey describes him as "un homme beau et bien tourné avec une grande douceur dans ses manières." He wore a scarlet doublet buttoned high and close inside a loose, black gown without sleeves.

Guarded by great trees, embowered with roses and other climbing plants, with birds singing in the thatch, Anne Hathaway's cottage

seems an idyllic place for a poet's wooing, and in the lovely disorder of the old garden, every flower that poor, mad Ophelia names:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there pansies—that's for thoughts; there's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; there's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

They show you a settle in the ingle nook where we may be sure the poet and Anne often sat together, and in the attic is an oaken bedstead which had belonged to the young bride.

"Although it is known that authorization for the marriage was given by the Archbishop of Worcester, no mention is made where or by whom it was solemnized; this was by no means unusual at this period of the Reformation, when there was question of legalizing a marriage already secretly consecrated according to the Roman rite. "This explanation is the more admissible," says Madame Longworth Chambrun, "as the bonds between Shakespeare and the Catholics were numerous, and it is natural that he who died "papist", according to his first biographical notice, should have required a Catholic sanction to his marriage with Anne Hathaway. Besides at that time, the tragic events in which the family of his mother was concerned, (the branch of the Ardens of Park Hall), would have rendered perilous the official avowal of a ceremony presided over by a priest of the proscribed religion."

"Edward Arden, uncle of the poet and all his connections", says the author, "passed in the neighborhood for one of the most honorable families, practising, but without ostentation, the Catholic religion. This Edward Arden married his daughter to a young man, John Sommerville, less conciliating than himself. The wrongs to which the Catholics were subjected under the reign of Elizabeth, did not fail to exasperate him. Unable to control himself, he suddenly became demented, and determined to go to London to show the Queen her injustice. . . . . Arrested on the way, he was imprisoned and put in chains. "A Catholic plot", was the cry, and the unfortunate was strangled in his prison! Furthermore Sir Thomas Lucy in his position as Justice of the Peace, ordered the arrest of Edward Arden, his wife and daughter, and of the Jesuit John Hall whom he had harbored. The two men were put to death, the women to torture!" If, as is natural to think, Father Hall had blessed the marriage of Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway, it is easy to understand why the religious authorities would have kept silence concerning it, under the existing laws of Elizabeth.

About this time, with the restlessness and daring of youth, he incurred the displeasure of the local Justice, Sir Thomas Lucy, (whose title certainly seems a misnomer,) for venturing into the park of the magistrate; he is said to have shot a deer, a rabbit, or some supposedly 'protected' animal; for this, he was too severely punished, and took satisfaction by writing a ballad bristling with irony and ridicule, and fastened it to the gate of Charlecote, the home of

his persecutor.* The wrath of Sir Thomas was increased a hundred fold, and not content with having caused the arrest of the Ardens, of Sommerville and of Father John Hall, he proceeded to treat as "a Catholic plot" the indiscretions of the youth, and turn into a crime against the safety of the State, the offence of poaching!

So in disgust, and perhaps also somewhat in fear, the poet left Stratford to seek his fortune in the great city of London. At first he busied himself in menial tasks about the theatres, but soon gained a place of importance as author and actor. He secured an interest in two theatres in London, and after several years of continued writing and acting, at the age of thirty-three, he had acquired sufficient means to buy the fine manor at New Place, and settle his family in this comfortable homestead.

During all his years in the great city, Shakespeare never neglected or forgot the duties or the ties which bound him to Stratford, paying frequent visits to his early home. The extraordinary fertility of his brain is evidenced by the fact that in about twenty-five years he produced thirty-seven plays, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and two or more long poems. Finally he retired permanently to Stratford where he died on his fifty-second anniversary. His friends, Ben Jonson and Michæl Drayton had arrived, and he wished to show them all honor in his native town; after dining together, he and Drayton were taken violently ill; Drayton recovered, but the poet succumbed.

The first biographer of the great author reporting the event, adds "He died papist". Mme. Longworth Chambrun relates that she had access to a collection of manuscripts in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, written by a William Fulman, evidently an authority in his day. The one referring to Shakespeare, she studied minutely and had photographed the pages concerning the poet. This writer mentions works of Shakespeare published in London in 1598 and 1609. Then follows a brief biographical notice which closes with the words, "He died papist." It seems that Fulman, on the approach of death, begged his friend Reverend Richard Davies to complete his annotations, so in these manuscripts, two handwritings are noted, for what Fulman had left unfinished, Davies completed. Those three closing words which are in the handwriting of Davies, "far from weakening the validity of the testimony, strengthens it."

"Richard Davies, Archdeacon of Saperton, was a savant of repute and had a part in the historical works of Bishop Burnet on the Reformation; his good faith cannot be doubted. A zealous minister of the Anglican Church, and like Fulman, an inveterate enemy of the Papacy, he was considered as one of the best protagonists of

*Later the poet held Sir Thomas up to ridicule, for Justice Shallow (Henry IV and The Merry Wives of Windsor) is none other than a portrait of the vindictive Judge of Stratford.

the Episcopalian doctrine. Since he admits that the actor-poet died a Catholic, it is because this testimony seemed to him irrefutable, and not because he *wished* to believe it."

The evidence of Shakespeare's Catholicity as sustained by his contemporary, Davies, and more than three centuries later by Mme. Longworth Chambrun, should cause no surprise, for his parents were Catholic, as were the greater number of his friends, among them 'rare Ben Jonson'. Rather would it have been most unnatural for him to have adopted a religion which had brought persecution, sorrow, and death to relatives dear to him. Many passages in his works breathe of his religious views, and on more than one occasion he expressed his belief in the indissolubility of the marriage tie. His will portrays a truly reverent, Christian character.

> "I recommend my soul to God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing that by the sole merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, I shall be admitted to share immortal life. I give my body to the earth of which it is made."

Then follow the evidences of his tender solicitude for those he knew and loved. . . . . On that dark day when the kindly poet was borne to his last resting-place in Stratford church, we can imagine that the silvery waters of the Avon flowed silently and sadly on their way, that the birds had hushed their gladsome trilling in the Forest of Arden; and that the flowers, too, had drooped their lovely heads, mourning for the sorrow that had come upon the place they knew!

He lies in the chancel quite close to the altar of Holy Trinity Church, and above on the wall, the painted bust, acknowledged to be the best likeness of the poet, by Gerard Johnson of Amsterdam. With the presentiment that there might be some question of moving his remains, he penned those memorable lines which mark his grave and guard his rest—lines of mingled entreaty and imprecation which none may disregard:

> "Good frend for Jesvs sake forbeare
> To digg the dvst encloased heare;
> Bless be ye man yt spares thes stones
> And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

So there he sleeps undisturbed, in the old and venerable church of his youth, with the sweet winds blowing in from the lime trees, the song of the birds from the shelter of the grey, old tower, the fragrance of the primroses from the meadows beyond,—and over all, the sense of endless peace,—peace with the affection, the honor, the reverence of men, woven as a garland to lay at the shrine of immortal genius.

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'this was a man'."

Yours affectionately,
M. A. O'R.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND TOWN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY AND TOWN.

Letter to F. G. F.

Oxford, England.

Dear F.——,

With your personal experience of university life, it is certain that you found much of interest here in noting contrasts as well as resemblances, and in drawing a parallel between this historic foundation and the great institutions of learning in your own land.

OXFORD

"What did we seek in the days that are long gone by?
Friendship of heart with heart, and joy in the battle cry:
Service in Church and State, in our poverty toiling for bread;
Such was the life we lived in the days that are long since dead.

What did we seek in the days that but lately are past?
Service of God in His Church, if His Church could be found at last:
Rubbing of Creed with Creed till Truth should shine to the light.
Such were the dreams we dreamed in days newly passed into night.

What are the dreams we dream in the stress of the life of the hour?
Knowledge enlarging its span, and Thought's invincible power:
Freedom embracing the world and Authority bowed to the door:
And Wealth giving strenuous heed to the clamant prayer of the poor.

Oxford, thy sons will serve thee with love and with honour for aye:
Though we pass as the foam of the waves by the west wind hurried away:
Friendship and Service are true, and Knowledge and Worship abide.
God bring us all to His haven beyond the sundering tide!"

—Bernard W. Henderson (Exeter College)

With cities as with persons, much depends upon the circumstances of the meeting. Who that has stepped at evening into a graceful gondola bearing him along the dark waterways of Venice—, or has seen at early morning the sunlight gilding the terraced villas of Naples, that City of the Sirens, will question that our impressions vary with the manner of our approach? It was not our good fortune to look for the first time upon the fair city of Oxford from that favored view-point of Headington Hill, whence the travellers in old coaching days first caught sight of its towers, low lying in the sheltered valley at its feet,—nor yet by the old monastery of Abingdon as came those disciples of St. Francis to plant the seeds of their Order at St. Ebbe's. Our advent to Oxford was in the prosaic manner of a railway train and a station cab; but whatever was wanting to the beauty and romance of a distant view in coming thus abruptly upon the famed city on the "silver stream of Isis", was

more than compensated for, in having as guide our good friend Mrs. M. who had been a resident during the years when her boys were among the thousands of eager students who cluster about its venerable walls.

It was happily during the Long Vacation, when all the halls were silent and free from the bustle of college life, the 'quads' and the meadows beyond them were cool and green and restful, bathed in the sunshine of a perfect September day. Although we think of Oxford mostly as a great seat of learning, it has a dual character, for it is also an important county town, each part dependent in great measure upon its other self. Its interest for us, however, is more especially in the University. Although St. Augustine had already made his mission to England, it was a hundred years and more afterward that the community of nuns founded by St. Frideswide settled here on a height not far from Christ Church Meadows. Her father, an 'under-king' named Didan, built a little church, traces of which may still be seen in Christ Church Cathedral. Frideswide was young, beautiful, and pious withal, and wishing to devote her life to the service of God, had no time to waste upon the amorous young prince who so persistently sought her. We learn that she fled to Binsey and lived in the woods protected from all harm; how the prince was suddenly deprived of his sight when he attempted to take revenge by assault on the city; how the Saint returned to Oxford and founded her community. After a life of holiness emphasized by many miracles, she died and was buried in her church, and there in the Lady Chapel of Christ Church, we see the place of her rest. Here the Vice-Chancellor and the chief members of the University used to come twice a year in solemn procession "to pray, preach, and offer oblations at her shrine in the Mother Church of the University and town."

Although the foundation of Oxford University is sometimes attributed to Alfred the Great, it seems more likely that it arose, as equally reliable authorities aver, from the schools attached to the Convent established by St. Frideswide. Soon after the Saint's death, the nunnery was suppressed, and after long years the buildings were bestowed by Henry I on the Canons Regular of St. Augustine. The remains of St. Frideswide were twice removed, each time in order to give them a more honorable tomb. Before the Reformation, the shrine was an acknowledged place of sanctity, for many miracles were wrought through it, and devout pilgrims from many lands had visited it, among them Queen Katherine of Arragon. But ignorant and over-zealous Reformers objected to these evidences of faith and piety, the holy shrine was destroyed, and portions of its wall used for a common well!

Iconclasm at Oxford, not wholly material, but spiritual, was evidently in the mind of one of her own poets, Arthur Gray Butler of Oriel when he wrote:

OXFORD FROM SHOTOVER STILE

"Nothing remains but Beauty," he said and wearily sighing,
Sat upon Shotover stile, gazing on Oxford below,
Minaret-crowned St. Mary's, and Magdalen Tower, and Merton,
Far-off jewels of light, fringed with a circle of shade,
Set in the shining floods. Oh! not alone in the sunshine
Fair, yet fairer the faith, glory of men who believed,
Mother of noble works, which built them there in the foretime,
Dreaming of God; then woke, strong to a labour divine.
Strong with a magical skill, a noble army of builders,
Early afoot, with prayer carving their vision in stone,
Flower of the field, and lily, and leaf, and traceried window,
Endless vanishing lines, as when a forest is bare!
As when a forest is clothed, that arch! that forest of arches,
Mystical, echoing! Hark! Music of angels is there,
Melody Magdalen-chanted; afar it rose in the distance,
Bringing a prayer to the lip, bringing a tear to the eye,
Borne on the breeze, or fancied. We sate. The city illumined
Shone as a rose; night shades slowly beginning to fall.
Ah! what a vision was there! But then a vapour ascending
Rose over turret and spire, crept over College and Hall,
Death-white, all-enfolding. As when from marshy Maremma,
Rises a poisonous breath, ghastly—inhale it and die!
"Look! that is me," he whispered. "I had it once, I am certain,
Once I had faith. But now! Now there is mist over all."

The last and best shrine of the Saint is in the Lady Chapel as we see it to-day. Of the quadrangles, Tom Quad is the largest in Oxford, begun by Wolsey on a scale befitting the grandeur he planned for Cardinal's College. The vaulted Chamber with its lovely fan tracery and its single graceful column, is another survival of the beauty and splendor which was to have adorned this great College. History first mentions Oxford in 912 when it was fighting with the Danes, but was well protected by its own natural defences, the Thames, the Cherwell, and the marshy lands and rivulets which have since disappeared—but the ascendancy and the rule of the Danes is veiled in the mists of antiquity. It is interesting to read that in the time of Edward the Confessor, all barges passing down the Thames by the stream through the domain of the Abbey of Abbingdon, during Lent paid a tribute of a hundred herring to the cook of the establishment, and that the cook courteously passed five of them back to the barge man, together with a loaf of bread and a measure of ale.

One of the places of interest lost to posterity is Osney Abbey, destroyed by Henry VIII in 1546. When Dr. Johnson saw that great foundation laid low, with its splendid cloister, its oriel windows, its magnificent church, schools and libraries, the spacious dwellings in connection, all in ruins, he exclaimed, "Sir, to look upon them fills me with indignation." The great bells of the Abbey which once rang out to summon the faithful to prayer and praise, now from the spire of Christ Church call the indifferent schoolboy to his class room!

These are the famous bells pronounced the finest in all England in the days when bell founding was accredited high in the field of practical arts, and a fine bell was valued above a fine picture or statue. These bells were christened with an elaborate ceremonial by the names of Hautclerc, Douce, Clément, Austin, Marie, Gabriel et John.

From the time of the Norman Conquest the Jews made their presence felt in Oxford. They were long protected as a chattel of the King, and exempt from taxation, but they grew contemptuous and insolent, and Headlam tells us that in 1268, "as the customary procession of scholars and citizens were returning on Ascension Day from St. Frideswide's, a Jew suddenly burst from the group of his friends in front of the synagogue, and snatching the crucifix from its bearer, trod it under foot and stamped it in the dust! The King condemned the Jews of Oxford to make a heavy silver crucifix for the University to be carried in the processions, and to erect a cross of marble where the crime had been committed."

In those days charitable persons founded what were called "chests" for the education of the poor, a custom we might well imitate to-day,—(one of these was discovered during the restoration of the Cathedral) and from this means money was loaned to poor students *without interest* on security of books etc. Charity was thus able to compete with the usury of the Jews, who had to be restrained by law from charging *over 43%* on loans to scholars (1244). Finally they became so bold and so objectionable, that they were banished by King Edward.

The Degree of Master of Arts was bestowed at Oxford for the first time, as far as history relates, upon Edmund Rich, a lad of Abingdon who, during his early years at the University, filled with the eagerness of youth, vowed his life to study and to chastity. With the devout mysticism of St. Francis, he took the Blessed Virgin for his Bride, and we can imagine him at evening, when his studies were finished, kneeling before the statue of his Liege-lady, rapt in exaltation and prayer. On one occasion, in boyish impatience, he was hurrying out of the chapel before the service was ended to join the college games, when he was met at the door by an angel who bade him return, "and from that time", says Headlam, "his devotion grew more fervent." He used to say to his pupils, "So study as if you were to live forever; so live as if you were to die to-morrow." As a young teacher, wealth had no attraction for him, and the coins which students gave him, he often threw in the dust and they were gathered up by the chance passer-by. Edmund, in his intense love for study, found it difficult to root out his desire for secular learning, but one day during a lecture which he was giving on mathematics, his dead mother appeared to him, saying "My son, what are these strange diagrams thou studyest so intently?" and taking his right hand, she drew three circles in his palm in which she wrote the sacred names of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—"Be these thy diagrams henceforth, my son",—and the legend tells us that

he never more gave attention to secular study, and became, as we know, one of the great Saints of the Church.

Two of the nine friars sent to Britain in 1224 by St. Francis came to Oxford. The first foundation was in St. Ebbe's parish, but soon they were given land in what is now supposed to be Paradise Square, and the monks labored diligently, not disdaining the most menial tasks, to bring the work to completion. Later they secured better and more ample quarters, establishing a school at Oxford which made the Franciscans famous and drew scholars from all Europe. Among their pupils was Roger Bacon, a pioneer of scientific research. The necessary appliances for his studies gave rise to the absurd theory that he was in league with the Evil One, with whom he contrived a brazen head endowed with the power of speech, hence Brasenose (Brazen Nose) Hall. He later became a Franciscan friar. Although Henry the VIII scattered the friars, demolished or confiscated their foundations, the indelible mark left by the pious brotherhood on Oxford still remains. Through the Cistertians came the College of St. John; the Canterbury 'Quad' is reminiscent of the Benedictines of Canterbury; and Wadham is the successor of a school of the Augustinians. "We have seen", says Headlam, "how the foundation of Merton and therefore of Exeter and Oriel was directly due to the coming of the friars. And it is to their influence that yet another great and once beautiful college, beautiful no longer, but greater now and more famous than ever by virtue of the services in politics and letters of its successful alumni, owes its origin, for it was under the guidance of a Franciscan friar, one Richard de Slikeburne, that the widow of Sir John de Balliol carried out her husband's intention of placing upon a thoroughly organized footing his house for poor scholars."

The author already quoted gives an interesting picture (from the Quarterly Review) of mediæval Oxford and of daily life on 'the High' which he calls 'the most beautiful street in the world' (?)

"Here between the Churches of St. Martin and St. Mary, the life of this mediæval University town ebbed and flowed. In the narrow, ill-paved, dirty streets, streets that were mere winding passages, from which the light of day was almost excluded by the overhanging tops of the irregular houses, crowded a motley throng. The country folks filled the centre of the streets with their carts and strings of pack-horses; at the sides, standing beneath the signs of their calling, which projected from their houses, citizens in varied garb plied their trades, chaffering with the manciples, but always keeping their bow-strings taut, ready to promote a riot by pelting a scholar with offal from the butchers' stall, and prompt to draw their knives at a moment's notice.

To and fro among the stalls moved Jews in their yellow gabardines; black Benedictines and white Cistercians; Friars black, white, and grey; men-at-arms from the Castle, and flocks of lads who had entered some grammar school or religious house to pass the first stage of the University course. Here passed a group of ragged, gaunt, yellow-visaged sophisters, returning peacefully from

lectures to their inns, but with their daggers, as well as their leather pouches, at their waists. Here a knot of students, fantastically attired in many-coloured garments, whose tonsure was the only sign of their clerkly character, wearing beards, long hair, furred cloaks, and shoes chequered with red and green, paraded the thoroughfare, heated with wine from the feast of some determining bachelor. Here a line of servants carrying the books of scholars or doctors to the schools, or there a procession of colleagues escorting to the grave the body of some master, and bearing before the corpse a silver cross, threaded the throng. Here hurried a bachelor in his cape, a new master in his "pynsons" or heelless shoes, a scholar of Exeter in his black boots, a full-fledged master with his tunic closely fastened about the middle by a belt and wearing round his shoulders a black, sleeveless, close gown.

Here gleamed a mantle of crimson cloth, or the budge-edged hood of a doctor of law or of theology. And in the hubbub of voices which proceeded from this miscellaneous, parti-coloured mob, might be distinguished every accent, every language, and every dialect. For French, German, and Spanish students jostled in these streets against English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh; Kentish students mingled with those from Somersetshire or Yorkshire and the speech of each was quite unintelligible to the other."

St. Mary's Church has been for centuries the centre whence every important movement, especially theological, went forth sponsored by Wesley, Keble, Pusey, Newman. In mediæval days learning was highly honored and students assisted and encouraged in every way possible. Pope Innocent IV (1254) took under his protection the University of Oxford. Students were protected and given safe conduct from one university to another without passports, finding friends and countrymen whether they went to Bologna, Paris, or elsewhere. All persons of education spoke Latin, so that the student, no matter what his nationality, could converse with his fellows and understand the lectures, and was almost sure to find some of his own countrymen. Lest he should be cheated by shop-keepers, the selling price was set on every commodity, and rents fixed by an assessor appointed by the Chancellor, who had his authority from the Bishop of Lincoln.

During the Middle Ages the local authorities kept a strict surveillance not only over the behaviour of students, but townspeople, and made a brave effort toward promoting a proper standard of living within and without the University. Students who gave serious offence were fined or banished; a 'bootlegger' was unknown, and a dealer was condemned to the pillory if he sold 'poor stuff'. The methods in vogue to ensure decent living were suited to the times, and were evidently effective.

The University education was obtained by many poor but worthy students through the monasteries and charitable foundations, and then as now, wealthy patrons often bore the expense of a 'poor scholar;' other aspiring lads made their way through serving the

St. Mary's—Oxford.

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masters or wealthy students. Often two student friends not only shared a room and bed, but even a gown,—so that while both could sleep at the same time, only one could attend lecture in the common gown, while the other did his best with borrowed notes. Still others went about soliciting means to carry on their studies; finally this method became too popular and a license was given to a limited number. Discipline was strict, and punishment, even flogging, given for many small misdemeanors, that is to the under-graduate, if he played, laughed, or talked at lecture, or spoke English instead of Latin.*

Some of the monarchs took a special interest in Oxford among them Edward IV and Richard III. Henry VII made notable visits, being received with great pomp at Magdalen, and established there a living for two students; and for the especial benefit of the monks of Westminster Abbey, he endowed three scholarships in Divinity. Prince Arthur went at times to Oxford and stayed at Magdalen in the President's rooms. Tradition says that the singing in Magdalen Tower in the early morning of the first of May, is a survival of the Requiem Mass for the soul of Henry VII. Magdalen's graceful tower seems one of the fairest things in Oxford, illustrating simplicity in its lower stories and ornamentation in its belfry, all perfectly balanced in its exquisite proportions.

By the end of the Middle Ages, a great change had been wrought in the University,—nationalism had become a force to be reckoned with; languages other than Latin were studied and spoken, and the students of each nationality made a certain college their 'capitol' as it were, or second home. Learning was no longer considered as only for the poor who must make their living through it, but an education was quite as desirable for the 'idle rich' many of whom were ready to take advantage of the opportunities thus offered to them. Oxford became an arena of national and political thought, (as it had long been of religious), and was destined to become shortly, more 'involved' in the ebb and flow of continental life and progress. Even the seat of such a great University, however, had not yet learned proper sanitation, and so the plague, rheumatic fever, malaria, and the terrible 'sweating-sickness' made frequent and protracted visits. All kinds of refuse were simply thrown into the street or on the river banks where it had been accumulating for centuries, and one can imagine the evil smells that constantly arose, so that often the colleges were deserted and the townsfolk were loth to venture abroad night or day. There was some effort made and laws were enacted in the cause of more sanitary living, but every few years there was a pestilence of some sort which carried away hundreds of luckless inhabitants. In 1517 the King and Queen were driven by the plague in London to take refuge in Abingdon, during

*What memories this recalls of convent days, when one paused to report proudly, "Oui, Madame, j'ai parlé Francais tout le temps",—or with due hesitation. "Non, Madame, j'ai parlé quelques mots d'Anglais!"

which period Queen Katherine made a long desired visit to Oxford. Meanwhile Wolsey, the 'Boy Bachelor' who had taken his degree of A. B. at fifteen, had grown in power, in ambition, in importance, and it was he who had the honor of escorting Her Majesty about the University.

About 1523 a charter was granted to the University through Wolsey, greatly to the disadvantage of the Town, and from that time for more than twenty years, there was constant dissension between these two seats of authority. The University had more privileges and fewer obligations than the Town, a condition which created jealousy and recriminations. The citizens appealed to the King, and indeed the scholars were quite helpless without the good offices of the townspeople, and so the trouble grew until the Privy Council issued orders on both factions that eventually brought about a peace which, however, was unwillingly accepted.

It was about this time that Wolsey set on foot his plans for Cardinal's College, which was to surpass all others in magnitude, in grandeur, in its accomplishments for higher education. When only partly built, progress was arrested because of shortage of funds, and although the founder spent freely from his private purse, and many religious houses contributed to their limit, the expenses were too heavy to be borne. However, the portion finished was put to use; the great hall, unsurpassed in all Europe, became the rendezvous of scholars drawn from many countries. It was claimed that "these first introduced the taint of heresy to Oxford." Luther's doctrines began to bring forth their fruit, and although King Henry denounced these new evils, and all versions of the Scriptures without the approval of the Church, when there was question of his own selfish desires being thwarted, he was not so scrupulous. This champion of Holy Church who had won from Pope Leo X the title of Defender of the Faith, and a jewelled sword to commemorate the occasion, ignored the decision of the Vatican when he wished to divorce Katherine of Arragon whom, being his brother's widow, he was permitted to marry through a special dispensation. Henry had tired of his faithful Queen and would brook no interference with his plan to marry one of her maids, Anne Boleyn, on the absurd plea that his present union was unlawful; but not until Anne appeared at Court, did Henry's marriage with Queen Katherine "creep too near his conscience." Feeling was high in Oxford and sympathy with the Queen so strong and outspoken that the King's champions were stoned in the street, thirty women were imprisoned, other partisans had to be bought up by agents of the King sent to calm the people, and Anne was temporarily banished from Court.

The Papal Legates of England however, could not be bribed, nor could the powerful Wolsey obtain sanction to the divorce. Cranmer, a Cambridge man and Archbishop of Canterbury suggested that the Universities decide the all important question—(as if they *could* decide it—as if any or all the universities in Christendom

could reverse the decisions of the Church!) "Every learned man in Europe," says Headlam, "but for bribery or threats would have condemned Henry's case on its merits—but it was evident that the question would not be decided on its merits." Under heavy pressure the desired decree was extorted from Cambridge, but Oxford was not so easily managed, therefore the King thus warned them: "And in case ye do not uprightly according to divine learning handle yourselves herein, ye may be assured that we, not without great cause, shall so quickly and shortly look to your unnatural misdemeanor therein, that it shall not be to your quietness and ease hereafter." Threats and bribes prevailed; Cranmer, presuming to reverse the decision of the Church, finally pronounced the marriage with Katherine null and void—a dictum fraught with disastrous consequences to countless individuals besides the wronged Queen, of whom Shakespeare, through the Duke of Norfolk, pronounces this eulogy:

> "A loss of her
> That like a jewel has hung for twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre.
> Of her that loves him with that excellence
> That angels love good men with; even of her
> That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
> Will bless the King."

Rolfe says of the wicked manœuvres of the King: "He sent special messengers to Rome with secret instructions: they were required to discover whether, if the Queen would enter a religious life, if the King might have the Pope's dispensation to marry again: and whether, if the King, (for the better inducing the Queen thereto) would enter himself into a religious life, the Pope would dispense with the King's vow, and leave *her* there"—(as if any religious Order *could* accept him under such conditions!) And at the trial his hypocrisy! —"I dare to say my lords, that for her womanhood, wisdom, nobility, and gentleness never prince had such another wife, and therefore if I would willingly change her, I were not wise!"

It became known that while his case was pending, Henry secretly married Anne Boleyn who, with the inconstancy of her sex, had sympathized with Katherine and declared "It is a pity would move a monster",—and in regard to seeking honor through marriage above one's station, had wisely declared—

> "'Tis better to be lowly born
> And range with simple livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
> And wear a golden sorrow."

The decree of divorce automatically set at nought the authority of the Church as far as Henry and his followers were concerned; the Act of Supremacy followed, Henry setting up his own will as supreme. For denying this supremacy, Bishop Fisher and Sir

Thomas More were executed. Because Wolsey had failed to legalize the divorce, everything that had been his was confiscated—lands, offices, plate, tapestries, Cardinal's College at Ipswich, his residence at York Place, which was renamed Whitehall; Cardinal's College at Oxford became 'King Henry VIII's College at Oxford'; the Abbey of Osney (already mentioned) and the rich properties of St. Frideswide, the Church becoming henceforth 'The Cathedral Church of Christ'. The once powerful Cardinal Archbishop of York declared,

> "My robe
> And my integrity to heaven, is all
> I dare now call mine own."

Wolsey retired to Leicester Abbey (founded by the Earl of Leicester in 1145, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary); riding on a mule, accompanied by only one servant and arriving at night, "where at his coming in at the gates, the abbot with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches . . . . . and with great reverence,—to whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you'."

Says Edmund Campion of him, "An advancer of learning, stout in every quarrel, never happy 'till his overthrow; wherein he showed such moderation, and ended so perfectly, that the hour of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed." He died at the Abbey and was attended to the grave by the Abbot and all his brethren, buried by torchlight between four and five o'clock on the morning of St. Andrew's Day, November 30, 1530.

"Monasteries were closed and poor students sent a-begging." The town suffered as well as the University; the plague followed other misfortunes; instead of profitable study, religious controversy occupied the students who 'protested' against lawful authority. The colleges were admittedly in a bad way, for many of the masters who had opposed the Reformation left Oxford; others were banished and Calvinists put in their places. At this time "Their (the commissioners') fanaticism", says Headlam, "was of the deplorably iconoclastic sort; the ancient libraries were rifled; many manuscripts, guilty of no other superstition *than red letters in their titles* were condemned to the fire! Treatises on scholastic divinity were let loose from their chains (in the libraries) and given away or sold to mechanics for servile uses, while those wherein *angles or mathematical* diagrams appeared, were destroyed because accounted *Popish* or *diabolical* or both!" The beautifully embossed and illuminated books of the monasteries were sold to the grocers to wrap up their soap (!) and sent as waste "by shiploads to bookbinders abroad 'to the wondering of foreign nations'."

From wall and window the order had gone forth giving sanction to the popular movement, every picture, every image commemorating saint or apostle or prophet was to be extirpated . . . . Everywhere the statues crashed from their niches, rood and rood-loft were

laid low and the sunlight stared in, white and stainless on the whitened aisles. At Magdalen, the high altar and various images and paintings were destroyed, the organ burnt and the vestments sold. At Christ Church, the dean and chapter decided that all altars, statues, images, tabernacles, missals and other 'matters of superstition and idolatry' (!) should be removed out of the Cathedral, and the other colleges and churches followed this example. The magnificent reredos in the chapel of All Souls, (of which the present work is a conjectural restoration) was smashed; most of the stained glass there was broken and the altars removed together with 'the thing they call an organ'." Such was the wretched and stupid destruction among the first works of the Reformers.

The new religion enforced by imprisonment and death, as might have been expected, brought about a Reaction, which, under Queen Mary's despotic rule had its own sorrows and cruelties, among them, those of the so-called Oxford Martyrs. On the death of Mary, Elizabeth made an early visit to Oxford. Her favorite, the Earl of Leicester was made Chancellor, and his arbitrary rulings had a most disastrous influence on the University. For example, as a means of excluding Catholics and 'saving the University from Romanism,' every student over sixteen, upon his matriculation was obliged to accept the 'Thirty-nine Articles' and the 'Royal Supremacy.' By this means the University, instead of being patronized by students from all Europe, was reduced to a mere Church of England institution.

Henry VIII had been kindly and tolerant compared with his daughter Elizabeth; Catholics were persecuted relentlessly and the number of 'Oxford Martyrs' greatly augmented,—but what better could have been expected of a queen with the handicap of such parentage? The pitiful mystery of Amy Robsart, wife of Leicester, the Queen's favorite, was never 'officially' solved, but the general opinion was that she suffered death because she stood in the way of Leicester's ambition.

One notable event characterized this period,—that was the establishment of the Bodleian Library, (about 1597-8). King James contributed books from the royal book shelves, the authors of the day gave copies of their latest productions, and the collection, opened about 1603, became one of the most valuable, not only of books, but other treasures, curios, and objects of art in Europe. Temperance was a virtue greatly endangered in those days; the 'Prohibition' laws forbade the students to "sit idly, drink, or use any unlawful play." But again, as in later times and other lands, drunkenness increased and further laws, equally fruitless, were enacted. Another restriction was that long hair must not be worn (!) it being the distinguishing feature of a pirate rather than a poet,—of a swaggerer more often than a scholar.*

*Old Dr. Kettell of Trinity was said to have carried about a pair of scissors in his muff, with which he used to snip off the long locks of his scholars, sometimes using a bread knife on the buttery hatch.

Although the civil war was over, it had left Oxford in a state of utter demoralization; the University seemed to be almost forgotten as a famous seat of learning, and looked upon rather as a battle-ground of religious fanaticism and political strife; students ceased to come, the halls were deserted and the quadrangles overgrown with grass and weeds. Accredited visitors, scholars from Cambridge, endeavored to restore discipline. Finally came the Restoration, Puritanism became unpopular, letters and science received more attention. Students began however, to have more freedom, kept horses and dogs and lived like 'society' men of the world, not too particular about their manners or morals.

Again the plague broke out in London* and King Charles and the Court took refuge in Oxford, the students had to make way for the courtiers, Parliament sat but was dissolved in a week.

> "We scholars were expelled awhile to let the Senators in,
> But they behaved themselves so ill that we returned again."

So sang the rhyming wag of the day.

The accession of James II was hailed with joy; there was an energetic attempt to restore order, proper living, and the authority of the Church, but there was constant wrangling between Jacobites, Whigs, and Tories, and little was accomplished in the cause of real learning. In the 18th century religion and scholarship dwindled; fellowships were bought and sold; examinations for a degree were a farce; for the rest,—

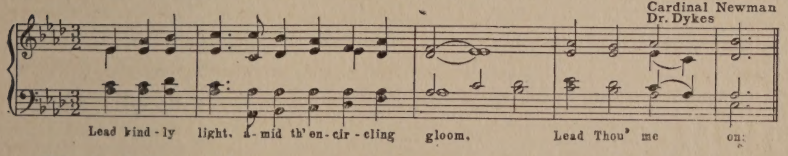
'It was the age of periwigs and patches, of coffee-houses and ale, of wine and common rooms, of pipes and news-letters, of a University copying the manners of London and Bath in Merton College Gardens or the race-course of Woodstock. Bucks and Bloods were succeeded by the Smarts', who seem to have had little time for serious study. Early rising had long been a fixed habit, and although it was deemed no disgrace to be assisted to bed, it was quite unpardonable to remain there after seven. "But the Smart's breakfast was scarce over by ten; a few notes on the flute, a glance at the last French comedy, and in academic undress he is strolling to Lyne's coffee-house. There he indites a stanza to the reigning Sylvia of the town; then saunters for a turn in the park or under Merton wall, while the dull regulars, as Amherst has it, are at dinner in hall according to statute. Dinner in his rooms and an hour devoted to the elaborate business of dress, and the Smart is ready to sally forth in silk-lined coat with laced ruffles at wrist and breast, red stockings and red-topped Spanish leather shoes, and laced hat or square cap most rakishly cocked. So emerging from his rooms, with tripping gait and jaunty dangle of his clouded amber-headed cane, he is about to pay a visit to the coffee-house or parade before the windows of a Toast . . . . . He drinks a dram of citron at Hamilton's and saunters off at last to chapel to show how genteelly

*1665.

he dresses and how well he can chaunt. Next he takes a dish of tea with some fair charmer, with whom he discusses, with an infinite nicety of phrase, whether any wears finer lace or handsomer tie-wigs than Jack Flutter, cuts a bolder dash than Tom Paroquet, or plays ombre better than Valentine Frippery. Thereafter he escorts her to Magdalen walks, to Merton or Paradise gardens; sups and ends the day, loud in song, at the Mitre."

Oxford has had the dignity of a House of Parliament thrust upon it—when London was ravaged by the plague; it has known the gayety and gallantry of Court life when its groves were enlivened by fair ladies and brave knights; it has been torn by civil war—when a military coat replaced the academical gown; when the musket or pike was carried instead of books; when students took their places digging trenches or raising earthworks; it has known the hardships of siege, and witnessed the struggles between Royalists and Parliamentarians; the smiling face of Cherwell has been disfigured by breastworks; and the silvery voice of Isis lost in the tramp of marching feet.

But better times were already on the way, in University and in Town; the University, by the Honours System, opened its doors to the Empire and to the world; making the college courses more efficient, new foundations added through the benefactions of Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Baring, and others. A period of poetic stimulus blossomed in the lyrics of Shelley, Landor, Swinburne; the deeper and more serious Muse of Clough, Keble, Arnold, and the Tractarian Movement. Spirituality came into its own again through such leaders of thought as John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman; when men like Hurrell Froude counselled a return to what was best in the old order of things, 'protesting' against the Protestantism of the Anglican Church; when Newman prayed for Light and followed its leading to Rome.



We had lingered among the haunts of great and learned men; paced the lofty corridors which have echoed the footfalls of courtiers and of kings; traversed the 'green, natural, cloister' of Addison's Walk; rambled along 'the High', and followed 'the stream-like windings of that glorious street,' dined at 'the Mitre' where oft there was the sound of revelry by night,' recalled that rhyme without reason anent the learned, pious, masterful, but withal unpopular Dean Fell,—

"I do not like thee Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell—
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee Doctor Fell."

In this brief rèsumé, great days and deeds of Oxford are passed over, which might call forth the name and fame of scholar and of saint; memories of those who sacrificed their birthright 'to hang on princes' favors'; who bartered their hope of Heaven to stand in the high places of earth; their pride of life—the pity of their death—And musing thus we made our way back to London town.

L'ENVOI: TO OXFORD

Farewell! for whether we be young or old,
Thou dost remain but we shall pass away;
Time shall against himself thy house uphold,
And build thy sanctuary from decay;
Children unborn shall be thy pride and stay.
May earth protect thee and thy sons be true,
And God with heavenly food thy life renew,
Thy pleasure and thy grave from day to day.
—Robert Bridges.

For you and the dear family I beg the fulfilment of Cardinal Newman's beautiful prayer—

"May He support us all the day long, till the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done; then in His mercy, may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest, and peace at the last, Amen."

Always affectionately yours
M. A. O'R.

THE CITY OF PALMS

THE CITY OF PALMS.

Letter to Mrs. M'P.

Bordighera, Italy—

Dear Mrs. M'P.——

You and Miss A. are such inveterate travellers, that quite likely you have visited this portion of 'bell' 'Italia' and are familiar with its many charms. However, the Italian Riviera is not so well known as that of France, but it is endowed with all the natural gifts which make the Côte d'Azur the most frequented winter resort in the world. There is the same blue, cloudless sky, the same bluer waters of the Mediterranean below; there are the snow-capped mountains, and the white-crested waves of that same mysterious sea; the same cool winding ways through the groves of silvery olives, the wooded slopes of the hills, the curve of the pebbly beach; the same, and yet different,—for Nature is more at ease, more left 'to follow her own sweet will',—less encroached upon by the hand of man and his 'modern improvements' in the form of showy villas, huge, and sometimes inartistic hostelries.

It is a happy fortune which finds the traveller on Palm Sunday in Bordighera, the beautiful "City of Palms." "It is Palestine brought back to us," said Charles Garnier, the great architect of the Paris Opera, whose personality is so closely associated with the place, and whose memory is a precious heritage. On this day of all the year, who cannot see amid the waving palms, the figure of our Saviour as He rode triumphant into Jerusalem?

And the olive, does it not remind us of that 'Mount' which met His eyes when He trod the thorny way of His Passion? Does it not recall that symbol of peace which the dove bore afar to the Ark of Noah?

Until recent years Bordighera was a small and unimportant village on the Ligurian coast. History ascribes its foundation to St. Ampeglio, an anchorite who, fleeing from the desert of Thebaid, chanced to land in the year 411, at the spot which now bears his name, where his eloquent preaching attracted attention. There he followed the trade of a smith, and the humble, little Oratory on the rocky coast still holds in memory the holy man who there lived,

labored and died. Bordighera fittingly adopted St. Ampeglio as its patron Saint, and every year his feast is observed with great solemnity on May 14th. The town has had a troubled past, having been controlled by Genoa, Ventimiglia, siezed by Napoleon and made a part of the Maritime Alps, annexed to Sardinia, and with it, became in 1860, part of the present Kingdom of Italy. As in nearly all Italian cities, the old part, or Città Vecchia, is the most interesting. It rises high above the Capo, and the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen dates back to the 17th century and forms the centre of the Town while the oratory of St. Bartholomew is even more ancient. Behind the church is the great fountain from which the women may be seen carrying water through the narrow cobbled streets, arched over at short intervals. The view from this height is of exceeding beauty,—to the east, the lofty Monte Nero and the village of Coldirodi; lower down, the white villas of Ospidaletti; the Bay of San Remo and the town, topped by its terraced gardens with innumerable lofty palms; below, the sea "smooth as a mirror, rich with every tint that glistens on the neck of a dove." To the west Ventimiglia, Mentone, Monte Carlo, Turbia, and the coast of France, and in very clear weather, the snowy summits of Corsica are plainly visible.

But in whatever direction the eyes may turn, they are greeted by the graceful palms which, however, are not cultivated entirely for their beauty, but also for their mercantile value. Tradition grants to St. Ampeglio the introduction of the palm into his adopted country. An enormous quantity of branches are sent during Passion Week to all Catholic countries, and especially to Rome, to be used in the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. But it was to the family Bresca, of the neighboring town of San Remo, that was given the privilege of furnishing the palms to the Vatican Palace and the Roman Basilicas, and thus the cultivation of them extended to Bordighera which later supplied San Remo itself, where villas had replaced the palm groves. This honorable privilege was bestowed in recompense for a great service rendered Pope Sixtus V in 1581, the story of which we translate in part from the novel "Il Dottor Antonio" by Ruffini. The great obelisk which now stands in the Piazza before St. Peter's in Rome, was at that time half buried in the earth near the sacristy of the old church. Many former popes had considered erecting it in a more worthy position, but the difficulty of the task always discouraged them. Pope Sixtus, however, determined to accomplish what his predecessors had only thought of, giving the work in charge of a great architect, Domenico Fontana, with the promise of lending his own assistance as far as possible.

Its removal from its place and its erection where it now stands, was an extremely difficult operation, for the shaft weighs nearly a million Roman pounds, and is 132 feet in height. 800 men, 150 horses, and 56 gigantic cranes were required for the work, which was superintended by Fontana. The obelisk was exorcised, for it

had been a pagan idol, and formally dedicated to the Cross, the great work being preceded by a solemn High Mass in the Basilica, at which the Pope gave his blessing to Fontana and his assistants.

Mechanics had not then reached the power and perfection of later days, but nevertheless the great monolith was successfully lifted out of the earth and transported to the place it was to occupy; the more difficult and delicate portion of the operation, however was yet to be done, that of erecting on its base the stupendous mole. When all was in readiness, Fontana begged the Pope to fix a day which promised to be a memorable one in Rome. The Pope set the day and agreed to honor the ceremony with his presence. "One thing", said Fontana, "troubles me greatly. If the noise of the enormous crowd assembled, should confuse the workmen or prevent them from following my slightest order, I could not be responsible for the result." "Never fear", added the Pope, "I'll attend to that"—and forthwith issued an edict that anyone speaking aloud during the raising of the obelisk, would be punished with death. This proclamation with the great seal of the Pope was affixed to the walls of Rome.

On the day appointed, the engineer, after having made his Confession, received Holy Communion and the Blessing of the Pope, mounted the high platform whence he was to direct the great work. His orders were to be transmitted by means of bells, and bannerets of various colors which would be understood by the workmen beyond the sound of his voice. The Piazza was thronged with people come to witness the unusual spectacle, "and this innumerable multitude" says Ruffini, "by the will of one man, as immovable and silent as if instead of living beings, it was composed of statues." Pope Sixtus from his high seat gazed upon the vast assemblage so mute before him.

Finally the signal is given;—the cranes commence to manœuvre, the pulleys to revolve, the cables and the ropes to strain and creak. Up,—up, the granite monster slowly rises; the engineer waves his bannerets,—the Pope bends forward—the thousands and thousands below hold their breath—, one minute more and the immense shaft will be upright! At that moment is heard a frightful creaking! The obelisk remains immovable for an instant—, then sinks a few inches —the cables will no longer support the enormous weight!—The Pope scowls! All Rome grows pale—Fontana loses his presence of mind. . . . . "Aqua! Aqua! cries out a voice, "Aqua alle funi"! "Water! Water! Water on the ropes! (Wet the ropes!) Fontana obeys the happy suggestion—water is thrown on the ropes —the cables shrink—the workmen set to their task again with renewed energy. Finally the majestic shaft stands erect before the admiring multitude,—a new and glorious proof of human daring and of human genius. He whose timely intervention met with such success, was named Bresca, of San Remo, captain of a merchantman who, in the course of his life, had had some similar experience with his vessel's rigging.

Because of the Pope's stern attitude toward offenders, there was much speculation as to what would be the fate of Bresca. The Swiss Guards escorted him before the Pope who received him courteously, promising to grant him any favor he might ask. The worthy captain asked above all, the Pope's blessing, and then the privilege for himself and his descendants, of furnishing annually the palm for the Palace. The request was immediately granted by a papal brief which bestowed also on Bresca, the grade of Captain in the Papal Guards, the right to wear the uniform and to fly the papal flag above his vessel. This Papal Brief is still in possession of the Bresca family, and the privilege of supplying the palms remains with them to this day.

Gournerie in 'Rome Chrétienne' says, 'Sixte-Quint s'applaudissait, du succès, comme de l'œuvre la plus gigantesque des temps modernes; des médailles furent frappées; Fontana fut crée noble romain, chevalier de l'Eperon d'or, et reçut une gratification de 5000 écus, indépendamment des materiaux qui avaient servi a l'entreprise, et dont la valeur s'élevait a 20,000 écus (108,000 fr.); enfin des poèmes, dans toutes les langues, sur ce nouveau triomphe de la croix, furent addressés aux différents souverains de l'Europe.'

In order to prepare the Roman palm for its high purpose, it must undergo a special treatment. The branches are tied up so as to exclude light and air, thus keeping them a beautiful creamy white. This is done during July, and they are untied only in March of the following year in time for them to be sent to the Roman churches. The trees suffer greatly from the process, so they are always given an alternate year of rest during which they regain their lost vitality. A different variety of palm called the Jewish, smaller and more pointed, is similarly treated but not bleached so white; this is used for the Jewish rites and transported in large quantities to Germany, Russia, and Austria. The finest palms are, of course, those which have never been deprived of the saving influences of light and air. The olives with their gray-green foliage rising in terraced ranks along the mountainside, form one of the principal sources of income (as well as of beauty) among the villages of this region.

A favorite pilgrimage from Bordighera, especially for those who have enjoyed the delightful novel of Ruffini, "Il Dottor Antonio", is to his native town of Taggia.

It is a rough, but not too long, stretch of road to Castellaro, which has often suggested to Taggia that it put its portion of the road in order, to which, invariably, this reply is received: "Taggia has no need to go to Castellaro; no more has Castellaro to come to Taggia; Taggia then, will repair the road at its own convenience." But the good people of Castellaro needed no urging to build the road to the little mountain shrine of Lampedusa and keep it in excellent condition, for it leads to the chapel of their beloved Madonna. "The 'Castellaresi' who built this road with the 'sweat of their brow'," says Ruffini, "show it with pride, and they have

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Palms Bound Up to Bleach them for Palm Sunday.

reason. They tell with infinite satisfaction how every stone of the pavement was carried from the seashore by mules(by those who had them), and by those who had none, *on their own shoulders;* how all, gentlefolk and peasants, young and old, ladies and children, worked day and night with no other encouragement than the love of their Madonna."

This is the story of the miraculous picture as attested by two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other in Italian verse, found on the wall of the little chapel: Andrea Anfossa, a seaman and native of Castellaro, was one day captured and wounded by Turks, then carried to Lampedusa, but managed to escape and hide himself until the Turkish vessel had left the island. Then he set out to build himself a boat in which he could reach his native land. In this he succeeded beyond his hopes, but was at a loss what to do for a sail. Being a resourceful man, he conceived the idea of making use of a picture of the Madonna which he took from its frame in the church where it had hung above the altar. Far from being offended at Andrea's boldness, the Madonna sent him an extraordinarily prosperous journey. Arriving in his native land, in a burst of gratitude he offered his holy sail for the veneration of the faithful, who at once started to build a chapel in which to house their treasure. But it seems that Madonna was in this instance, especially contrary as to her choice of a dwelling-place, for every morning without fail, the picture was found back where the chapel now stands; sentinels were posted at the doors during the night, and the whole village kept watch at the entrance, but without effect; notwithstanding the strictest surveillance, Madonna made her way back to the preferred site. Then the devout people, respecting the preference shown so unmistakably by their holy Patroness, began the work with ardor and built the beautiful chapel we see to-day, with rooms for pilgrims etc., many embelishments being added from time to time.

If the Castellaresi are devoted to their Madonna, she is infinitely more solicitous for *their* welfare. In proof of this is the story of the holy old Capuchin hermit, sacristan of the Sanctuary, which we give in his own words (translated). "One evening, when the picture was still in the parish church, another server and myself had just substituted for the fourteen candles which burned before it all day, the fourteen oil lamps which were lighted for the night, and started to go away when, all at once the lights began to dance up and down!"—Look!—said I to the other man."

"—Yes,—said he, trembling. Scarcely were the words spoken, when the lights began again leaping up and down." . . . . . "The Madonna is giving us a signal", said I to my companion, "that there is something here not as it should be." "So we began to look about, searching under the pews, everywhere. I, to tell the truth, thought that there were thieves in the church, because, you know, we had there ten beautiful lamps of silver. I looked and looked again, but found nothing and was about to go, when the lights began to dance more than ever! We began again to search, and

what do you suppose we found at last?—We found a little child of seven years, sound asleep under the balustrade of one of the smaller altars," added the hermit. "Imagine if the poor child awoke in the middle of the night alone! He would surely die of fright. The Madonna would not allow it, and gave us a signal; by her holy intervention that innocent creature was saved from certain death." Is it any wonder that the faithful people have named their Madonna, "Nostra Signora della Guardia"?

Sasso, a fortified town of the Middle Ages—Vallebona,—Seborga, the seat of a once famous monastery founded by the Benedictine monks of Lérins in Provence, are within easy distance from Bordighera; from Perinaldo there is a beautiful view of the distant sea on one side. and the mountains on the other,—this is the birthplace of the great astronomers Cassini and Maraldi. Many other picturesque old towns such as Vallecrosa (deep valley), and Dolceaqua (sweet water), with its ruined castle, tell of the former glories of the powerful Dorias.

With grateful remembrances to you both

Very cordially yours

M. A. O'R.

AVIGNON

AVIGNON.

Letter to P. W.

Avignon, Provence—France.

Dear P.——,

After your departure for 'Merrie England', and other good friends had heard the call of 'Home, sweet Home' in other lands, Bordighera seemed to lose much of its early charm, so that it was good to be in Avignon with its intriguing history of ancient days, especially under papal rule. This quaint old city of Provence had its birth upon the *Rocher des Doms. Its exceptional situation above the river Rhône which surrounds it on three sides, makes it a natural fortress easily defended and therefore inhabited from the earliest antiquity. The ancient author Strabo says that in the 2nd century B. C., it was one of the principal settlements of the region. Marseilles had commercial relations with it, and soon the city took on an importance all its own, and grew rapidly in extent.

Under Emperor Hadrian it became a Roman city. According to a well-founded legend, it was St. Martha of Bethany that brought Christianity to Avignon and a statue of the XVth century in her honor is shown in the Musée Calvet. There was outside the walls a little group of Christians, followers of a priest named Ruf, and it is highly probable that in the IVth century there was a church where the cathedral now stands.

There followed the Merovingian period and the sack of the city by Charles Martel. Overrun by the Saracens, it took three centuries to recover peace and prosperity. Notre Dame des Doms was rebuilt, also other new churches and the Abbey of St. Ruf. The artistic life had a genuine Renaissance in the peace of the cloisters, and the nobles or chevaliers and the prud'hommes, enriched by commerce and industry, formed a real aristocracy.

In the XIIth century, Avignon was a Commune, and became so powerful that it believed itself able to resist the authority of the King of France and the Church, but "Pride goes before a fall". In 1226 the King, Louis VIII accompanied by the Papal Legate and a large army descended the valley of the Rhone; the Commune refused them entrance, but after a three months' siege, they were reduced to submission and the King of France became master of the city (1226). The Papal Legate who made terms with the rebellious Avignonais, was the celebrated Cardinal Saint Ange. The damage wrought by the siege was in part repaired, but peace and prosperity were of short duration. Avignon belonged now to Charles of Anjou and Alphonse de Poitiers, Counts respectively of Provence and Toulouse. These two brothers abolished the Commune, and reduced

*Rock of the Bishop's house.

the city to a strict and humble subjection. Alphonse died and finally the King of France became ruler of Avignon.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux, Bertrand de Got, elected Pope at Perugia in 1305, took the name of Clement V, and was the first successor of Peter to dwell in Avignon. Italy was then torn by rival political factions and the Pope found refuge in the little city of Provence which belonged to a faithful vassal of the Holy See. After a reign of about nine years, he died suddenly at Roquemarre in April, 1314. The Conclave at Lyons in 1316 elected Jacques d'Euse, Cardinal of Porto, who took the name of John XXII. He was an old man, but energetic, and set about making many reforms. As he had been Archbishop of Avignon, he adapted himself quite naturally to a residence in the city where he had reigned over the Church for eighteen years.

It was the following Pope, Benedict XII (1334-1342) who decided to erect a durable papal residence at Avignon, and the great Palace of the Popes was commenced by this pontiff. Benedict was a great reformer, and occupied himself in placing religious houses and every charge within his jurisdiction on a firm basis. A former Cisterican monk, he lead a simple and austere life. His successor, Clement VI (1342-1352) was, on the contrary, a 'grand seigneur', elegant and fastidious. On great occasions he gave splendid fêtes, and built the most beautiful parts of the Papal Palace. He acted as intermediary between the Kings of France and England, and the war was suspended; but his reign, otherwise so brilliant, was saddened by the frightful pest known os the 'Black Death' in 1348 when Avignon lost half its inhabitants.

The succeeding Pope, Innocent VI (1352-1362) was as simple in his tastes and zealous in his ecclesiastical duties as Benedict XII. His pontificate was greatly disturbed by the violence of armed bands of raiders who finally consented to retire on the payment of huge sums contributed by the Pope and the people. This difficulty was no sooner overcome than unfortunate Avignon was desolated by a new and terrible plague. Under Urban V (1362-1370), a Pope full of zeal and piety, the question of returning to Italy was discussed—Avignon became less and less secure.

In 1365 Du Guesclin with an army of 'routiers' camped at Villeneuve, and this time the Pope had to pay an enormous ransom, reckoned by one chronicler at 200,000 gold florins! But it was the apostolic zeal of the Pope and his desire to uphold the traditions of the Church, that finally brought about his decision, and the departure from Avignon took place April 30th, 1367. Arriving in Italy, the Pope found the country disturbed and seditious. After three years he set out for the return to Avignon where he died three months later. Notwithstanding the experience of his predecessor, Gregory XI (1370-1378) realized that the Papacy should be restored to its traditional See in Rome—but he hesitated to carry out his design until St. Catherine of Siena, who went to Avignon in June 1376 to strengthen him in his purpose, succeeded in influencing him

to return to Rome. The Pontiff temporized in the hope of restoring peace between France and England, but finally left Avignon, September 13, 1376.

During the residence of the Popes in Avignon, the city grew in population and importance, and notwithstanding the Plague, churches and hospitals increased in numbers. The great Palace of the Popes, called by Froissart "the most beautiful and the strongest house in the world", was built by Benedict XII and Clement VI. The nobles followed the movement for rebuilding, the Prince of Orange had his palace there, Queen Jeanne, Countess of Provence had hers. This was a most prosperous age for the city of Avignon; the Churches of St. Catherine and St. Martial were built, and that of the Celestins', which had among its founders King Charles VI of France and his brother, the Duke of Orleans. Sculptors and painters followed the architects, some of them celebrated in their day. Fine furniture, tapestries, and glass were in demand and employed a great number of artisans.

The Papal Court was maintained with dignity and eclat. There were on certain occasions, the great religious processions which were carried out with ecclesiastical splendor. One of the picturesque ceremonies was the bestowing of 'The Golden Rose' on a reigning Prince. There were the coronations and funerals of Popes, receptions to sovereigns and ambassadors. Every nation paid homage to the Holy Father,—Kings, Emperors, the envoys of the Khan of the Tartars! In 1389 came the King of France—the streets were spread with sand for the great procession, the buildings illuminated—even the bridge—with tallow candles! At other times the streets were dark and silent save here and there the votive offering of a candle before the shrine of some beloved Saint. After the curfew rang from the belfry of Notre Dame, to go out was neither easy nor prudent.

In the Middle Ages it had become the custom to isolate the great edifices, but now fine palaces arose in the midst of humble dwellings on narrow crooked streets. These were the conditions which surrounded the Papal Palace instead of the great open square we see to-day. The markets were in the open air in covered galleries called loggias. The streets resembled the bazaars of Oriental cities, and do to a certain extent even now. Avignon had a University in 1303 with the faculties of Theology, Arts, Medicine, and Law, and colleges were founded for poor students.

The name of Petrarch (1304-1374) is inseparable from that of the Papacy of Avignon. When only ten years of age his family was among those proscribed during one of the frequent revolutions in Florence. Since the Pope had taken up his residence in Avignon, the city was encumbered with strangers, and the future poet and his family could find no lodgings within it, so the exiles settled in Carpentras where they remained four years. The presence of the Papal Court made of the city an intellectual centre of the greatest importance, for the Popes protected writers and loved books; they

had already a considerable library installed in the Tour des Anges (in the Palace) and were constantly adding to it. The cardinals and prelates were learned men and Petrarch was naturally attracted to them, forming a lasting friendship with the two cardinals of the noble house of Colonna and others. It was in Avignon that took place the crowning event of his poetical career. On April 6th, 1327 in the church of the Religious of St. Clare he saw for the first time, the famous Laura whom he sings in his 'Canzoniere':

Era il giorno ch'al sol si scoloraro
Per la pietà del suo fattore i rai,
Quando i'fui preso, e non me ne guardai,
Che i be'vostr'occhi, donna, mi legaro.
Tempo non mi parea da far riparo
Contr' a' colpi d'Amor: pero mandai
Secur, senza sospetto; onde i miei guai
Nel commune dolor s'incominciaro.
Trovommi Amor del tutto disarmato,
Et aperta la via per gli occhi al core,
Che di lagrime son fatti uscio e varco.
Pero, al mio parer, non li fu onore
Ferir me de sætta in quello stato,
A voi armata non monstrar pur l'arco.

The fateful meeting took place evidently on Good Friday—love distracted the poet from religion—religion from love.

In 1337 Petrarch abandoned Avignon which he now found sad, uncongenial, and disturbing, and took refuge in the beautiful solitudes of Vaucluse; he finally returned to Italy in 1353 and died at Arqua in 1374. Great poet, indefatigable searcher into ancient manuscripts, historian, scholar, and the first of the humanists and initiators of modern thought.

After the departure of the Popes, several Cardinals remained, and the hope was long cherished that the Pontiffs might return, and with them, the peace and prosperity which had reigned in Avignon in former years. One of the Popes had the Palace restored, his successor promised to visit his faithful people, and later still in the troubled state of Italy, other Pontiffs turned their eyes longingly toward Avignon as to a refuge. The people still hoped, and even in the sales of property, it was stated that in case of the return of the Popes, the price would be increased. It was long before the people gave up hope. Finally the floating population which followed the Holy Father, left Avignon; decimated also by the plague, the city was said to be "dépeuplée et déformée". Through the wise rule of Julian de la Rovere (afterward Julius II) as papal legate, many political troubles and changes in government, Avignon regained and retained its character as a cosmopolitan city, a city of refuge, and above and beyond these, an ever growing centre of moral life, art, and learning. Beautiful buildings, churches and chapels were erected; old ones, among them the Palace of the Popes, restored; painters and sculptors employed; and this the Gothic period, was one of the most prosperous in the history of Avignon. There were

religious wars during the rule of Cardinal d'Armagnac, but with the return of peace, the artistic life took a new impetus.

The King, Henry II, sojourned nearly a month at Avignon, during this time, taking part in a procession of the Order of Penitents; this was a great event and remains still memorable in the annals of the city. The celebrated and able Cardinal d'Armagnac made many reforms for the benefit of the people; among them he forbade the sort of building which deprives the dwellings of light and air. In the course of the 18th century, a great number of artists and artisans were attracted to the city; this period marks the commerce in silk and tobacco, printing and book-binding, manufacture of colored fabrics and playing cards; streets were broadened, paved and lighted,—in a word, Avignon became a modern city. From the end of the 16th century, the Papal States were ruled by a vice-legate, among whom was the famous Cardinal Mazarin.

French sovereigns had long been casting envious eyes on Avignon, and honored it with royal visits,—Marie de Medicis, Louis XIII and Louis XIV were received in state; the inhabitants were given broader privileges and a 'temporary reunion' was made with France; finally in 1791 it was voted to become an integral part of the French Empire. During the World War, Avignon lost more than a thousand of her sons,—"morts pour la patrie."

The Palace of the Popes is a very imposing edifice. Its exterior is that of a fortress-austere, but grandiose even in its simplicity. Designed by French architects, it was built almost entirely during the pontificates of Benedict XII (1334-1342), and of Clement VI (1342-1352). During the Revolution the Palace served as a prison and as headquarters for troops. Since 1906 it is classed as a historical monument. The principal façade is ornamented with the coat of arms of Clement VI. Within the vestibule is now the 'conciergerie', the ancient 'Guards' Hall'. The frescoes, painted during the period when Cardinal Barberini was Legate, as representative of his uncle, Pope Urban VIII, shows among the blazonry of the family, the famous Barberini bees. The Court of Honor, great and small Audience Chambers, the Grand Staircase, the window from which, on great feast-days such as Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday, the Holy Father used to bestow Benediction on the people; the Pontifical Chapel of Clement VI where took place the solemn ceremonies of the Roman Court; the Guardaroba, Towers, Halls, the Tour des Anges which served as the sleeping chamber of several Popes, Bureaux de la Chambre Apostolique; Gallery of Conclave, Hall of Consistory, Chapels of St. Martial and of St. John, the Oriental Gallery of the Cloister, at present containing departmental archives,—these are a few of the many apartments, halls, courts, towers, in this great Palace, some of which contain the remains of ancient decorations in fresco and in marble.

The visitor must not omit a visit to the ancient cathedral of Notre-Dame des Doms (built in the middle of the XIth century), with its fine paintings and sculptures. "It is probable," says Girard,

"that there was, from the IVth century, on the site of the present cathedral, a basilica, near which the bishop had established his dwelling and that of his clerics. From this neighborhood Notre-Dame des Doms takes its name (de domo episcopali)."

The famous Roches des Doms which was so long the guardian and fortress of the city in times of attack, is now a beautiful public garden from which one may enjoy a fine view of the lovely valley of the Rhône. The Calvet Museum has a varied collection of antiques,—Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan; sculpture and paintings, ancient and modern,—sarcophagi, carved wood, artistic articles in iron and bronze, armor, medals, and many other objects of historical interest. The Library of the Calvet Museum (which is also that of the city) has about one hundred and eighty thousand volumes, and a great number of precious manuscripts, many of which are decorated with ancient and beautiful miniatures, among them the Psalter of Marshal Boucicaut, the Missal of Pope Urban V in which his portrait is repeated several times, the series of Missals of Cardinal d'Armagnac, the Bible of Pope Clement VII, Tracts by St. Thomas Aquinas (XIII-XIV century,) and very many other religious and historical treasures.

The ancient Hotel des Monnaies, built during the period when Cardinal Borghese was Papal-legate, forms a marked contrast to the Papal Palace opposite. The dragons and eagles which decorate the façade of the Hotel are a part of the coat of arms of the Pope Paul V and his nephew, the Legate.

The Chapel of the Black Penitents of Mercy, a confraternity founded in 1586 to assist prisoners and aliens, has its façade decorated with a 'glory' in the centre of which is the emblem of the association, the head of St. John the Baptist in a basin borne by angels. St. Peter's Church has wonderful Renaissance portals in carved wood, and choir-stalls equally fine. The Pénitents Gris now have their chapel on the site of the former Chapel of the Holy Cross where the King, Louis VIII in 1226 joined in the procession and devotions of the monks. In the old Eglise des Cordeliers (where now stands St. Joseph's School) is the tomb identified as that of Petrarch's Laura. In 1533 it was shown to the King Francis I, who had it opened and there he deposited the famous verses:

En petit lieu comprins vous povez veoir
Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée.
Plume, labeur, la langue et le sçavoir
Furent vaincus par l'aimant et l'aymée.

O gentille âme! estant tant estimée,
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant,
Car la parole est toujours reprimée,
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.
—(Provençal)

AVIGNON

The Bridge of St. Bénézet, one of the prominent and beautiful landmarks of Avignon (1117 to 1185) formerly had twenty-two arches of which only four now remain, the others having been carried away by the tide. On the second pier is built the Chapel of St. Nicholas. The Ramparts of Avignon called by Viollet-le-Duc "the most beautiful under the sun of France", were built under Popes Innocent VI and Urban V. Of most imposing appearance, they have no less than eleven great water-gates, of which seven are of modern construction.

Hoping to see you soon in 'London town' and with pleasant memories of Bordighera (and Elmhurst) days, I remain

Always affectionately yours

M. A. O'R.

ST. JEANNE D'ARC

STE. JEANNE D'ARC.

Letter to Rev. Mother G.

Paris, May 8th.

Dear Mother G.——

All Paris, and doubtless all France, is en fête to-day to honor the sweet, young, soldier-saint and heroine of her country, Jeanne d'Arc. In the Rue de Rivoli, before the church of St. Augustine, in Notre Dame, everywhere the statues of the Blessed Maid of Orleans are enshrined and almost hidden in a wealth of fragrant flowers, the offering of the people to her who saved her country and theirs, at the cost of her life. Civil and religious observances mark the day, the country's best and bravest marching to the patriotic strains of fife and drum, with banners beautiful with the Lily of France. The venerable Archbishop of Paris reverently offers a wreath in memory of her who has been raised to the altars of Holy Church, and historic Notre Dame, its sombre walls gay with bannerets of blue and white, resounds with prayer and práise to her who was called a 'sorceress'. It is the old cruel, tragic story of scorn, ridicule, accusation, betrayal, ignomony, and death. She, the simple little peasant girl of Domremy, who was called, (as so often happens) to be the instrument of God to deliver her country; she who heard the 'voices', understood and obeyed. It was not some great warrior, rich in deeds of valor and renown, but a young and untried girl, scarcely more than a child, but with a stout heart and a heroic soul.

It seems especially fitting that Jeanne should have come into the world on the Eve of Epiphany, (January 6th, 1412) for was not her short, but marvellous life, and cruel martyrdom a 'manifestation of faith' among the most sublime in all history? We first see her a happy child with her little playmates singing, dancing, (though we read that she sang more than she danced), then sitting down to eat their little cakes and wild strawberries under the Fairy Tree; they brought cool water from the Currant Spring and when the simple feast was finished, they twined garlands of flowers which they hung from the lower branches 'for the fairies,' though sometimes they placed them in the village church on our Lady's altar. The 'Fairy Tree', a great towering, but friendly beech, was so called because, according to tradition, the lord of the great castle of Bourlemont, whose ruined towers they could see afar, had been known to walk beneath it with a lovely lady named 'Fairy.' The Tree was a favorite rendezvous of older folk as well as of the children, and we are told that on Ascension Eve, the Harvest ceremonies, the blessing of the fields, and the chanting used to take place beneath its spreading branches.

It was a garden of delight to little Jeanne, looking away to the

drowsy valley of the Meuse, and there, we may well believe, she dreamed of fair ladies sending forth their knights on a holy quest of romantic and glorious deeds for God and for France. At such times she forgot her friends and the little, childish games, and dwelt apart where none could follow her. "Often when we were at play, "says one of her companions, "she drew apart and spoke to God." She loved the message of the bells, coaxing the sexton to ring them louder and better, promising him some wool from her sheep, and her round cakes called 'moons', for a reward. She loved the poor and often gave up her bed to a beggar.

France had been for a hundred years in the toils of war with England, and the children knew that their young King was a wanderer, disowned and deserted by his mother and by his friends, and that he had never received the crown which was lawfully his. It was soon after the disastrous defeat of the French at Verneuil, that Jeanne learned of the great work she was to do. The little maid was about thirteen when she first heard 'the Voices.' We can imagine her waiting at noon for her father and brothers to come home from the fields, for about midday a great light came to her from the direction of the church, and "a worthy Voice told her to be a good child and God would help her to rescue the King, and spoke of "the pity that was of the Kingdom of France." Jeanne was at first frightened, but soon the Voices became more frequent, and she understood that they were Blessed Spirits, St. Michæl being the leader of the angelic host; others who counselled and comforted her, were St. Catherine and St. Margaret.

During more than four years the Voices spoke often to her, and she came to know that it was not a thing to talk about but 'kept all these things in her heart', yet her father dreamed she had said that she would go with the soldiers, and was greatly angered at the mere thought of such an unwarranted act. Jeanne was now sixteen, "belle et bien formée"—fair and well-formed—and we may see her in fancy, clad with the bodice and red wool skirt, the usual peasant costume of the day, her hair loosely braided, her feet in sabots in the winter, in summer bare and brown. Jeanne cared not for ornaments and wore none, save two little inexpensive rings, gifts of her parents and brother; on one of the rings were three crosses, and the words, "Jesus-Maria." These became very dear to her for she had worn them when embracing her beloved Saints. The dreaded raid of the English on Domremy came at last, but the villagers managed to get away in safety. Jeanne obtained permission to go to nurse a relative, and to the invalid's husband, a worthy man whom she called uncle, she confided her cherished secret. The 'Voices' became insistent, and Jeanne must begin her great task. She therefore instructed her uncle Laxart to accompany her to Sire Beaudricourt, the Lord of Vaucouleurs, who on three successive attempts to see him, turned her away with annoyance and ridicule, after she had stated that she must speak with the King,—that she must place him on his throne—the throne of France. Finally she

won over the stern old Governor who gave her at least a sword and his blessing, and with her two noble knights who had believed in her and pledged her their service, the King's messengers (who were to return in any case) and a few servants, the little cavalcade set out on its perilous enterprise. When passing out of the Governor's courtyard, a woman called out to her, "How can you make such a journey when on all sides are soldiers?" Jeanne answered simply, "I do not fear the soldiers, for my road is made open to me; and if the soldiers come, I have God my Lord, Who will know how to clear the route that leads to Messire the Dauphin. It is for that I was born." Mr. A. B. Paine who relates this incident, says that as the little company rode through the gateway, the doughty Baudricourt cried out, "Go, and let come what may!"

Jeanne, between her two cavaliers, sworn to protect her, was as safe as was possible with enemy soldiers posted at intervals all about. It was necessary to travel at night and off the main roads, through dense forests, fording the icy waters of *four rivers* in the darkness, rivers swollen with the winter rains, with currents fast and deep,—riding, always riding, through the darkness in storm and cold for eleven days, "and when they could travel no more, they sought out some hidden place to sleep, and stretched out in their wet clothing." Her two knights felt these hardships, and in their many misgivings, were thus encouraged by Jeanne: "Fear nothing—you shall see how at Chinon the noble Dauphin will greet us with a glad face!"

"Few episodes", says Paine, "in knightly annals can compare with the eleven days' journey of this little army, struggling through seemingly endless night, beset by hidden dangers, dropping down exhausted on the frozen ground! A girl of seventeen fording rivers in February and sleeping on the ground afterward! But Jeanne was strong of body, and made stronger by her purpose." In the picturesque dress of a youth of the period, the soldier-maid must have been an arresting picture. According to her own words, she had put on male attire at the command of God and the Angels. Her hair was cropped, and she wore the loose black cap of a page. Her short coat was a kind of tunic belted at the waist. Underneath it was a heavy shirt or doublet to which her close-fitting leggings were attached by "laces and points", in other words, by hooks overlaced with a leather thong.

The worst of the long journey so filled with hardships, was now over; the weather less rigorous and the little band soon reached the safer and more friendly city of Gien, but did not linger there. The people had heard of the coming of the Maid and were duly encouraged, but the English encamped in the neighborhood were in fear and dread, not of the poor, little company of warriors, but because they believed her a witch. Shortly they reached St. Catherine de Fierbois, a noted shrine in honor of the blessed Saint who was one of Jeanne's beloved 'Voices'. Here she rested, gaining spiritual comfort in prayer, assisting at three Masses and sending a letter full

of hope and cheer to the young King, now only eighteen miles distant at Chinon. This letter, most likely never reached its destination, intercepted by the unscrupulous hangers-on who surrounded the King, and of course, no answer came to his faithful champion. After one night at Fierbois, Jeanne and her little band set out early for Chinon and the grim castle which held her royal hero, though it may well be questioned whether he was worthy of such an honorable title. On arrival, she was, according to tradition "lodged first at an inn kept by an honest woman." The King learning of Jeanne's coming and that she wished an audience with him, ordered that she be questioned first by his counsellors: "Why have you come?" they asked. "That I will tell only to the King",—"But it is in the name of the King that you are asked this question." Jeanne then answered simply: "I am commanded by the King of Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans; to conduct the King to Rheims for his consecration and his crowning."

Notwithstanding Jeanne's simple and sincere answers, the King, weak and irresolute, would have even then sent her away, but prompted, we may well believe by the Queen and the courtiers who were anxious for almost any diversion, he consented to see her. As she crossed the bridge and mounted the stair to the great hall, there was a stir among the three hundred men-at-arms, a blaze of light from the fifty flambeaux; a rustle of silk and lace, a shimmer of cloth of gold, a glitter of swords that must have dazzled any but Jeanne, inspired as she was by her strength of purpose and her holy cause. The King was among a group of his courtiers, in no way different from the others, but with unerring intuition, she went directly to him saying, "Noble King, I am called Jeanne the Maid, and I tell thee on the part of Messire (God) that thou art the true heritor of France, son of the King, and He sends me to conduct thee to Rheims, in order that thou receivest there thy coronation and thy sacrament, if such be thy wish." Instructed by the 'Voices', she told him that she wished to make war on the English. The King afterward related that he had prayed for counsel, and Jeanne repeated to him his prayer which he believed known only to God and himself. This greatly encouarged Charles and gave him increased confidence in Jeanne and her mission.

She was lodged in the tower of Coudray in the care of Madame Bellier, wife of the King's major-domo and given the services of a page. The grim old tower with its simple comforts was luxury to Jeanne after the hardships she had endured. The news of her coming and her plans for the deliverance of the King, spread through the country and Jean, Duc d'Alençon, cousin of the King set out with others for the castle. It was decided that Jeanne must be questioned further by learned churchmen, to make sure that she was sincere and honorable in her intentions toward the King. She did not fear her questioners, but chafed under what seemed unnecessary delay, for she stated with what seemed and really was supernatural revelation that she would last only about a year, and must

make good use of her time. Her answers to the learned men were as before—that she had been sent by the King of Heaven to deliver the young monarch and place him on his rightful throne—the throne of France.

Harried by repeated questioning of the churchmen and disheartened by the dallying of Charles, it is good to know that her friend the Duc d'Alençon, whom she learned to call "mon beau duc", took her to spend a few happy days with his wife and mother at St. Florant. Then with her little company she set out for Poitiers where she was again subjected to questioning. It was difficult to remain patient through all this wasting of valuable time. Addressing one of the King's party, she begged to have a letter written to the English which she dictated thus to one of the squires:

* JESUS * MARY *

"King of England, and you, Duke of Bedford, who call yourself Regent of the kingdom of France; you, William de la Pole, Count of Suffolk; John, Lord Talbot; and you, Thomas, Lord of Scales, who call yourselves lieutenants of the said Duke of Bedford, do justly by the King of Heaven; render to the Maid who is sent here by God, the King of Heaven, the keys of all the good cities you have taken and violated in France. She has come here from God to restore the royal blood. She is ready to make peace, if you will deal rightly by her, acknowledge the wrong done France, and pay for what you have taken."

Continuing she assured them that if they did not heed this warning they would have good reason to regret it. After the examination the learned men granted that they found no evil in her, but on the contrary, every evidence of good faith with "humanity, purity, devotion, honesty, simplicity . . . . . The King must not prevent her from going with his soldiers, but must have her conducted honorably, trusting in God." The news of Jeanne soon spread not only throughout France and England, but all over Europe and more distant lands; she was acclaimed the deliverer of her country; a new St. Catherine and possessed the gift of miracles.

Now that all doubt of Jeanne and her good intentions were a thing of the past, preparations for war went on with confidence and despatch. The Duke d'Alençon was appointed to assist her and with the Queen, a second page, a priest as confessor and almoner, and best of all, her two brothers who joined their sister in the fortunes of war, the little company journeyed to the city of Tours.

In those days there was constant demand for armor, and the artisans of Tours had become famous for their skill. This was needed to prepare that required for this slender girl-soldier. It was of 'white armor', that is of steel bright and unbrowned and beautiful to see—such armor as the leader of the heavenly hosts, St. Michæl himself was wont to wear when he appeared in company with her other 'Voices'. It was revealed to Jeanne that a

knightly sword, none other than that of Charles Martel, lay buried before the altar of St. Catherine of Fierbois, where the great warrior had given it, a votive offering for his victory over the Saracens in 732. A banner also was made for her at Tours according to instructions received from her beloved Saints Catherine and Margaret. This was of white linen or fustian fringed with silk; in the centre it bore the image of God, the Creator, holding the world in His Hand, and on the other side a kneeling angel; there were inscribed the blessed names which Jeanne had always so loved: JESUS * MARIA—and the field was "sown with lilies." She had also a pennant on which was pictured the Annunciation with an angel bearing a lily on each side. The decoration and inscription on banner and pennant was the work of a man named Hauves Poulvoir, whose young daughter was about the same age as the Maid, and became very dear to her. Although Jeanne was a soldier preparing for battle, we can imagine the two young friends taking a girlish pride in the delicate beauty of these emblems of war, and that little Heliote was awed by the bravery, the danger, the holiness of Jeanne who was going to fight for France—to deliver the King—and who, moreover, had talked with the Saints of God!

"Jeanne, Jeanne, won't you be afraid when you face the cannons, and the arrows, and the spears?"

"I may be—that is with God. It is certain that I am to be wounded—that my blood will flow!"

"Jeanne!"

"Yes, it has been revealed to me."

"And you will still go?"

"I must go, though it be to my death."

* * *

These were among Jeanne's happiest days—she was no longer looked upon with ridicule and contempt, but rather as the hope of her country and her King, and was therefore treated everywhere with respect and kindness. It was now toward the end of April 1429 when Jeanne with her little army set out for Blois. Passing freely among her troops, she was shocked beyond measure to learn that, as Mr. Paine states, "probably a more dissolute lot of sinners was never assembled to fight the battles of a fallen nation." A hundred years of war had brought forth their fruit of depravity of the most horrible sort. The streets were filled with rioting men and reeling women, with wickedness rampant on every side. Jeanne hastily called her leaders togther and made them understand that all must 'turn over a new leaf'; that they must stop *at once* and *for all* their wild ways—must stop swearing, drinking, go to Mass and confession "if they wished to march under the banner of Heaven." We can picture the consternation of those war-hardened soldiers—among them La Hire, the terror and admiration of France, "whose every other word had been an oath—but he promised to swear only by his staff", and made a little prayer for

his own use: "O God, do with me as I would do with You if You were La Hire and I were God!" As the strange news of the plan for reforming the soldiers spread among them, it was received at first with doubt, then with astonishment, and finally with uproarious laughter. They give up swearing—why, they had sworn as long as they could remember; and as for going to confession, they could never recall a fraction of their sins!

The Maid rode among them with her captains whom she had already won over—the dramatic effect was not wanting—that radiant face shining with youth, purity, faith, holiness,—that glistening armor as of one of the heavenly host! At Jeanne's order her chief chaplain, Father Pasquerel had prepared a banner on which was painted the Crucifixion; under this sacred sign morning and evening the priests gathered singing hymns; they were kept busy too, hearing confessions, for Jeanne had made a rule that none could gather to sing who had not been to confession that day in preparation to march under the 'banner of God.' These meetings swelled into a vast chorus of singing priests and soldiers. On the third day, the army set out for Orleans with Father Pasquerel at the head, turning they crossed the Loire, the marching and singing hosts. Paine says, "Apart from the Crusades, no similar spectacle had been known to history."

Jeanne's army was now of considerable numbers and made an imposing picture; the singing priests in their sombre gowns; the knights in shining armor; the glistening lancers and bowmen, and in the rear, sixty wagon loads of provisions and four hundred head of cattle. The troops were not more than four thousand but they were enough; with their young leader constantly moving about among them, encouraging them and assuring them of victory, they felt equal to an attack on any foe. After reaching Orleans, not without hardship and delay, the Maid "was received by other soldiers and burghers and burgesses carrying torches in great number and making such joy as if they saw God descend among them." She was conducted to the house of one Jacques Boucher, where she occupied a room with his little daughter Charlotte, nine years old. Long years afterward when Charlotte was grown up, she used to tell of the Maid's visit,—how she used to attend Mass, and go to Holy Communion before an attack on the enemy. "Trust in God," she would say to my mother, "God will aid the city of Orleans and expel the enemy."

We have seen how Jeanne's prophecy was fulfilled,—how waving her white banner with the battle cry of "Forward with God!" she swept through the field of battle, an angel of light and of victory. St. Loup was won from the English. Next morning her final warning to the enemy:

"You men of England, who have no right in the kingdom of France, the King of Heaven sends word to you, and commands by me, the Maid, that you quit your bastiles and return to your own country. Otherwise I will cause you such confusion that it will be

of perpetual memory. This is what I write to you for the third and last time, and I will not write to you any more."

* JESUS * MARY *

Jeanne the Maid.

"I would have sent my letter more honestly, but you retain my heralds; you have retained my herald, Guienne. Return him to me and I will send you some of your men taken at the Battle of St. Loup, for they were not all dead."

Tying her letter to an arrow, she ordered an archer to shoot it into the enemy lines, crying out, "Read! Here is news!" 'News from the Jezebel of the Armagnacs!' and other evil names which made the poor child weep and pray God for aid—not in vain, for her beloved Voices comforted and cheered her. There was no longer room for doubt that there was an undercurrent of treachery among the French captains who tried to embarass, to delay, to oppose her; even to take the leadership from her and to give her orders which, however, she refused to obey. Her chaplain, Father Pasquerel, is authority for this incident:

"She was finishing her repast when there came to her a noble and valiant captain, whose name I do not recall. He said to Jeanne, "The captains are assembled in council. They recognize that there are not many French as compared with the English, and that it has been by the grace of God that they have obtained some advantage. The city now being full of provision, we can hold it easily while waiting succor from the King. Wherefore the Council does not find it expedient that the soldiers to-morrow make an attack." Jeanne answered:

'You have been at your Council, I have been at mine. Now, be assured that the Council of the Lord will fulfil itself and prevail, and that yours will fail.' And addressing herself to me who was near her, said: 'Rise to-morrow very early, earlier even than to-day, and do the best you are able. It will be necessary to keep always near me, for to-morrow I shall have much to do, and greater need of you than I have ever had. To-morrow the blood will flow from my body above the breast!"

At Tourelles the Maid was wounded as she had foretold a fortnight before. A bolt from a cross-bow pierced her armor and her body through between the throat and shoulder. She was assisted back of the lines, the burning dart removed, and her wound roughly dressed. Just like any other girl of seventeen, she cried with the pain, but was comforted by the 'Voices', by St. Catherine she said, who eased her suffering. With the help of her page she replaced her armor returning to the field none too soon for her discouraged soldiers; they had sounded a retreat! Retiring to a vinyard for a few moments' prayer, then hurrying forward, she bade them attack the enemy. Her presence among her troops inspired them to redoubled effort; the English, who believd that 'the witch' was taken

dying from the field, were terror-stricken to see her again leading a terrific charge against them.

The people of Orleans had assisted by burning the bridge, so there was no escape; all remaining were killed in battle, drowned, or captured. It seemed useless to struggle further—Orleans was evacuated! Masses of thanksgiving were celebrated; processions and fêtes took place in honor of the soldier-maid who in three days had relieved the beleaguered city of Orleans!

Setting out to meet the King and bid him come to Rheims for his coronation, the good news of the victory had preceded her and the Sovereign started for Tours where he met the saviour of his kingdom. Together they entered the city and Jeanne urged him to go at once to Rheims, but still he hesitated, finally deciding to go, but to take some towns on the way—Jargeau the first. Guy de Laval, a French noble on his way to join the Maid's new army, wrote this description of her:

"And there seemed something wholly divine in her manner and to see her and to hear her . . . . . and I saw her mount her horse—armed all in white—all except her head, a little axe in her hand—on a black courser that at the entrance of her lodging plunged fiercely and would not suffer her to mount: Whereupon she said, "Lead him to the Cross"—which was before the near-by church on the rock, and then she mounted without him moving any more than if he had been bound. Then she turned toward the church which was close by, and said in a very womanly voice: "You priests and men of the church, form procession and make prayers to God." After which she set out on her way, saying 'Forward! Forward! her standard furled, carried by a graceful page, her little axe in her hand."

Always the Maid had to contend with the cowardice of her captains, as well as something at times resembling insincerity. When her soldiers hesitated before the impregnable force of the enemy, Jeanne rallied them with that immortal battle-cry, "Forward with God!" The Duc d'Alençon had implicit faith in the youthful warrior:—"Step aside from there or that gun will kill you!' she said to him,—the next moment a man was killed, who had stepped into his place. Pressing forward the English made a feeble resistance, but were soon overwhelmed and their rule at Jargeau was at an end. After similar victories at Meung, Beaugency, and Patay, English rule beyond Paris was done forever. Troyes was also soon won back to the King of France, an acquisition especially pleasing to Charles, for it was there the hated treaty was signed, ceding to the English monarch the throne of France.

After Troyes, Jeanne and the King rode triumphant through the towns along the way which received them with joy. At Chalons-sur-Marne many of her old friends and members of the family had come to meet her and rejoice in her glory. How it must have thrilled the old comrades and neighbors to find again the little maid of Domremy, riding with the King and all that splendid company!

Jeanne too was happy to see again the faithful friends of her childhood come to share in her triumph and rejoice in the peace she had brought to France. Asked if she had any fears for the future, she answered, "I fear only treachery." She had from the very beginning sensed the evil influences which surrounded the King, and these she feared, not for herself, but for the country she so loved.

Sunday, July 17, 1429.

Two days' march brought the royal cavalcade within view of the historic towers of Rheims. Presently all was joyful excitement —streets were festooned with banners and gay tapestries floated from the windows. Early next morning four nobles were sent to escort the gorgeous procession of churchmen bearing the Sacred Ampoule or phial of holy oil, believed to have been borne from Heaven by a dove for the annointing of Clovis nine hundred years before, and ever since held sacred for the consecration of the Kings of France. These nobles, who had taken the customary oath to bear safely the precious ointment, rode their horses into the great cathedral to the very foot of the altar and the throne of the King.

The story of the consecration has come down to us through letters from three nobles of Anjou who were present at the ceremony. How there were many great lords in attendance; how Alençon knighted the King, and another held the sword while the Archbishop bestowed the consecration; how the trumpets blared and the people cried out their "Vive! Vive le Roi!" Jeanne was ever beside the King, her standard in her hand—the beautiful banner of the Annunciation, wrought with the lilies of France.

An old record of the great event says that "When the Maid saw the King anointed and crowned she knelt before him, and embracing his knees said, the hot tears flowing, 'Noble King, now is accomplished the pleasure of God, Who willed that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to this city of Rheims to receive your holy coronation, thus showing that you are the true King, him to whom the throne of France must belong."

Jeanne was asked to name her reward, but she would accept nothing but that the villages of Domremy and Greux should be freed from taxation. Jacques d'Arc, who had walked all the weary way to the coronation, went home astride a fine horse, with his bills at the inn paid by the City Council, with a purse of sixty francs in his pocket, and the document which forever freed his villages from taxes. The Maid would have wished to return now to her spinning and her sheep, but her work was not yet done. The capital of her fair country was still under English rule; the Duke of Orleans languishing in an English prison. She would have wished to march at once upon Paris when the éclat of French victory dazzled the failing remnant of English arms, but the evil counsellors of Charles prepared a treaty and induced him to sign it, thus giving valuable time to the enemy to prepare a strong defense. Only

skirmishing took place, the English keeping at a safe distance, then boldly taking their way back to Paris. Distrust and treachery had disheartened the warrior Maid, and she now seemed at times only the ghost of the courageous young soldier who had lead her troops to victory on the fields of St. Loup, Jargeau, Orleans. Paine says, "We sicken to think of Jeanne's high-hearted nobility wasted on one so paltry as Charles—for the moment, tragically enough, heir to the throne of France."

The King established himself in comfort at Compeigne, and his his natural cowardice made him choose safety in retirement, while the Maid and her brave leaders chafed against inaction, with the French capital in the hands of a foreign foe. Without the King, she made the assault on Paris which, however, failed, for Jeanne, although wounded, was against her will carried from the field. Next morning she was encouraged by her faithful followers, as well as by circumstances, to renew the assault, until she found that the King had *ordered the bridge destroyed*—the bridge that her faithful troops had built! Cowardice was bad enough, but this was treachery —and from him whom she had set on his throne! A long truce with the enemy—Charles making ready to return to his castles on the Loire . . . . . Jeanne went to St. Denis, and there she laid upon the altar her beautiful white armor, and beside it her sword—the sacred sword of Fierbois. One might say that she left with them her brave heart, for her spirit was broken by deceit and unnecessary failure. The King now set out for Bourges, taking with him the Maid so she could not harass the English with whom he had made a dishonorable truce.

Soon afterward Jeanne, with a few soldiers took St. Pierre easily by assault. It would not have been difficult to take Paris and other occupied towns—but she was hampered, thwarted,—the supplies that were sent at her request from the grateful towns which she had delivered, and from others through admiration, patriotism, charity, money, everything disappeared, and Jeanne was forced to abandon the siege. The indifference of the King was a bitter trial. No help came from him in the way of supplies,—but he granted her a title and ennobled her family—empty honors in the eyes of the soldier-Maid. Wasting her times at Court was little to Jeanne's taste while the English were still occupying portions of her beloved France, and the good work accomplished, already threatening to be undone. Unable to arouse the laggard King to action she set out with a few followers and took Melun, long ruled by the enemy.

Then came her 'Voices' to warn her that she would be captured before St. John's Day—that this was the will of God, Who would aid her. At Compiegne, which she attempted to relieve, she, with her few soldiers were forced into an unfavorable position where the heroine made her last stand. Deliberately betrayed, surrounded by the enemy she was dragged from her horse almost in a frenzy of joy over the capture of the 'witch'. To his everlasting shame be it said that Charles was quite indifferent to Jeanne's plight; she was

the rich prize which the English had long hoped to win, and if the cities and towns which she had delivered made any attempt to ransom her, we have no account of it.

Jeanne was at first imprisoned in the Tower of Beaulieu, but was removed to Beaurevoir, forty miles distant. This was the castle of John of Luxembourg, where a young Burgundian knight wished to bestow special attention on the Maid who was deeply offended thereby. It seems almost incredible that the King whom she had crowned, was apparently unconcerned with the misfortune of his heroic ally. Meanwhile the English were bargaining with John of Burgundy, whose aged aunt begged him not to sell the Maid to her enemies. Then came the news that Compiegne was about to fall, and Jeanne, feeling that she must go to the relief of the town, jumped through a narrow slit in the wall of her prison; she was picked up unconscious and badly hurt, but cheered by the 'Voice' of St. Catherine, who assured her that Compiegne would be relieved.

As soon as she was able to travel, Jeanne was taken, heavily chained and guarded to Rouen and lodged in the gloomy tower of the castle keep. One may see in fancy this brave and blameless girl of eighteen, in her clanking chains, wearily dragging herself through the streets, crowded with a motley throng to see the passing of the pitiful procession. Scarce two years had gone by since she, a simple little country girl, had left her sheep and her spinning-wheel in Domremy at the bidding of her 'Voices' to deliver her country from its enemies. Scarce one, since, in her beautiful white armor, she had ridden beside her King to see him crowned at Rheims —when she was the idol of the people, the hope of stricken France! how soon was all forgotten!

For the trial of Jeanne, sixty hostile jurors, besides twenty or thirty other advisors, gathered for the prosecution; for the defense, the poor little prisoner, alone and in chains! Though she made a request for counsel, she was refused Asked if she would swear to tell the truth, the accused answered: "As to my father and mother and what I have done since I came to France, I will swear willingly. But as to the revelations from God, I have never told them or revealed them to anyone except King Charles, and no more would I reveal them here, even should you cut off my head; for I had them through visions and from my secret Council, to reveal to nobody."

Asked if she had learned any particular work at home, she replied with spirit: "Yes, to sew linen and to spin, and in these things I fear no woman in Rouen." She related simply the story of 'the Voices' which had counselled her, and when the questions were such as she did not wish to answer, she countered "Passez outre"—(Pass on—to something else). The wearisome trial went on apace. —"Do you know yourself to be in a state of grace? said one of the judges. Whatever her answer might be, it would doubtless be used against her—but calmly she replied: "If I am not, God put me there; if I am, God keep me there;" adding, "I would be the most sorrowful in all the world to know myself not in the grace of God."

"Before these words", says the chronicle, "the examiners were stupefied." She told them of the 'Fairy Tree,' and of hanging wreaths on its branches and before our Lady's statue; she told them of the angel who had spoken to her "of the pity that was of the Kingdom of France!" Thus the cruel and futile inquisition continued, always in the hope of entrapping her in her speech. At length the final question, which concerned her banner: "Why, rather than those of other captains, was it carried into the Church of Rheims?" "Il avoit esté à la peine—c'estoit bien raison que il fut à l'onneur." (Old French) "It had been in the strife; it had good right to the honor." No philosopher could have made a more fitting response.

The young heroine, accused of all manner of crime and excess, weak and worn from imprisonment and chains, in fear and horror of her shameless jailors; sorrowing perhaps, and with good reason, over the desertion of her friends, became seriously ill, but doctors were brought lest she disappoint her executioners—if only she could have had the cold comfort of a natural death!—the miracle was that her mind did not give way completely. But Jeanne was young and naturally strong; the breath of spring was abroad and found its way in some small degree into her narrow prison cell. Dragging her chains to the torture chamber, she was accused and threatened in order to force her to acknowledge evil that she knew not of. At St. Ouen, then, two platforms were raised, and there the Maid was taken. Toiling wearily up the high steps, she was given a stool on which she sat to be preached to, denounced anew as everything that was evil. She was silent until they attacked the character of her King—the King to whom she had restored his kingdom; the King who had left her to her cruel fate—, then she roused herself to defend him thus: "By my faith messire, with all due reverence I dare say to you, and to swear at the risk of my life, that he is the most noble Christian of all Christians, and best loves the Faith and the Church; he is by no means what you say."

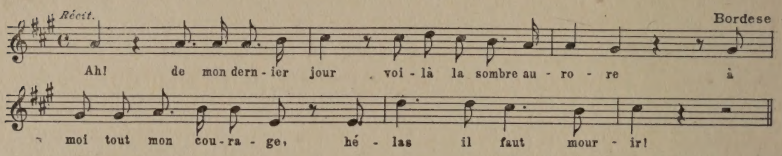
Forced to sign papers which she did not understand, the unhappy Maid had now reached a state of mind which rendered her irresponsible,—and she would have signed any paper presented to her. Then she was taken back to her dungeon and led to believe that imprisonment was the worst that could befall her,—while her cruel judges went in council to vote away her life! It was no wonder that Jeanne had said that she would rather die than remain at the mercy of ruffian guards within and treacherous officials without! "What a spectacle," says Father Ayroles, "to see this unlettered girl of nineteen years, weakened by the torments of her prison, defending herself unaided against an army of men, who were reputed to be depositaries of human and divine knowledge, banded together to drag from her some incriminating word!"

The morning of May 30, 1431, a messenger brought her the word that she must die—and by fire! "O, I appeal before God, the Great

Judge," she cried, "as to the wrongs done me!"—and then more calmly, "Master Pierre, where shall I be to-night?"

"Have you not good hope in the Lord, Jeanne?"

"Yes," she replied, "and God aiding, I will be in Paradise!"



Then the pious Maid asked for Holy Communion,—It was brought to her, and she was given the 'long white garment' she had begged for, it she should be brought thus to her death. The executioner's cart was ready—she was pushed into it and brought to the square; roughly seized by two soldiers, she was then bound to the stake. Devoutly she prayed, asking God's pardon for all—her judges, the English, the King and Princes of France. Asking for a Cross, a soldier broke a little twig in two, tied it with a string in the form of a Cross, and handed it to her; reverently she kissed it and placed it in her bosom. Wishing to have a Crucifix before her eyes to the last, they brought one from a church near by, and as the flames mounted higher, she begged them to hold it so that it might be the last thing her eyes should rest upon. "I am not what their writings charge"—she wailed, in reference to the false accusations fastened to the stake above her head. She called on her 'Voices', St. Michæl, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and often she pronounced the sacred name of Jesus. "Some of those who heard it," says one author, "believed they saw that name written in the flames; and one said that at the moment when she surrendered her spirit, there appeared above her a white dove that flew upward toward Heaven."

Jeanne's beloved 'Voices' had brought her victory in her last and greatest battle,—though she had left her beautiful 'white armor' on the altar of St. Denis, a stronger panoply, a fairer shield was still hers—her holy Faith, her blameless life of virtue—her truth, purity, charity, reverence.

The flames, more merciful than men, refused to consume the brave heart of the soldier-Maid; the executioner deposed that, notwithstanding the oil, charcoal, sulphur they used in abundance, it remained intact and filled with blood, a fact which he regarded as a miracle. The English ordered it, with the ashes, gathered up and thrown into the Seine "It was the last insult," says Father Lynch S. J. to one of the bravest, purest, noblest, that ever breathed our mortal air."

Tressart, secretary to the boy-King of England, exclaimed after the death of Jeanne, "We have burnt a saint!"—and there was so much dissatisfaction over what had been done, that Cauchon, her

chief accuser, trying to justify his crime, prepared a posthumous statement with additional false charges, which he caused to be widely distributed through all Christian countries. The judges and their assistants felt the need of protection from the King, and an amnesty was accorded them. Boisguillaume, the notary, says that it was well known that all who had a part in the condemnation of the soldier-Maid, met with misfortune or an evil or tragic end. Midi, one of the envoys from the University of Paris, died a leper; Cauchon died suddenly while being shaved; Erard, who preached to Jeanne of her frightful wickedness, died in exile; the heir of Burgundy fell at the gates of Nancy. "The Wars of the Roses", says Father Lynch, "avenged Joan of her English foes from 1454 to 1485. It was a dark and dreadful history of assassination of princes and by them, of the slaughter of the nobility of England, and of her people. King Henry VI, the boy-king of Joan's story, lost the two crowns of France and England, and was assassinated in the Tower of London in 1471 . . . . . The Plantagenets yielded their throne to the ignoble Tudors, who, in the person of Henry VII separated England from the unity of western Christendom a century after Joan's sacrifice. Finally, the 'holy mother University of Paris', grown more and more decadent, was clipped of its privileges, and like better-behaved people, was subjected to the authority of the French parliament by King Charles VII."

What can be said of or for the monarch whom Jeanne had seated on his throne,—who as far as we know, made no active, or at least adequate effort to save her? It was rumored that he did so, but this has not been verified by history. It is a question whether even a king's ransom could have saved her from the hatred and fury of her enemies, but it would be good to remember that Charles had done his best. We know that of her former soldiers, only La Hire and Xaintrailles attempted to rescue her at Rouen, and their plans failing, they were imprisoned. "Joan of Arc in her passion," says Father Lynch, "was as completely abandoned as her beloved Saviour was in His."

On May 16, 1920, all France was celebrating on earth the glories of Jeanne in Heaven. Vaucouleurs, Annecy, Orleans, Rheims, as well as little Domremy, all vieing with one another in honoring the valiant and holy soldier-Maid,—now the soldier *Saint* of her native land. "There is no discordant voice," says Father Lynch, "for all creeds and nations do honor to the Maid. She was French, indeed, but universal, a Saint of the world, as well as of her own people. Her canonization is a triumph for the Church of France; but also of all noble patriotism and religion; it is a trumpet-call from the chivalry of the Ages of Faith."

Au revoir, Mother dear, forgive me for wearying you with the old. sad story which I suppose you have read a score of times,—but the soldier-Maid is in the thought of nearly everyone in Paris

to-day,—her heroism, her holiness, her blessed death.
All good wishes to you, my dear friend, from
Yours ever affectionately
M. A. O'R.

FINAL IMPRESSIONS

FINAL IMPRESSIONS.

Letter to Mrs. M'C.

Paris, May, 1st.

My Dear Friend—

What strange freak of human nature or of circumstances is it that associates May Day, the opening of the most beautiful month of all the year, with strikes, riots, outbreaks of disorder, disregard for law, discipline and the rights of others, and the magnifying and multiplying of one's own real or imaginary wrongs? When beauty and verdure meet the eye on every side, when Nature is taking on new life and fulfilling its pledge of immortality!

Such thoughts come on May Day in the great French capital; a Paris without taxis, is scarcely a real Paris,—yet on this perfect spring day, the taxi chauffeurs go on a one day 'strike' which the peace-loving ones among them call 'a day of rest.' No one can realize what a large and important part they form in the daily life of Paris, until he sees the great open spaces such as that about the Etoile, like some wind-swept and deserted prairie of the Far West.

But the day of the pedestrian, although *only* a day, has dawned—the traveller on foot has come into his own; new spring suits blossom forth like the dainty and fragrant muguet, or lily of the valley which decorates them, for men, women, and children, with baskets of the sweet, little, bell-flowers for sale, hail you on every corner: "Un franc, Madame,—tout pour un franc!" And the horse too, has come back for a brief reign, and the 'cocher', who with commendable forethought has refurbished his old victoria, given it a fresh coat of varnish, and Dobbin a good rubbing down, is reaping the fruit of his labors, for he is in greater demand than ever, and can command a fancy price. The busses are overcrowded but passengers are amiable about it and—"Muguets, Madame,—C'est Printemps,—Tout pour un franc! Lillies-of-the-valley, Madam,—'Tis Spring! All for a franc!"

* * *

Every day the papers announce that on such a date and occasion, some renowned artist of the 'haute couture', some great dictator of fashion, will show his collection. But Paris, on these lovely, spring days, is paying attention and deference, not alone to the latest successful creation of any great designer, but also to a simple little frock of white organdy which is seen flitting through the streets on quaint little maidens who wear it with an air of importance, of pride and pleasure, which distinguish it as the First Communion dress. It has neither period nor chic, but the charm of the immaculate and picturesque. It is the embodiment of modesty, with its strangely mature ankle-length skirt, high neck and long sleeves, with seldom any attempt at adornment, but is always accompanied by a volumi-

nous veil which falls quite to the hem of the frock. Such is the little French girl on the day of her First Communion, a very significant one to her.

The boys, too, must wear a special costume, though naturally less conspicuous. The suit must be of black or very dark blue, with broad band of white ribbon around the left sleeve; shirt and collar of pure white. These young boys and girls are very properly made much of on this great occasion. The family and friends assemble, either at home or at their favorite restaurant, gifts are bestowed on the Communicants, and the day is given over to honoring them. Was it not the great Napoleon who had drunk deep of worldly fame, on being asked which was the happiest day of his life, replied, "The day of my First Communion?"

* * *

May, 6th.

Eagerly awaited by many admirers of old Paris customs, the Foire St. Germain was opened by M. Herriot, Minister of Public Instruction, and by M. Bokanowski, Minister of Commerce. The important place it holds in the hearts and welfare of the people, was emphasized by the speakers. The Fair takes place not far from the ancient Seminary of St. Sulpice, and is educational too, in its own way. The sombre setting of Mediæval days has been discarded in favor of the 18th century as a background in designing the trader's little shops and costumes of the attendants; the laces and ruffled silks of Louis XV courtiers form gay groups about the grounds, and sedan chairs await the visitor to show him about the Fair. In booths and stalls a great variety of antique and modern goods are for sale. There is an open air theatre where ballets and masques are given, restaurants where you are served by men and maids in costumes of the period; dancing in which cavaliers in powdered wigs mingle with the more prosaically clad dancers of the fox trot.

* * *

American tourists received little attention to-day along the boulevards, a fact of which they were quite unconscious for they joined with the Parisians in wonder and admiration of the picturesque visitors from the desert of Morocco, the advance guard of His Majesty, the Sultan Moulay-Youssef. Two hundred and fifty strong, the 'black guards,' (one must be sure to write and pronounce this in *two words*,) arrived at the Gare des Invalides, and were welcomed by a detachment of French troops. They were an arresting and colorful group, with their brilliant red uniforms, flaring pantaloons, voluminous white turbans secured with green cords, as they gathered in the restaurants to sip the French 'cafe noir' which so well harmonized with their complexions.

The Sultan is on his way across the Mediterranean, and with President Doumergue, will review the French and Moroccan troops on Bastile Day at the Arc de Triomphe. King Alfonso of Spain

and the Queen, also General Primo de Rivera will return from London for the celebration. Meanwhile the black guards are seeing the sights of the 'ville lumiére', and enjoying the interval of waiting for their chief.

* * *

In answer to the question so often asked, "Is a knowledge of foreign languages necessary to the traveller in Europe?"—I would say, "Not absolutely necessary, but exceedingly convenient, adding greatly to his comfort and pleasure. In the hotels, the help in the higher positions, such as the Director and the Concierge, can *nearly* always speak English, and *always* French,—but the porter, waiter, elevator man, chambermaid, laundress, seldom speak any language but their own, and the wants of our daily life bring us even more in contact with them. That dispenser of useful information known as the Concièrge is so well versed in the knowledge and usage of languages, that he can meet the linguistic needs of any guest, no matter whence he comes. In a Roman hotel we have heard such a one speak besides his native Italian, English, (without the slightest accent) French, German, and Spanish. Added to these, he knows Portuguese, Russian, Polish, has a working knowledge of some other Slavic as well as Oriental tongues. His scanty leisure is partly spent in the composition of Latin pœtry, some of which has been published and well received.

Besides these higher gifts, he is a perfect encyclopædia of general information indispensible to the tourist. He can tell you just what palaces are open to the public, and when; he can tell you exactly the location of any church, the best way to reach it, the hours of services, the feast days of each, and the special commemorative ceremonies on those occasions, which every tourist wishes to see; he knows the days and hours when visitors are admitted to any and every gallery in Rome; he can tell you where you may add another travelling bag to your present collection; the most reliable shop in which to buy a piece of real lace, of a string of genuine Roman pearls; to get a new rib in your umbrella, or new rubber heels on your shoes;—and all without consulting printed data of any kind. We said to him one day, "Do you know what they call you around here?—The man who knows everything." He blushingly disclaimed the right to any such title, which proves that he adds modesty to his other virtues and talents.

In regard to languages, if the prospective traveller can acquire but one foreign tongue, by all means, let it be French,—with that he may get on tolerably well, for very many, perhaps one might say the majority of educated Italians, Germans, Swiss, Russians, Poles, etc. speak and understand French. Moreover they seem to expect that if the foreigner (English or American) knows *any* language besides his own, it is sure to be French. This is often the only intelligible medium between the Anglo-Saxon and his neighbor of the Latin or Slavic race. This impression of the European is proved by the fact that the Italian stranger, for instance, will

nearly always begin a conversation, when necessary, with an American or English person, in the French language; he himself probably speaks no English and he has little or no hope that the other party can speak Italian. Sometimes, however, believing that faint heart ne'er won fluent English, the Latin launches forth into what he thinks is 'the real thing', but it proves far less intelligible than his native tongue, and one is forced to request that he keep to the language familiar to him.

In a tourist office in Florence we once asked, "Why do they take it for granted that an English or American traveller speaks no language but his own?" "They're quite right in doing so," was the answer, "for comparatively few *can* speak any language but their own." The Slavic races seem to be especially gifted. On meeting a Polish young man in Naples, he offered an apology for not being more ready of speech, saying "I've been in Italy only three days and never tried the language before, so I don't speak very well—" saying all this in excellent Italian! He was a talented musician as well, giving up a promising career to fight for his country in the Great War. It was clear that he had a high appreciation and standard of music, for he felt that so much was lost to him forever (musically) that he never resumed his artistic work.

It is the custom in shops, especially those catering to English and American trade, for the English speaking (?) clerk of the establishment to come forward with a superior air and address a question to you which you suppose is English for "What do you wish?" If you answer him correctly in the 'vernacular', he is generally glad to return to his native tongue; but sometimes he says to himself, "Here's an opportunity to practise and I'm not going to lose it!"—but the customer feels just the same about it, and so the conversation (?) proceeds, each party insisting on using the language he knows least about.

But the Latins and the Slavs are not the only linguists to be reckoned with in foreign lands. In a large and important banking-house in Sicily is an Irishman, Patrick—who has a dozen languages at the tip of his tongue and can change from one to another with perfect ease. His beautiful English is such as one hears perhaps once in a decade. And Patrick has other claims to distinction; our guide, speaking of him almost with awe, said, "Why, Signora, he looks like Christ!" And there, indeed, were finely chiseled features, an expression grave but wonderfully mild, deep and melancholy eyes, with hair and beard of soft, wavy, golden brown. If Patrick had been a Bavarian, what a 'find' he would have been for the part of 'Christus' in the Passion Play!

If many English and American tourists know little or nothing of foreign tongues, it is sometimes their own fault. With even a slight foundation and knowledge of verbs in their moods and tenses, it is well to hear as often as possible the unfamiliar speech, and try to understand and repeat it as well as you can; you will not catch much of it at first, but more and more as time goes on. Some

ambitious tourists arrange for lessons when their time permits a stay long enough to make it worth while. On the other hand, we have heard travellers say, "I will not go where I cannot hear my own language." A clergyman, recommending his church to an American tourist said, "*There's* where you'll hear a sermon in your own language." "That's the very thing I wish to avoid," said she. "When in a foreign country I try to hear and speak the language of the people." "Then you're the exception,—nearly all American and English tourists are *glad* to hear their own tongue." When you go to the shops who employ interpreters, try to do without their services, making use of your stock of words to learn others.

One of the best known schools of languages in the world, has for its motto (in Latin), "Learn to speak by speaking." You will not make any worse 'breaks' than some of the foreigners do at times. A German hotel director in Switzerland, whose nearly faultless English is without the slightest accent, as well as French, Italian, and probably other tongues, was speaking of the Marine Corps, a body of particularly active, agile, alert, young men, who did not deserve to be called a *'corpse'*, but so he styled them, which shows that even a gifted linguist cannot always cope with the vagaries of our own language.

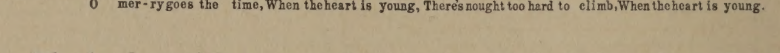
* * *

When at last the journeying through strange lands is done, who is not glad to turn his face homeward once again to greet the faithful friends "we loved long since and lost awhile?" The Gare St. Lazare is all bustle but not confusion, and those who are to take passage on the great 'liner' make their way to the train for Cherbourg accompanied by relatives and friends come to say "Bon Voyage". In many cases they 'say it with flowers' and the little maid pushing along the platform her flower-shop on wheels is doing a rushing business among eleventh hour purchasers; so is the newsdealer and the fruit vendor,—but finally the train starts. Once located, the study of one's fellow travellers begins, always an interesting pastime. Among my neighbors is an example of filial devotion especially good to see, in these days of irreverence of youth for age, when father and mother are often referred to as the 'Guv'nor' and the 'Old Lady'. These parents have crossed the sea to visit a son studying abroad, and he is returning with them as far as Cherbourg so as to be with them to the very last minute. Mother and son sit as close to each other as possible, hand clasped in hand, with frequently a loving little squeeze, a touching of cheeks together, with affectionate glances, each beaming on the other—so it was during the entire five-hour trip. All but two passengers studied cross-word puzzles, mother and son working theirs out together, for how could such a loving pair have a divided interest, even in cross-word puzzles? Had they been a couple of 'honeymooners', the bride must have thought herself the best beloved of mortal wives. On congratulating the mother, she said she thought

the secret of her success lay in the fact that when her boys were children (this son was about twenty-seven) she never remembered saying to them, "Don't do that! You mustn't do that! Children hate to be *forbidden* to do so and so, for it's sure to make them want to do *that very thing!* But always asked them to do something else, such as 'Please bring mother her thimble, dear'—and of course no reasonable 'kiddy' could refuse such a simple request.' Perhaps some mother who has trouble in making the little folks obey, will try this method and see how it works out.

Arriving at Cherbourg, we learn that fog has caused delay at Bremen, and as 'Safety First' is the motto of the company which mans the good ship 'R——,' we 'turn in' for the night at the local hotel where every provision had been made for our comfort. The morning finds us literally 'up with the lark', for we must be aboard the tender before six. After refreshing 'the inner woman' with coffee and rolls, we rattle off in the bus toward the tender, from which we board the great ship to be our home until we step ashore in our native land. The crew is drawn up in military order to welcome its new guests, to assist them in finding their cabins and locate their belongings. Finally the great ship is under way for its trip;—it is a thrilling moment for those who have long been dreaming of the day on which they were to set out for the wonders of the New World—and for one who has been rambling among the lights and shadows of the Old!

If you have the least possible doubt of the truth that the middle class in the social order is the happiest, look down from your steamer-chair, set in its row of sombre-visaged and silent individuals, upon the gaiety that prevails 'below stairs' among the 'third class'! You will see the young men and maids dancing nearly from morning until night. How good it is to see again the old Quadrille, long-suffering as we are from a surfeit of Fox trots, Tangos, and Charlestons! 'Address partners—address corners—forward and back—forward and turn—ladies' chain—ladies' *grand* chain—turn partners etc. How they wheel, and spin, and laugh!—with someone giving a high, treble, shriek now and then! May time is play time!—



The 'orchestra' is a concertina supplemented at times by a flute, and it never tires, one foot keeping time; there is 'The White Cockade' and 'Miss McCloud', 'The Rakes of Mallow' and 'The Rocky Road' for the dancing; with the more sentimental 'Kathleen Mavourneen', 'Killarney' 'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls' 'My Snowy-breasted Pearl' for the intermissions which are 'few and far between'. To show they are not behind the times, they occasionally break off into a graceful 'two-step'. Then there is jump-

rope, not alone for the children, but 'grown-ups' as well, with fancy steps such as picking up a card with the rope still twirling, without losing a jump. There is 'tug-of-war', one young mother pulling against a whole string of 'kiddies'. And so the days pass with little news of an exciting nature. One of the comforting features of the trip is the celebration of Holy Mass every morning in the salon, where a handsome altar contains everything necessary for the service, and when closed, resembles a fine cabinet. About eleven every morning, bouillon and biscuits are served, and in the afternoon at four, the tea-wagon makes its tour of the decks dispensing tea and cakes. Those who prefer, join their friends in the salon, where the orchestra plays, and you see many of the same company sipping tea and indulging in gay but harmless chatter, whom you saw in the morning bowed and reverent before the Lord of Hosts!

The 'parade' around the deck, or the promenade on the sheltered side, is part of the 'daily dozen' of nearly every passenger 'able to be out'. There comes the interval when one cannot resist the fascination of the sea, and gazing far down into the waters which encompass him, he marvels at "the works of the Lord and His wonders of the deep."

Every evening there is music and dancing in the salon; and the last evening but one, the Captain's Farewell Dinner with interesting 'favors' and an extra fine Menu, followed by a Grand Complimentary Ball, at which the latest Paris fashions are on view; these were among the pleasant occasions of this homeward journey.

The last day is given over largely to conjecturing and enquiring "When do we get in?" Finally we see land and there is almost as much excitement, we imagine, as there was long ago among the sailors of Columbus when they saw afar the headlands of the New World. No one can content himself to do anything but watch—someone spies the tug of the Health Officer who comes aboard to get the ship's report—in a few moments he's off again—passports are examined, the gangplank is placed in position and we scan the rows of faces among the waiting throng for the familiar ones we long to see; out in the big, bare Custom House we are ranged according to our initial; we must acknowledge that the examiner was courteous and fair, and confided to us that his task was a distasteful one to him. The return, unlike the parting, has no mingling of sorrow, but the joyful realization that

With affectionate greeting
As ever lovingly yours
M. A. O'R.

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